THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Number 21

NOV. 22, 1930

5c.

10c. in Canada

THANKSGIVING

UNCONSCIOUS NEGLECT *of* TEETH

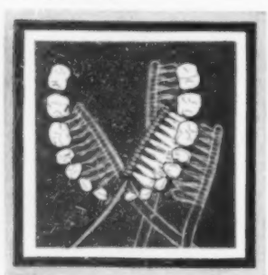
is stopped by this famous brush

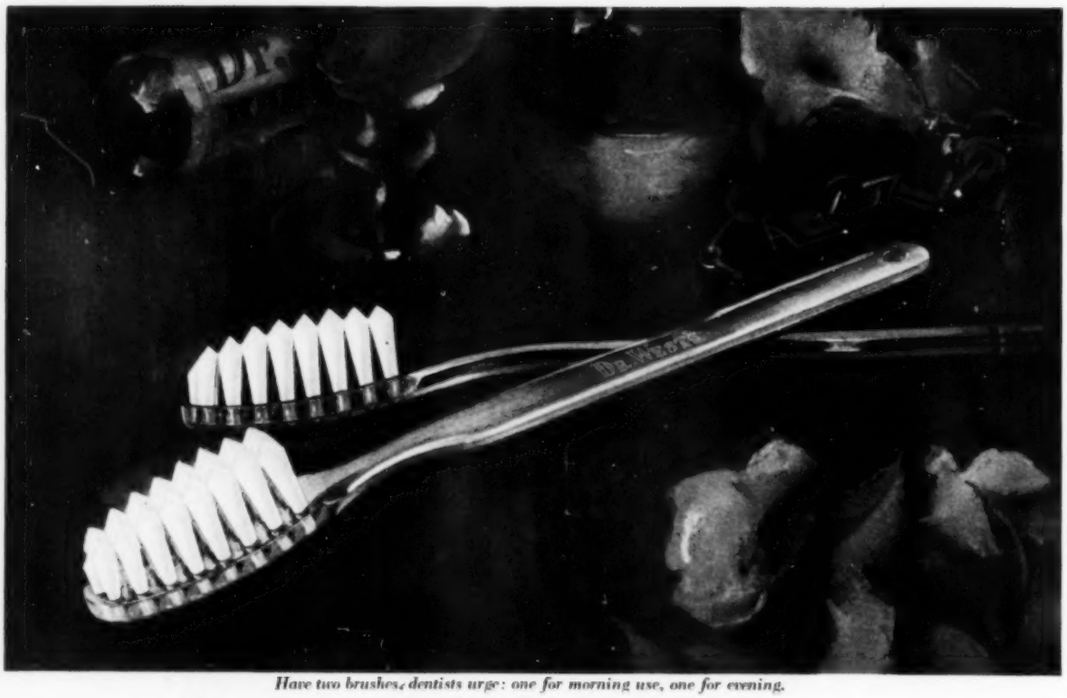
TOOTHBRUSH TRUTH *in a 5-minute test*

This test shows some startling things. Soak a DR. WEST'S Toothbrush, and any inferior brush, for 5 minutes, in water. Take them out and note the difference in appearance of bristles! See how the inferior bristles mat and tangle. Then mash down the bristles of both. Again note the difference! The inferior bristles *stay* mashed. That shows why the DR. WEST'S really cleans teeth; why the other can't.

TWO FACTS *Shown Below*

They are important, because here you see: (a) how DR. WEST'S cleans inside as well as outside, and sweeps crevices clean; (b) how it cleans behind teeth far back as thoroughly as those in front; (c) how the superb DR. WEST'S bristles remain always erect, polishing as they cleanse.





Have two brushes, dentists urge: one for morning use, one for evening.

YOU CANNOT buy a finer mechanical aid to white, clean teeth than this famed toothbrush.

Why, then, accept less? Why risk the Unconscious Neglect of daily brushing that *doesn't* clean? Note why a DR. WEST'S Toothbrush keeps teeth clean and bright:

1. It cleans inside as well as outside—sweeps all crevices clean—because of correct shape and size (20%-50% smaller than awkward old-type brushes still sold).

2. Teeth are cleaned and polished only by tips of erect bristles. In DR. WEST'S brushes the world's choicest bristles are exclusively used. Few other brushes are even partly made of such bristles!

3. Correct brushing is made easy. DR. WEST'S brush was specially *designed* for this by modern dental knowledge. This insures thorough cleansing.

4. FIT FOR YOUR MOUTH: every DR. WEST'S Toothbrush comes to you "surgically clean"; thoroughly sterilized and doubly sealed against dirt or handling.

Dr. West's TOOTHBRUSH

TWO IMPORTANT RULES

Keep these two facts in mind. Dentists urge them. They help you have sparkling, sound teeth:

FIRST: Brush always away from the gums, toward cutting edges; with the crevices, never across. It's easy—with a DR. WEST'S.

SECOND: Each 90 days get a new toothbrush. For very best results, have—and use—*two* brushes: one for mornings, one for evenings.

You're always protected

Any DR. WEST'S Toothbrush that proves defective will be replaced by your dealer, at once.

All good stores have them for you: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; "Professional", 50c. Rugged but beautiful handles; six gem-like colors.

DR. WEST'S is the most famous of toothbrushes; by far the most widely-used. It *stops* unconscious neglect. Each brushing *cleans*. You *see* the results! Get DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes for all the family, today. *See what happens.*

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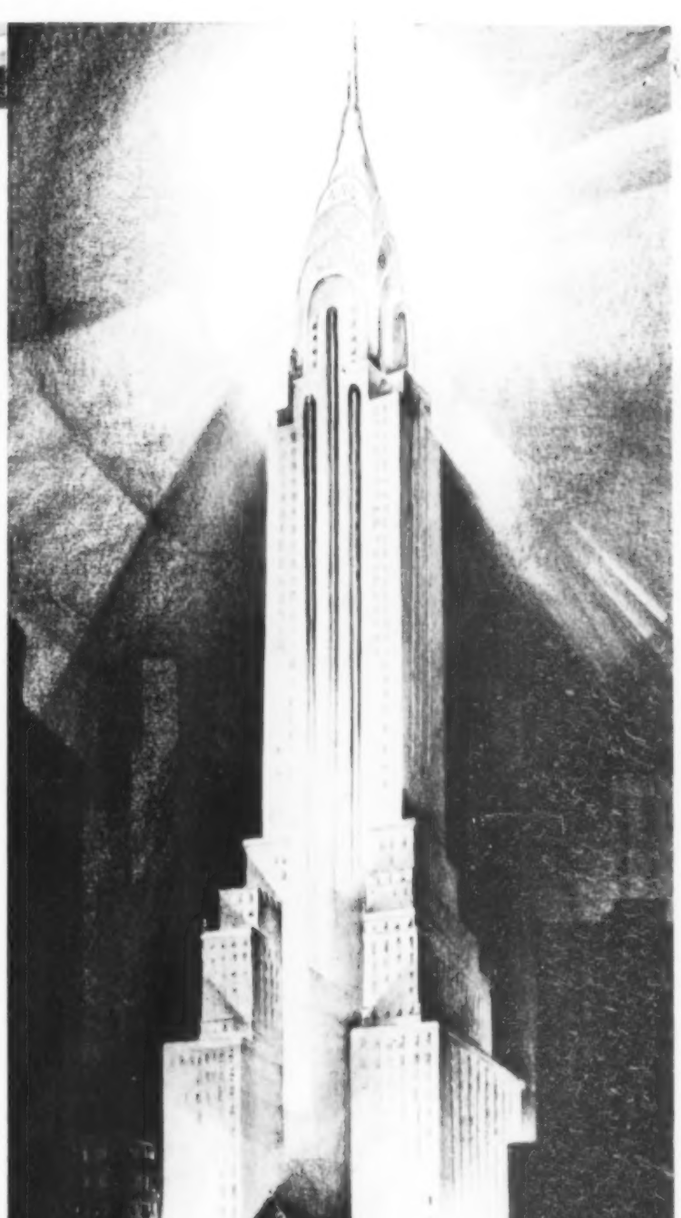
DR. WEST'S TOOTH PASTE CONTINUES TO BREAK ALL SUCCESS RECORDS FOR DENTIFRICES

BARRETT

the highest-type roof *for* CHRYSLER the world's highest building



THE historic Woolworth Building, which for 16 years dominated the New York skyline, now finds companionship in the clouds—downtown, with the Bank of Manhattan Building, 940 feet high; uptown with the Chrysler Building sheering up 1,030 feet above the sidewalk.

All three of these buildings—the world's highest three—are protected by Barrett Specification Roofs.

Bonded for 20 years (or 15 years) against repair or maintenance expense, Barrett Specification Roofs are built to last two or three times that guaranteed period. Coal-tar pitch, felt and gravel roofs—Barrett Roofs—40, 50 and 60 years in service and still hale and hearty, are not uncommon. Unaffected by weather, or atmospheric acids, there seems to be no limit to the longevity of these roofs. Barrett Specification Roofs carry Fire Underwriters' Class A rating.

Barrett Roofs, plus Barrett Inspection Service, are available practically everywhere. 614 experienced Barrett Approved Roofers, each a leader in his community, apply Barrett Roofs. Consult with them or with us on any roofing problem.

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Barrett Specification Roofs

Give NOBLESSE—Today's Beauty in Silverware

Give her COMMUNITY PLATE in this new design—so different—so dynamic—so supremely smart. Let its vivid, streamline loveliness—set in the exquisite new gift box, finished in an effect of buff suede, touched with tones of gold and jet—pay tribute to her sophisticated modernity of taste. She will recognize at a glance, in *The Noblesse*, a new style-spirit she has never seen before in Silverware. And, since it is COMMUNITY PLATE, she will know that you have given her the best. See *The Noblesse*, and other charming COMMUNITY PLATE designs, wherever fine Silver is sold.

COMMUNITY PLATE

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Thomas B. Costain, A. W. Neall, Wesley Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Merritt Hulburd, W. Thornton Martin,
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THE RED BALLYHOO

By WILL IRWIN

THE Communists of New York—or rather the leading faction among our four varieties of Communists—are assembled tonight in Central Opera House. In one respect the Red party is decidedly American. It has absorbed advertising methods as through its pores; it ties in closely to the news. The big meetings, which all true party members are supposed to attend, always ratify or denounce something which occupies public attention for the moment—the Indian revolution, the marines in Nicaragua, the bombardment of Chinese Communists by American gunboats, the latest lynching in the South. Tonight the topic is "our victory" in the German elections. The Daily Worker has set the hour at 7:30 sharp. Guided by the light of experience no one takes that seriously. The doors to that somewhat tarnished ballroom where on less serious days the East Side celebrates weddings and christenings open exactly on the minute; a thickset Teuton and a smiling Chinese station themselves at the turnstile and collect twenty-five-cent tickets from a dozen early arrivals.

Setting the Stage

FOR a whole hour more the crowd drifts in, and the stage, set with an outdoor scene and five chairs, gives no sign of action except for the efforts of a Hindu, a Japanese and a lad who looks American to fasten to the backdrop a gaudy and inflammatory streamer. They try pins at both ends. The middle sags and tears it loose. They pin it at the middle and the drooping ends bring it down again. The Hindu manages to rip his end. There is a long wait for thread and needle. The rip repaired, they form a soviet to consider ways and means. Thumb tacks seem the solution. Another wait while an obliging Negro comrade goes to the drug store for thumb tacks. The soviet drops into another huddle. Evidently the right, or Stalin wing, outargues the left, or Trotzky wing; for they try again to pin the ends while ignoring the heavy middle, and with the same result. A comrade with a Slavic cast of countenance joins them and draws the balance of power to the right. Persuaded by his eloquence, they borrow assistants from the audience and hold it in place while they tack it a foot at a time. That promises to bring results.

Meanwhile the audience has mounted to 400 or 500. Mostly they are party members who average their three or four meetings a week; they have the air of waiting for the whistle to blow. As a body they do not differ greatly in outward appearance from other Red radical assemblies for causes which have long ago flowed into the sands—East Side anarchists in the days when Emma Goldman was still undeported, I. W. W. wobblies in Big Bill Haywood's time. There is the same sprinkling of set eyes, which gleam or dream; fanatics these, burning to go through fire for a cause. They are the same men with flaccid facial muscles and nerveless-seeming hands—failures whose self-respect has barricaded itself for a last stand behind a theory of oppression. Here and there your eye catches those same agreeable, spiritual faces of rebel saints, piously giving to the Vision all they have.

LEDGER PHOTO.

"Red Thursday" in Philadelphia Proved to be Pale Pink. A Group of About Five Hundred Agitators and Ten Times as Many Spectators Gathered at the City Hall

Reds of All Colors

THE same boldly handsome young women zealots hold the front rows. Around the edges frolics the same following of daughters of the regiment—girls who don't much know what it's all about, but who dote on virile young revolutionaries. However, there remains one wide difference between this and the Red radical meetings of the past. In the anarchist demonstrations you saw only two types—the lean, dry-necked, old-American and the massive Teuton. And any list of the I. W. W. carried 80 per cent of Colonial American names. But here is a potpourri of the races. I have enumerated Hindu, Chinese, Japanese, Negro, Teuton and American. Perhaps two-thirds of the faces bear the Slavic or Slavic-Semitic marks of high cheek bones and curiously clouded complexions. And next in number come dark-eyed, graceful Latins. Compositely, they all seem very young.

Even the preliminary drive for funds is the same old story. In each seat lies a dodger advertising the grand dance and rally in honor of the Chinese Communists, which will follow the meeting; admission, thirty-five cents, chow mien at coöperative prices. Through the crowd thread colporteurs selling periodicals and pamphlets in English, Yiddish, German and Italian. A grinning and witty Negro peddles a newspaper filled with the wrongs of his race. A girl with a sad, alluring smile beseeches you to help the Red workers of Bath Beach by taking a ticket to their dance and demonstration. Rattling a tin cup and a brisk "Come on, folks!" an energetic young woman goes down the line begging, first, dollars, then quarters and then dimes for the

campaign fund. The workers' defense asks for its bit. And two young men plaster the hall with red posters advertising the Grand Communist Bazaar.

Bang! The chairman has leaped to the platform; and as though he had turned on a switch, the audience goes electric. It is on its feet; it has swung without leadership—as various keys prove—into its fighting hymn, The Internationale. They of the glaring or dreaming eyes sway as they bellow out the notes and raise clenched fists on tense arms. And now a candidate bounces forward and bursts into speech.

Evidently Communist originality of thought has not spread to include campaign oratory. It is the same old headline stuff, the same series of unsupported climaxes, with pauses after each period for response from the audience. For the benefit of the seven Negroes present, he paints the horrors of Southern lynchings, which he attributes to the capitalists. For the benefit of the jobless, he describes

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Communists and Spectators Listening to a Chinese Speaker During the Meeting in Union Square

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Some 7000 Men and Women—Some of Them Members of Chicago's Colony of Communists, Unemployed and Curiosity Seekers—Held a Protest Parade in Chicago Under Police Auspices

the blessings of unemployment insurance, which, it appears, the Communists will enact on that near day when they control the country. But the interesting moments are those when he touches on personalities. "Hoover"—and he pauses for a response. None comes except a sarcastic, collective smile. "That double-crossing Governor Roosevelt"—the smile deepens, and there are one or two snorts. "That servant of the bosses, head of the fake federation of so-called labor, William Green." Now come vivid hisses. "That bourgeois journalist of a capitalist paper who represents the Yellow Socialists, Heywood Broun!" The hall shakes with boos and catcalls. A month ago he would have evoked a climax of hate by naming Jay Lovestone, expelled leader, who took out of the party his so-called majority Communists and is running a rival show unapproved by Moscow. But an election is approaching and Lovestone has unexpectedly indorsed the Workers' Party ticket. So that heretic escapes notice. Instead, the orator gets his grand climax from the main topic—the triumph of Communism in the German elections. "And so," he roars, "they go on in the bonds of proletarian solidarity to that glorious day when the Red Army marches!" The audience knows what he means. It surges shouting to its feet; the skylights clatter, the posters flutter from the walls.

The Dwindling Communist Army

SUCH a line always stampedes the house. It is the essence of the dream—"when the Red Army marches!" Make no mistake about that. Most of us would rate that dream as a nightmare, but there is no accounting for tastes. A few years ago its fulfillment seemed to them nearer than it does today. The period between 1920 and 1922 saw the super-romantic days of American Communism. They had a blood-bound party membership of 50,000. Times were hard and postwar conditions rendered the future uncertain. Even the more timid conservatives feared a general collapse. Union labor was striking. The Army was filtering back from France, to find jobs scarce. The Communists really believed that our veterans would turn their seasoned rifles on their officers and the Government, instead of joining the American Legion, which they did. During that period a Communist leader got a stretch in jail. He was a widower with one small son. The boy stood to become a public charge, but a Socialist took him in, cared for him as for his own. The Communist, calling for the boy when his term ended, said:

"I'm a poor man. I can give you only my thanks for what you've done, but I'll make it up to you nevertheless. In a year or so, Russia will give the signal for the proletarian revolution. We're going to begin by bumping off the Yellow Socialists. And I'll use my influence to see that you don't go against the wall."

Within another five years, even these romantics had to face what they called reality. The country became amazingly prosperous. The American wage slaves fixed their eyes not on a remote workingman's heaven but on the immediately attainable radio set and cheap car. "Sodden, belly-drunk!" moaned the Communists. They quarreled over methods of "fostering discontent," and a series of schisms began to disrupt their ranks. The story was always the same. A dissenting minor leader would resign or get expelled. He would take with him a following. After a few talkative but discouraging months the following would run into the sands, leaving him alone with the post-office box which served as the party address. Membership shrank from 50,000 in 1920 to 16,000 in 1925. Up to this time they had published their figures, openly and accurately. But when the count of noses fell to 12,000 they went underground with their statistics. That, and the exact source of their funds, are their deepest secrets. However, the shrinkage went on.

Putting Off a Revolution

BY NOW Moscow saw that the American party wasn't getting anywhere at all. "America will be the last to go," Lenin had said. The leaders of the Third International thereupon announced a new orientation. "Drop all talk of immediate revolution. That cannot happen for a generation or two, anyway," said Moscow. Maybe it won't take a violent form. Perhaps, when Communism gets over the ridge and the Red Army assembles, the capitalist class and all their slaves will come down peaceable, like Davy Crockett's coon. Perhaps, but not likely. In the meantime, prepare the soil. Destroy that you may build up. Create discontent and turn it to your purpose. Put all the spokes you can into the wheels of the capitalist machine. Run a party ticket, but when you begin to elect candidates use them merely to obstruct legislation. Plant underground nuclei of two or three party members in all the factories and unions you can. When you see the opportunity, start strikes

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

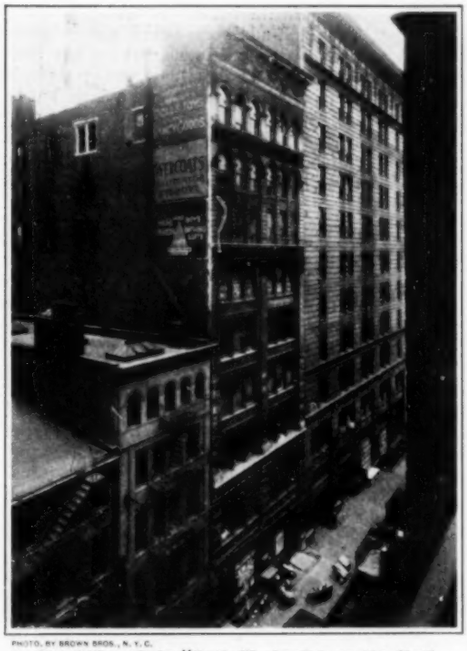
A Group of Communists, Mainly Young Women, Carrying Banners on Their Arrival in Union Square

LEDGER PHOTO.
Communist Speakers Addressing an Audience of Several Hundred Persons in Independence Square

under Communist leadership. If you win, it's a feather in your cap; if you lose, it's another argument proving that the working class can do nothing for itself in capitalist society. Cultivate hard-boiled, defiant, proletarian manners, but avoid violence. The bomb throwings and assassinations of the anarchists, the sabotage of the I. W. W., never got them anywhere. Instead, be so irritating as to invite violence from the other side. That will get martyrs, which the movement needs. Boiled down to its essence, stripped of those polysyllables in which Communism delights, such was the policy. Moscow dictated it and ordered it executed to the last clause.

Waiting for the Red Army to March

C. E. RUTHENBERG objected to this program from the beginning, and out he went on his neck, producing another party split. Later, Jay Lovestone, secretary of the party, visited Moscow to protest. He belongs to that minority of the membership which has an American background and a glimpse into the workings of the American mind. The whole program, he told his masters, was a copy of the methods which they had perforce to employ in old Russia under the tight lid of the Czars—especially those factory nuclei.



PHOTO, BY BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.
The Office of the "Daily Worker" is on the Sixth Floor of the Building in the Center of the Picture

You could never conquer the American working class by such means. They held him in Russia so long as to stimulate a rumor that he wasn't going to be let out alive; then he emerged a heretic. The American party expelled him. He led with him into outer darkness 1500 to 2000 followers and formed what he called the majority group.

In a little suite on East Twenty-eighth Street, this crowd meets, manages to publish a fortnightly four-page newspaper, and awaits the collapse of the official party. Then they propose to take control and install an American policy. Already one Cannon had led out the Left Wing—sympathizers with the banished Trotzky. But those radicals among Reds seem almost to have disappeared.

The official membership of the party, which held the Communist citadel in Union Square, was down to 5000 or 6000 members. And their show was going badly. But still the dream persisted—the far-off event toward which their whole creation moved, the day when the Red Army should march. During this low period some of them blew bubbles as blithely as did their forerunners in the romantic days of 1921. A family of my acquaintance managed, by economy and management, to acquire a New York house. A Communist woman, a friend in spite of differing opinions, dropped in for tea.

"What do you think of our new house?" asked the hostess proudly.

"Ellen," responded the Communist blandly, "we've got to shoot you."

"Shoot me!" exclaimed the hostess.

"Certainly. When the revolution comes you and Jim must go against the wall. A month ago you were wage slaves. Now you've deliberately made yourselves bourgeois. Though I'm afraid," she added regretfully, "we may both die before the Red Army marches." And she went on placidly sipping tea.

At about the same period a young agitator returned to New York under indictment. "Don't take much trouble about me," he told his attorney. "In less than five years I'll be dead anyway."

"Aren't you well?" inquired the lawyer.

"Never felt better in my life. But I have a premonition that I'll die on the barricades in the final push of the revolution."

Though these are only extreme instances—extreme and a little mad—they point the psychology and ultimate intention of American Communism. I myself, passing the headquarters in Union Square this autumn, heard a lively sidewalk debate and stopped to listen.

A group of youngsters stood grouped round a grizzled man whose face and carriage stamped him as an ex-soldier. He was laying down the dictum that it takes four years to make an officer. "But in the big capitalist war, they made officers out of clerks and students in six months," objected a black-eyed boy.

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A Group of Several Hundred Persons of All Classes Participated in Washington's Much-Heralded Communistic "Red Day."

"Sure," echoed the crowd.

"And, gee, what officers they were not!" replied the ex-soldier, spitting a contemptuous stream of tobacco juice.

"Well, they won the war, didn't they?" inquired the black-eyed boy with an innocence that was almost bourgeois.

All Quiet in Union Square

THE ex-soldier had no chance to reply, for the crowd broke into those ironic growls which pass in orthodox Communist circles for laughter. The idea of anyone winning that war! But I had glimpsed for a moment an inside working of the Communist mind—youth dreaming on arms. Not yet the fulfillment, however. That is to come only when the capitalist system begins to tumble of its own weight, when the elected representatives of the proletariat have disrupted the legislatures, when the privates of our armies are ready to use their guns not for the bosses but for the aroused masses. Or more cumbersome words to that effect. Any constant newspaper reader may remember that last May Day the Red Communists and the anti-Red Veterans of Foreign Wars proposed to hold meetings in Union Square at the same hour. The police smelled trouble in this. They proposed a compromise: Let the Veterans meet at two; clear the Square; assemble the Communists in Tompkins Square at two, march them to Union Square at three, start their meeting at four. To the pleasant surprise of the police, the Communists consented without argument or debate. "For," they said, "we are not yet ready to form the Red battle front!"

(Continued on Page 118)

BY VIOLENCE

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

Martin Returned Gravely the Look His Uncle Harvey Laid On Him. "Go On," He Said Quietly. "It's So"

IN ALL that width of lonely water there was no other boat. Young Martin Gomez stared with black eyes somber in his smooth, amber-tanned face. He had not expected there would really be another boat. And yet, with a heart blistered with his first encounter with grief, he had as good as stolen this boat that had been his father's, and come seeking—come seeking—he did not know what. Something incredible, to solve the churning uncertainty of the problem he faced. Yet there was nothing more here for him than there had ever been—empty, bright water, enormous blue-lighted sky; to the west the blank sickle of the horizon cutting the Gulf of Mexico; eastward, toward all Florida, only the low barrier of the silent and unending mangroves. Yet somberly as he stared, he was expectant.

The stinging spray from the too-narrow bow had plastered his cotton shirt to his bony, small ribs, over the raw sore of his heart. The roar of the most powerful engines in the Ten Thousand Islands, that had been his father's pride, was almost silent in his ears. His soggy sneakers were braced where his father's feet had braced themselves. His bony, small hands clutched knowingly the long rope rudder lines, just as they had a good three hours back in Chokoloskee, taking the boat out like an arrow under the very noses of his Uncle Harvey and his Uncle LeRoy. They had bellowed and shaken their big fists at him from the upper gallery of Smallwood's store. But Martin had not cared.

For the first time in the last dreadful two weeks which had changed his universe for him, he had escaped. There must be something he could find to do, some money he could make somehow, that would show them they had to listen to him, that would keep them from sending the children away to the mainland. His father would want him to keep the children together and safe on Chokoloskee Island, where they belonged.

And yet, with all the numb helplessness of childhood that was hardly past for him, he was hopeless of doing anything against his uncles and his loud-voiced Aunt Lulu Belle Hannaford, from Fort Pierce, and his keen-tongued little Grandmother Gomez. They had dinned in his ears ever since his father's funeral, "Martin, you mustn't act like a little boy any longer. You must try to realize ——" But they wouldn't let him speak for his father or for the children, or take the boat out, or do anything. Their talk poured over his head, a deafening flood. They were tall people and big people, and they talked loud and acted violently always. Once he had been charmed by that in them, thinking his Uncle Harvey and his Uncle LeRoy great men. He had admired them, assaulting the silences of his slighter father. That was the way real men should act, the way he would act, he had assured himself often. Now they loomed incredibly formidable. He did not know what he could do against them, if this sudden tearing flight away from all that, did not produce some miracle to reënforce him.

Because the children must not be parceled out among distant kin on the mainland. His father distrusted the mainland. The little girls were too young. The baby was lame in one foot. Through the uncertainty in him, and the burning grief, Martin knew that one thing. The children must be kept home. He must keep them. And he could. If only something—something incredible ——

It happened so unbelievably that for all his quicksilver sharpness of glance he did not at once credit it. It was too marvelous. He had been running closer to the monotonous line of mangroves, in his vague way south. Yet with a glance trained to see everything, in that gulf-coast world where a landmark may be only a darker shadow of water, a subtle alteration in a curve of shore, a mangrove branch reaching up taller than the rest, he knew where he was and where all the sand bars were. The mouth of Lostman's River should open widely here. The leafy shore shifted its look a little. The mangrove barrier opened to the one view where the eye can plunge straight eastward up the center reach of one of those west-coast rivers which is no more than a haphazard valley of water in a continent of mangrove, a river which moves and brims and breathes at one with the milky immemorial sea. In that one moment before the branches below the river mouth obliterated the straight glance, Martin looked and saw.

The welter of half-adult emotions in him gave way before a yelp of pure joy. He whirled the bow eastward up the stream; for there was a boat up there, in trouble. It had been only a spot and a flash, but he had seen that—a boat in trouble—and his the only other one for lonely, watery miles north or south. There was a job ahead. They might be rich people. He yelped again, happily, and jiggled with boyish delight in his squashing wet sneakers.

His face was intent for the channel and the gliding walls of green, from which the din of his engines came back to him pleasantly enlarged. The muscles around his mouth stretched into an uncontrollable grin.

He figured that the boat he had glimpsed might be two miles up the river. Somebody had been waving something, small in the glittering distance. They must have been watching for the one-minute glimpse of him, crossing the open patch at the river's mouth. He began expecting it around every curve. Several times he saw it clearly, before the curves of the channel screened it with leaves. And then, with almost startling unexpectedness, he came upon the boat, just when he was deciding that he was following the wrong channel entirely. It lay long and shiny and superb, with its shining mahogany bow thrust, as if at full speed, straight into the mangroves and the mud. Its stern was hopelessly under water. It was like no regular west-coast boat that he had ever seen; more like one of those glossy, elaborate, speed toys millionaire yachts sometimes carried. It made his father's boat, that was so much admired in Chokoloskee, look stubby

and commonplace in comparison. He could only stare at it in awe, having switched off his engines. From a captain of his own destiny he reverted suddenly to being an embarrassed small boy.

Two men were staring at him from the boat's forward cockpit. His glance, encountering the curious fixity of theirs, could not get away. Their faces, turned abruptly to his, were set and still. There was actually a kind of hostility in them, as if they were holding him off, warning him not to come any nearer, by the coldness of their double glare. Immediately, however, Martin felt he must be wrong. Their faces changed, wrinkling around the eyes with the same grin. Of course they were glad to see him. They had waved for help, and they certainly needed it. Assurance lifted again warmly in him, and he pulled his boat, with its following dinghy, nearer by the overhanging branches.

The men said in the same breath, "Hi, there," and "Well, well." Martin grinned back at them shyly.

He had touched the other boat's gunwale before he saw with a start that a third man was sitting stiffly on a tilted seat of the half-submerged after cockpit. At first Martin thought he was hurt, he looked so queer. The other two wore caps, but his head was bare and his dark hair was blown every way over his pasty yellow face. His eyes, under thick lids, hardly seemed to look at anything. He sat there just about as he must have been sitting before the boat struck. He sat as people sit waiting for something, as Martin's Grandmother Gomez often sat on the porch of her house, looking out over the sea and thinking how old she was and how many things she'd seen. That was a silly idea, of course, because this man wasn't so old as that. But his eyes looked old.

The tall man who had straightened up first—the one with the long face and the long lead-blue eyes—was saying, "Well, well, well, we're in luck, after all. Imagine finding a boat so quick in this God-forsaken wilderness. You'll take us to the nearest town, won't you, kid?"

Martin nodded, inarticulate with pride and pleasure. They'd pay the full guide rates without question, he assured himself shrewdly, warping his boat alongside. The second man—the heavier one—pulled off his cap and lit a thick chocolate-colored cigar with a mother-of-pearl lighter. He was shorter than the other, but he had the same sort of figure—narrow-hipped. His eyes were some kind of yellow-brown, set a little oddly in his face, as if the bony cavity of one had been pulled down a little, making his whole face askew. His mouth was full of gold teeth as he bit at his cigar. He did not look like the taller man, and yet he did. They were alike in the way both men had looked at him at first—cold and fixed—and the close way their lips were set, and something in the way they turned their eyes without turning their heads. Neither of them would stand it to have a boy get fresh, or anybody, he guessed. He gave a last shove, fended with a pole, and held the boats together.

"Good work, kid," the tall man said. "You're the buddy for us, all right, all right. Well, Julius, all we got to do now is move."

It was the shorter one who was Mr. Julius. Probably his first name. Martin stood holding the boats together, looking up at them. Mr. Julius was rolling his cigar around in his mouth. There was something he was mad at. The tall one began passing bags to Martin. There were two light suitcases, bright tan with gleaming locks. There were binoculars and a vacuum bottle and a lunch basket. There were two coats. Mr. Julius put on his over a flannel shirt, which seemed unnecessary. That was all. There were no fishing rods. They didn't seem to have any of the things that people would have on a trip on the west coast.

Mr. Julius said abruptly, "I don't like it, Sam." The tall man's name was Sam, then. "I don't like it this way at all. I told you you were a fool not to pay more attention to the chart of this coast."

"Aw, tie it," Mr. Sam said. "The chart didn't show the river was so narrow up here, that's all. The boat's not hurt bad. Anyway, you can't pull anything now. The kid's here."

Mr. Julius said, "It ain't neat, that's why. It ain't accordin' to the way things oughta be done. I never did a job like this and I don't like it. Whadda we goin' to do? You got idears. You tell me."

"Why, we're just goin' for a nice little boat ride with this smart young fellah and pretty soon everything'll be all nice and tidy. He'll take care of us, won't you, kid? Di'n' I tell you we'd get a break?"

He winked elaborately down into Martin's wide eyes. His voice was loud and a little raucous, and to Martin he did not seem to need to be as cheery as he was. He stepped into the boat, steadying himself on Martin's bony young shoulder. Martin endured the almost painful wiriness of his fingers. As the boy looked up again he saw the end of a funny sort of gesture Mr. Julius made, with his hand in his coat pocket. As soon as Martin's eyes were full on him the gesture ceased abruptly.

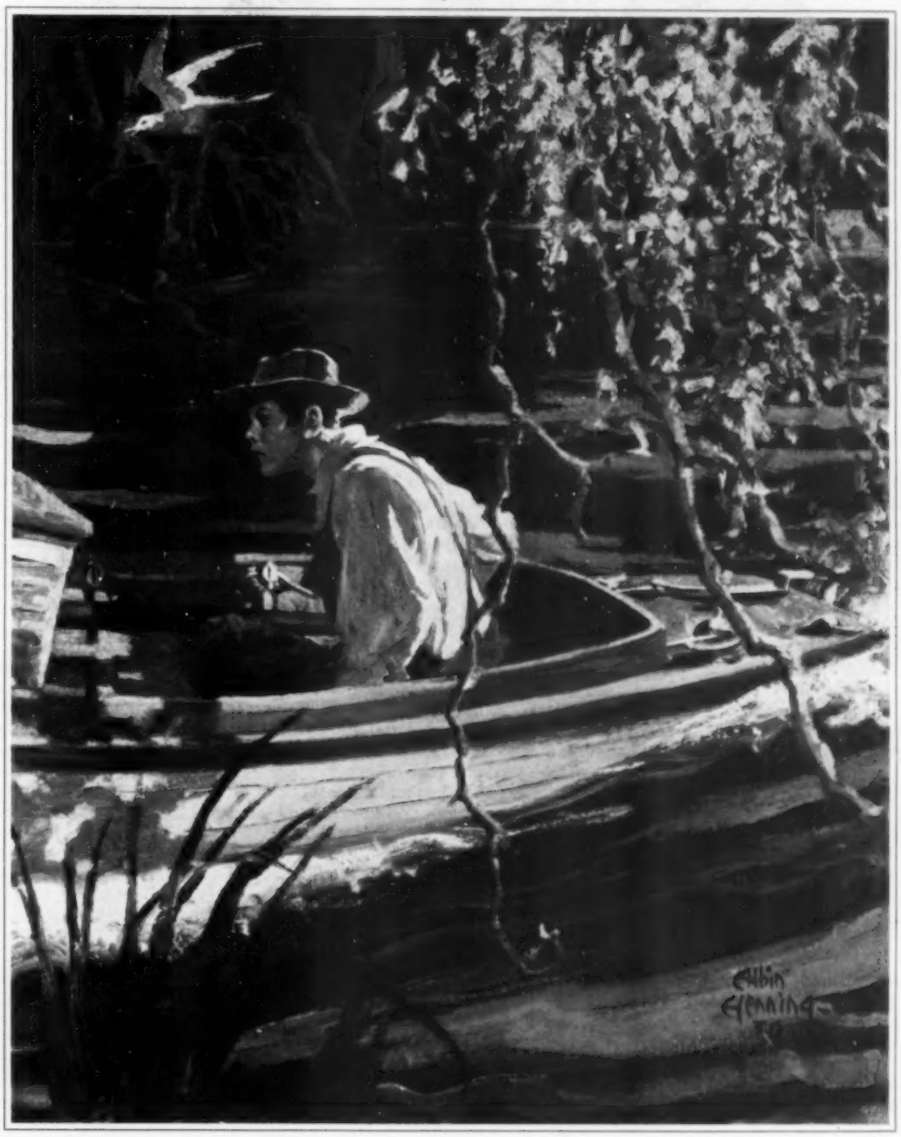
Martin found himself looking almost at a level into the eyes of that third man he had only half noticed, sitting with blank face, stiffly, as if he had been waiting a long time. Martin stared into his eyes and the man's eyes faintly came alive and stared into Martin's. A constriction moved the boy's stomach muscles. The man was fixedly, horribly afraid.

It was fear such as Martin's fourteen years had never seen in a human face. And he had seen several kinds of fear, too, as any boy would in that world island of his, surrounded and penetrated by the untouched, raw wilderness and the naked, uncontrollable sea. He had seen people's faces in hurricanes, when the raving water almost closed over the island. He had seen the face of a man just bitten by a water moccasin. He had seen his father's face the time his baby sister had had convulsions. But this was different. There was no suddenness in it, as if it had lasted so long now it had driven out the human look from the man's face. It was like the fear of animals. There was paralysis in it, like the time the rattler had got into his rabbit pen. He hated it, violently, with an increasing sick wrench at his stomach. Nobody, especially a grown man, had any right to be as scared as that. It did queer things to Martin's idea of the grown-up world. He held on to the boat and hated the pasty-faced man, as he felt hatred for a barracuda in the fish box that he had hit and hit again, that would not die.

"You, Williams, come on. Get a move on, can't you? Get into the boat," the man named Sam spoke harshly from behind Martin. There was a heavy emphasis on the word "Williams." Martin, looking up at Mr. Julius' face, was pretty certain that a wink had gone with it. It was the way you spoke when you signaled something to Packy Davis. It made Martin think the man's name might not be Williams. That's the way it sounded.

Mr. Williams got up then and climbed across Martin's shoulder into the boat. The boat rocked under his stumble and Martin had to

(Continued on Page 44)



His Face Was Intent for the Channel and the Gliding Walls of Green, From Which the Din of His Engines Came Back to Him Pleasantly Enlarged

ONE SWELL AIREDALE

By Percy Marks

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM C. HOOPLE

MY PHILOSOPHY course is all right, I guess; it's got some great stuff in it, but so far it hasn't told me what I want to know—and that's this: What's a fellow like Bill Heath going to do, anyway? Maybe I'm too impatient, because we've had only beginners' philosophy so far; but just the same, I ought to be getting a lead pretty soon. My prof says that philosophy is a discussion of human problems and a solution of them. That sounds great, but unless he gets a little deeper pretty soon, I'm going to be just where I started with Bill's problem. I'm sort of banking on Plato, because he usually gives the real low-down on things, but he certainly hasn't come through with any help yet.

Bill and I were married by the registrar, as we say at Raleigh. Don Mathewson, from home, was to be my roommate, but he came down with pneumonia the day we were to leave for college, and that left me sitting pretty with a double room on my hands and no money to pay for it. The first thing I did after dropping my suitcase in 28 Hickson was to chase around to the Ad Building and see if the registrar couldn't find me a roommate.

"Mathewson's illness was providential so far as I am concerned," he said. You know the way registrars talk. "I have been in a rather embarrassing dilemma. We promised an inexpensive single room to a student from San Francisco, and at the last minute we discovered that it had already been spoken for. I have written to him to call at this office immediately on his arrival—which I believe will be tomorrow—but until this minute I had no place to put him. His name is William Heath, and I'll ask him to see you at once. If you are mutually satisfied, then your problem and mine will be most satisfactorily solved."

Sure Enough, in About Three Minutes I Saw the Old Flivver Wabbling up to Hickson

I wasn't any too keen about rooming with a stranger, but after two years of work I was entering college on a shoestring, and I hadn't counted on that extra hundred dollars.

I was twenty and figured I could handle almost any freshman that came along, especially as I weigh one hundred and ninety-five when I'm wasted down to skin and bone.

The next afternoon I was passing the Ad Building and noticed a flivver parked in front of it. "Parked" isn't the right word. That flivver looked as if it had staggered up to the Ad Building and died. The only things on it less than ten years old were the license plates. They were almost as dirty as the car, but they were from California—and you notice a thing like that in a New England village.

"William Heath himself," I thought. "And if he got that thing here from San Francisco, he must be strong enough to do a lot of pushing." I decided I'd go over to the room and put out the mat with Welcome on it. It's funny the way a fellow is. For no reason at all, I was all prepared to dislike William Heath. I kind of resented him, just because he was a necessity, I guess; but I wanted to give him the up and down just as soon as I could.

I plunked myself down on the window seat and waited. Sure enough, in about three minutes I saw the old flivver wabbling up to Hickson, and about three minutes after that I heard a knock on the door.

"Come in," I bawled about ten times as loud as I needed to, and the door opened.

Well, he was a nice kid at sight, if you know what I mean. He wouldn't take a prize at a beauty show, unless you happen to like the looks of Airedales—and I do. That's what he reminded me of, somehow—one swell Airedale. Now, Airedales aren't like lots of dogs. You have to know your stuff to tell a thoroughbred from an alley pup; their points don't advertise themselves. Bill was like that. In a crowd he was just like the rest of the fellows, but if you looked hard and had some idea what to look for, you couldn't help seeing he was blue-ribbon goods.

I guess it was his hair that made me think of an Airedale right off; it was curly and brown, and looked as if it had lots of resistance to a comb and brush. He had blue eyes and a sort of nubby nose and a big grin that showed plenty of even white teeth. And he had one beaut of a tan—a real golden brown. I didn't notice his mouth right then, but I did later, and it scared me a little; it was so sensitive. I decided that rooming with Bill might not be so soft as I'd thought. He wasn't very big—not more than five-seven—but when we went to bed that night I saw he had a good build and that tan went all over him except for a white shadow his bathing suit had left.

He stood in the door and looked at me in a shy, friendly sort of way.

"The registrar ——" he began, but I didn't let him finish.

I got up and held out my big paw and said: "I know; you're Heath. My name's Cummings—Bob Cummings—and if you think you can stand it, we're going to room together."

Now, he was scared, but right then and there he showed the stuff he was made of. He gripped my hand and looked me square in the eye and said, "It's awfully decent of you to give me the chance." The registrar might have said exactly that, but he wouldn't have said it Bill's way. The registrar arranged words, if you know what I mean, but Bill said things nicely because the nice way was the way he said and did things—and he meant what he said, always. His manners helped him over his embarrassment, but he thanked me because he was grateful.

I laughed and told him we were fifty-fifty, and then we both parked on the window seat and began to talk. I asked him about the flivver, and he told me he was going to push it into the river, and he asked me about furniture and things like that, and I gave him all the dope I could; and later on I helped him bring up his suitcases, which were older than the flivver, and by the time we went to the Commons for grub we were calling each other Bill and Bob as easily as if we had stolen apples together when we were ten.

We got on great except for one thing. I liked Bill right from the first and I was sure he liked me, but he always shut down if I mentioned any place within a thousand miles of San Francisco. He'd get kind of fussed and change the subject. Then I'd get fussed, too, and we'd both be unnatural and polite as strangers. I'd tell yarns about when I was a kid, but he never did. He seemed to want me to think he'd been born the day we met.

Nothing ever reminded him of something that had happened in high school or anything like that, and when I asked him how come he spoke French and German as if he'd been born on both sides of the Rhine, he looked scared and stuttered, and finally said he'd had good teachers.

I said "I'll say," and wondered what was eating him. I got so I was afraid to ask any questions at all about his life, and he knew I was afraid too; I could see that plain enough. We liked each other swell, but there was something funny about him he didn't want me to know, and that made us both uneasy about two-thirds of the time.

If we hadn't both waited table in the Commons and been in three classes together I wouldn't have seen so much of him, because I was out for football and my time was pretty much taken up. We were together a lot, though, and the more I saw of Bill and the more I liked him, the more I resented his embarrassment and that queer mystery he made of his past. If he hadn't been a thoroughbred, he'd have made a fool of himself a hundred times, but he always had the class to get over the tight places. He could evade without hurting your feelings or making you feel you'd been nosey; but, just the same, I couldn't help feeling pretty much held off. If it had been anybody but Bill, I'd have thought he'd been in prison or something like that, but I'd have sworn he'd never done anything dishonorable. If you're a pup, your roommate will find it out every time, and Bill was no pup; he was decent all the way through.

Then all of a sudden the mystery was bared, as the newspapers say, and I was almost disappointed because there wasn't a love nest. It all came out unexpectedly. I was in the room one day when a big express package came for Bill. It was from Mrs. William K. Heath, such-and-such Pacific Avenue, San Francisco. Well, Bill was William Kerwin Heath, Jr.,

so I didn't have to be much of a sleuth to guess that the package was from his mother.

He came in pretty soon, and I said, "Look what Santy brought you."

He looked, all right; he looked as if he'd been hit a bad one in the wind. His eyes got big and scared, and his cheeks got redder and redder, and he just stood there and stared at the box.

I didn't know what to do, but I wasn't sticking my nose in when I said: "Why don't you open it, you goof? There may be a cake in it."

He shook his head and then kneeled down and began to fumble with the cord. Honestly, I thought he was going to cry, and it took him forever to get the wrapping off. He didn't want me to see what was in that box; I was sure of it, but I didn't know how to get out without making things worse. Just the same, I was going to go when suddenly the wrapping board opened up and out fell a big pile of books. Bill seemed to be in a dream. His hands seemed to take the paper off one of the books of their own accord, and his fingers petted the binding as if they loved it all by themselves. I didn't blame them. Gosh, what a book—full morocco and tooled by a guy who knew how. It was a dream, and I'd seen one with about half its class at the book store for only twenty-five dollars. There were twenty books in that package and each one was more beautiful than the others. I just gawped. Bill's mother had sent the books; they were worth five hundred bucks if they were worth a cent—and Bill never had more than two dimes in his pants at one time. Bill stared at the books and made love to them with his fingers, and I stared at Bill. Neither of us said a word. He sat on the floor and I sat in our one comfortable chair—and there we were, and it looked as if we were going on being like that until kingdom come.

Pretty soon, though, Bill came to. He glanced at me, and then he did a funny thing. He took one of those beautiful books and held it against his cheek and moved his cheek up and down against it. I felt queer. It was like watching a fellow show his heart, or something like that.

I thought he was never going to say anything, but finally he did. He sat there among the books, fingering first one and then another, and told me what there was to tell. His voice was husky at first, and he was pretty well worked up, but after a while he talked right along, and I could see he got happier and happier the more he talked.

"I guess I'd better tell you all about it, Bob," he began, looking up at me, and I'll swear his eyes had tears in them. "Mother meant well, but she pretty nearly spoiled everything. If anybody but you had seen these books, she would have—but I don't mind about you. I wish now I'd told you before. I just couldn't, though; I had to wait. I guess it's better I did. I wouldn't be so sure of you if I hadn't."

I didn't have the smallest hunch of what he was talking about. It sounded crazy to me, but he was so solemn and earnest that I didn't even think of smiling.

"Mother didn't know," he went on, "that she wasn't to send me things like these books, and she knows I'm crazy about them."

He stopped then and messed about the books again before he went on, and when he did he finally talked sense.

"This isn't telling you anything, Bob," he said. "Here's the whole story in a nutshell: I'm not a poor kid working my way through college; my father is a millionaire a good many times over. I'm rich, Bob—terribly rich." His eyes filled up again and he looked as if he were going to bawl.

My own eyes must have been like platters, and all I could do was stare at him and try to say "What?" I knew what I was hearing, but it didn't make sense. I'd have as soon expected Bill Heath to be Mussolini as to be a millionaire. I suppose I must have looked funny, because he smiled and quit looking so awfully unhappy.

"I'm lousy rich," he said. You'd have thought he was talking about a disease. "I've never known anything but all the money I've wanted and a whole lot more. You asked me once how it came I spoke such good French and German. Behold the bright boy, Bob. Think of it; I learned—really learned—to speak French, and all the instruction I had was a French nurse, a French governess, a tutor, and three years of school in France. I learned German in Switzerland. I learned to swim and skate there, too, from professionals. I learned to play tennis the same way; I learned everything that way. I've never learned anything wrong. I've been around the world once with a tutor and to Europe three times with one. You don't know it, but I speak pretty fair Italian, too, which is very remarkable, because I studied Italian only two years with an Italian scholar. You've marveled at my Latin. I'm a very polyglot person; no doubt about it—but my first tutor believed in Latin and Greek, and he saw to it that I began both before I was ten."

He laughed then, and I didn't like the way he did it. He was apologizing for all his advantages; at least, that's what I thought—as well as I could think. Mostly, I was just dazed.

"You were dazzled one day because I recognized a punk print down at the Coöp. You thought it was wonderful because I knew it was a Cimabue. Bill, I've seen every great picture in the world over and over—and I've seen them with a connoisseur at my elbow to see that I understood their greatness. I began to study music when I was six, I think, and you can take in a lot of music in twelve years if you're properly instructed—and you can put it down that I was. If there is a single advantage money can buy I haven't had, I haven't heard of it."

I found my voice then and yawped at him, "You poor sap; you sound like you were sore."

"I'm not," he said; "I'm not sore. I'm not that kind of sap, anyway. I know I'm lucky. It's not my advantages I'm sore at; it's my disadvantages."

He got up and kicked his right leg. I guess it was going to sleep, because he walked up and down two or three times and stamped before he said anything more; then he sat down on the window seat, leaned forward, looked square into my eyes, and told me just how he felt. I never thought I'd live to pity a millionaire, but I did then.

"It's like this, Bob," he explained: "I've had everything, and most of it I've liked a lot, but there's been one thing that's been awful the last year or two, and that's not knowing who liked me and who didn't. You see, when you've been awfully rich for a few

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At Raleigh the Bids are Slipped Under Your Door at Eight o'Clock. Every Freshman is Supposed to be in His Room. It Was a Little After Eight When Ours Came

MEXICO EMERGING

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

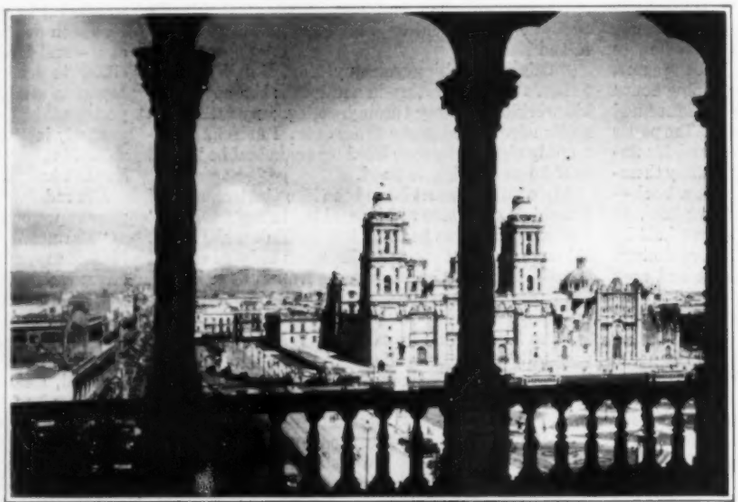
FOR the first time in more than twenty years there is not an item of red-blooded news in Mexico. No one is revolting or threatening to revolt. The president, although he travels in a bullet-proof automobile, has not been shot at since his inauguration in February. The railway trains have not been held up for months. The roads are quite as safe as in this country. Politicians are active, but not violent, and baiting the foreigner, especially the American, has ceased to be a national pastime. And the hitherto frigid official relations between the United States and Mexico have become warm and amiable. Instead of the governments' exchanging politely acid notes, they have taken to talking things over in an approximately human way, with the result that today a great flock of unsolvable problems dividing the countries has just faded away. Not all of them have been solved. Not all of them needed to be. It was only necessary for each country to find out what the other was talking about. That has been Dwight W. Morrow's signal contribution to the amenities.

This is not at all to say that the two peoples have settled all their differences and now, at last, completely understand each other, and that everything is lovely below the Rio Grande. Our people will never completely understand the Mexicans and they will never completely understand us. We shall never understand why, in Mexico City, where it is never very warm and often quite cold, the houses and hotels are built to resist the heat of the tropics. Neither shall we be able to comprehend why all business stops dead for two or three hours during the middle of the day.

The Make-Up of Mexico

NO MEXICAN will ever fully grasp why anything that can be done tomorrow should be done today, or why people who have nothing at all to do should hurry about as though they had something to do; and, although they can understand putting up a skyscraper as a monument, they fail to understand why, when there is plenty of space on the ground, one should build so high up into the air. This failure of understanding is not due to lack of opportunity. All the Mexican families who can afford it send their children to school and college in the United States, and now quite a few Americans are taking summer courses in Mexico City. The American industrial influence is everywhere evident throughout Mexico—not a single automobile company other than American now maintains an agent in Mexico. The countries are already part of the same great economic unit, but there the common ground ends. Americans and Mexicans think so differently that, when they agree, they reach an agreement by utterly different modes of thought. Now it is being discovered that all this does not matter—that it is not in the least necessary for people to think alike in order to agree.

The moment, however, that one starts to talk about what the Mexicans think, one must needs know what a Mexican is. Then the trouble begins. Of the sixteen million people in Mexico, about four million are pure Indians and about a million and a half are pure white. The others are of mixed Indian and white blood. In a general way it can be said that the governing classes are drawn from the people born of Spanish parents in Mexico. But some of the ablest men in the country are full-blooded Indians and there is no social or intellectual distinction to be drawn on the ground of mixed blood. Both Juarez, the great liberator, and Diaz, the great dictator, were pure-blooded Indians. There are in Mexico some fifty or sixty different kinds of Indians; they have as many different languages, and although Spanish is the language of the country, by no means all the people use it. Some of the Indians are riding in motor cars and using telephones and typewriters, while others are living exactly as they did before the Aztecs, let alone Cortés, conquered the country—for the Aztecs, too, were conquerors and Montezuma was not more indigenous than the Conquistadores. Hardly more than a tenth of the Indians know that there is any government in Mexico beyond the local officers whom they have seen, and if they ever heard of the United States, it has been in only the most vague way. However, while contemplating this extraordinary backwardness, it might be well to remember that one of our most flourishing electorates sent a man to the Senate expressly to collect the war debts owing to us from Europe. Mexico as a nation does not yet think and cannot yet think, for there is no large mutuality of interests. For instance, there is no unity of interest whatsoever between Sonora in the north and Yucatan in the south.



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The Plaza de la Constitución, Mexico City

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

President Rubio Addressing the Mexican Congress

Kings and Pawns

WHEN we speak of Mexico in its governmental and international relations we are really speaking of a very small group of people—certainly numbering not more than a hundred thousand. Out of this group come all of those who take the reins of government and manage everything that is managed. These are the people who rule and who raise rebellions. The other inhabitants are merely their pawns—just as they have been the pawns of other ruling classes since long before the Spanish Conquest.

The important thing today is that the ruling classes have a considerably higher sense of responsibility than ever before; that these ruling classes have changed in character as well as in personnel; that they have engaged in a series of vast social experiments, most

PHOTO FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Federal Cavalry Outward Bound

of which have been failures; that they have learned something from their failures; and that, in consequence, Mexico is in a better position than ever before. All this is important in a general way to Americans, for Mexico is one of our nearest two neighbors and a customer of considerable potential value in a trade which will have to be mutual to be worth while.

This trade has not been developed to any great degree, partly because the Mexicans, not understanding trade, can conceive of it only as an advance guard of an army of occupation—which is exactly what some Americans in the past have hoped that it would be. Now, however, the Mexicans, having tried a little of everything, including flirtations with most of the foreign countries, have concluded that the United States with all its faults is not only the best of the lot but also the only one with any real money. While the Mexicans have been learning this, a considerable number of Americans have learned that the sovereignty of the Mexicans, no matter how oddly at times it may be exercised, is something to be respected. Thus, both sides, having thoroughly learned that nothing can be gained by quarreling, while something may be gained by fair dealing, have come around to an unheroic basis in which plain horse sense is having a chance. That is the real news out of Mexico, and it is highly significant, even if not startling, news, for never before has plain common sense been allowed to intrude in the relations between the United States and Mexico.

Mexico Growing Up

ALL is by no means well in Mexico. The country is not meeting its obligations with respect either to its domestic or its foreign bond obligations. Therefore, it is technically bankrupt. It is passing through a period of profound depression in business, for all its chief products—petroleum, silver, copper and henequen—are down. Nevertheless, it is meeting its current expenses and accumulating some surplus, even though it is making extensive capital improvements in the country. The government, both national and local, is said to be full of graft, but the worst that was told to me by the enemies of the government did not approach the practices in some of our municipalities. The judiciary is said to be venal, but I could discover no instances even approaching those which are being brought out in New York. The Mexicans do not like foreigners—and they have little reason to. Under Diaz, the foreigner had more rights than the native, and now, naturally, the natives would like to have an inning. Still, no matter how flagrantly they have in the past dealt with the foreigners and their property, they have disregarded the rights of their own citizens still more flagrantly.

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The Monument to Juarez in Central Park, Mexico City

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Miss Elizabeth Morrow, Instructing the Pupils of a Mexican School

for a Brush With Rebel Troops

It is easy enough to joke about local government in Mexico—just as easy as it is to joke about some of our own local governments. The petty Latin-American administrator is very pompous and very fussy, but to go into that side of government in Mexico or anywhere else is not to get anywhere. The Mexican Federal Government is today more stable than at any time for twenty years, and the administration is, in the opinion of competent observers who have lived in the country since the time of Diaz, more solidly founded than any the country has ever had. Since 1920 the country has successively been in charge of two very strong and able men—General Obregón and General Calles. These men in a way have both been dictators, but in another way they have not, and today Calles, although he has the power to control the country, is not its dictator and is trying to take himself out of the picture and pave the way for a really representative government. Of course no government has ever been really elected by the whole people of Mexico. No Latin-American government has ever been elected—although the forms of election are rigorously followed and the ballots that are put into the boxes are solemnly counted. It is by no means certain that Mexico ever will hold an honest popular election. Most men who know Mexico thoroughly believe that any attempt to have a widespread popular election would lead only to disaster.

Unprofitable Revolts

EVEN France, which has had a comparatively long experience as a republic, has seldom gone beyond a mere handful of men to select its more important officers. The same little group of men has controlled France for years and the members of the group turn up today in one office and tomorrow in another. Seldom does an unfamiliar name turn up in French politics. Mexico is in much the same condition, but the group of men who more or less take turns in office is larger and more capable than previously, and there are some indications that those of them who do not get the offices they want when they want them will find it better policy to wait around a while instead of raising the flag of revolution. The profits of revolution have been steadily diminishing. For some years back revolutions have not paid. The revolutionists have so quickly found themselves gazing into a row of rifle barrels at sunrise and their followers have gained so little loot that revolutions are no longer good business risks. The leaders do not escape with satchels bulging with money. There are in the United States today three eminent leaders of defeated revolutions. Each of these men, while he held his place in the sun, had great power and great wealth. Today one is giving singing lessons, the second is managing a garage and the third is running a restaurant. Such is the path of glory.

It is believed by many—and among them Mr. Morrow—that if the government can, through five or six years, promptly and thoroughly suppress any purely military revolts that crop up, the habit of armed revolt will be broken and Mexico will have a really secure and stable government that can develop the prosperity of the country.

It is revolution, sordid and destroying, that has made Mexico a land in which for ages there has been more sorrow than joy—a land in which grinding poverty has been the natural condition of nine-tenths of the people. It is safe to say that today in Mexico not one-half of the people have ever at any time in their lives owned as much as fifty pesos—that

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DARKNESS

By PHILIP WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

LAMOUNT tore his arm from the grasp of the man who was to have become his brother-in-law. "For the thousandth time, I tell you, no. No, not now. And never. I'm through with her for all time. I saw enough ——"

The other man's voice was gentle; it trembled a little.

"You can't just leave her, Jack. You can't. I'll explain what you saw. She wasn't making love to Phillips. Just saying good-by to him. They've been friends since they were kids, you know. I admit appearances were against Marcia. But, good Lord, man, you don't judge the world by appearances, do you?"

"By what else?" Lamount inquired acidly. "I saw what I saw. They were in the boat and he had his arm around her. I wish I hadn't seen it. I'd rather have been stricken blind."

"She'd lost her balance."

"Balance!" Lamount almost shouted the word. He split off a laugh with a will which he flung upon it like an ax. "This is ridiculous. I'm going."

"If you must ——"

Lamount said no more. He picked up his suitcase, crossed his room, turned out the light.

"Where are you going?" The voice of the man who would have been his brother-in-law issued from the gloom.

Lamount did not reply.

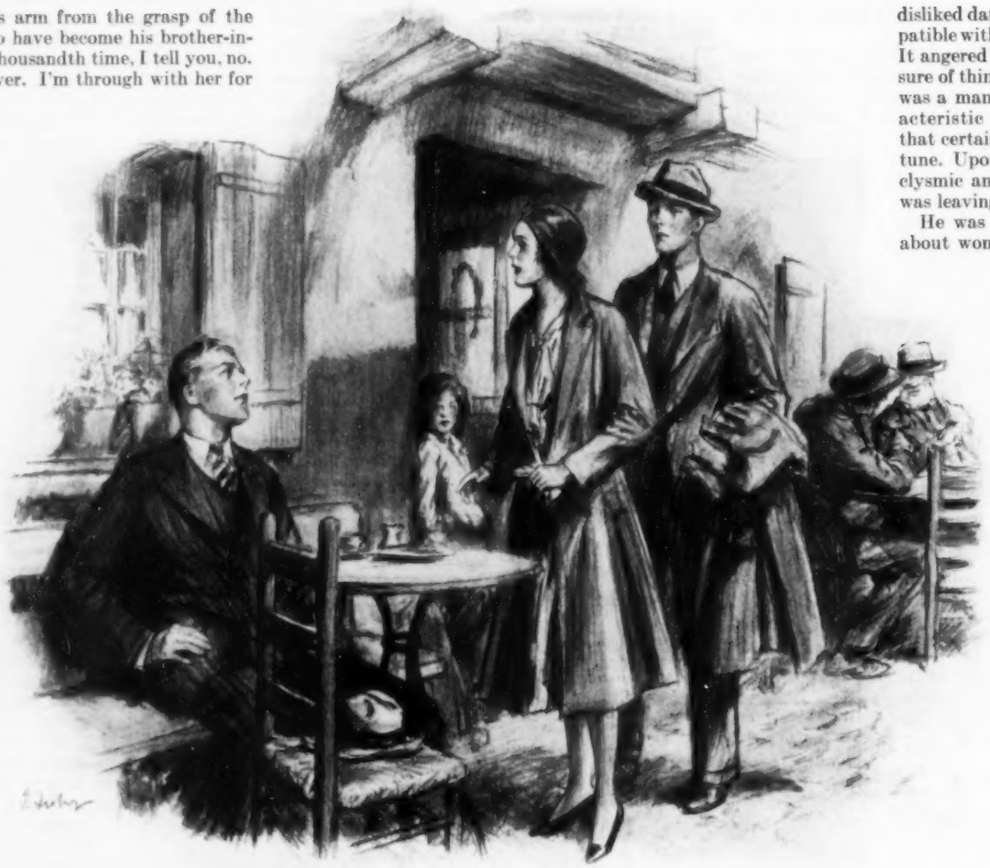
"To the devil, I suppose?"

The door slammed behind them. Lamount went down the stairs first, his broad shoulders silhouetted evanescently against the frosted glass of the front portal. Along with twilight, a thin fog trickled into the London streets. Still in the lead, Lamount swung his stick toward a passing taxi, heaved his bag into the front compartment, vanished with the closing of its door. The other man sighed and then, curtly dismissing the shreds of his humanitarianism, he commenced to curse.

Lights in shop windows burned sulphurously through the mist. It condensed on the cobblestones; and vehicles, moving always more slowly through it, left serpentine tracks which the dim headlights of the cab illuminated for a few yards. Lamount lighted a cigar—a cherry-red dot in the blackness.

He accepted the inevitability of thinking about Marcia. He bore the pain of it stoically. A modern girl. Some of the stiffening of his Calvinistic youth had remained in his system; enough so that he did not choose to endure the sight of his fiancée in the embrace of another man. If that was being modern ——

All the world was a melancholy brew; the night stirred fog into it, the fog garbled the noises, and his thoughts kept pace, monotonous, inescapable. Shop lights receded and became the faint blurs of residences. A field opened up, and then another. The cab turned from the main road. Its damp and invisible driver mentioned the fare in shillings and pence.



Marcia Spoke the Words That Must Have Been Running in Her Mind All Night as She Crossed the Channel, All Through the Morning as She Was Driven Along the White French Roads

For two minutes Lamount was inside the waiting room, dazzled by the light and more confused by sounds that readily associated themselves with their source than he had been by the inarticulate bedlam of the streets. Someone looked at his ticket. Someone else took his suitcase, and he followed the figure into the night again.

It was neither warm nor cold, and it was extremely dark, except where the beacons shot sharp and ghastly into the tangible air. He almost ran into the wing of his plane before he saw it. One light burned in the cabin. He went up the steps. A voice commandeered his bag. He had an impression of two rows of inclined seats, of the backs of men and women, of dampness on the panes of glass. The cabin light was turned off. He realized that the motors had been running slowly. Now they boomed and shook the plane. A searchlight poked through the mist and lent an artificial greenness to the grass.

He felt his back pressed against the chair. They were moving forward. An invisible hand pushed him toward the aisle. They were turning. He could see no one, nothing save a small area of wing surface where the port light painted it crimson. He was bounced and jolted. Presently, in a ceaseless welter of sound, the quality of the jolting changed. It was less sharp. It had buoyaney. They were flying.

He found himself wishing that even the smallest bulb would be lighted. But the pilots depended, in nights such as this, upon absolute lightlessness of their cabin, so that their expanded pupils could take advantage of every faint, transient and telltale gleam from the unreadable earth far below. Lamount disliked darkness. It was incompatible with his forthright nature. It angered him. He could not be sure of things in the dark; and he was a man whose primary characteristic was sureness. Upon that certainty he had built a fortune. Upon his capacity for cataclysmic and instant decision he was leaving Marcia.

He was assailed by thoughts about women—headless, nameless thoughts that came unfairly through the impenetrable and close blackness. A thought of golden hair—rivers of gold. Or of eyes that were as alight as clear water in morning sun. Of curves of skin and crimson lips. All the things that mean woman to a man. They came upon him one by one and, finding him defenseless, took root and blossomed. He fought them back with hypotheses: Woman is frail. Woman is subtle. Woman is vain. Woman's untrue. Woman is cruel. All women are Lilith and unquenchable Eve.

He was somewhere in the night high above the earth, on an adventure to the details of which he had not committed himself. He had lost a little of his composure, a little of his steel grip on his factual world. He was in a place where his own control had a potency of nil. He ascribed the resultant disharmony of his mind wholly to Marcia—Marcia—Marcia ——

He could not tell if the plane had been up for five minutes or an hour. He tried to remember how many passengers had been in it. Five? Fifteen? Perhaps more. They gave no sign of their presence that could be detected above the unmitigated din of the three motors. His head joggled on his neck. The inky cosmos fled past, but it might be standing still for all the evidence it gave of flight.

Marcia, he thought. A sudden gust of impatience flooded him. He wished that the flight would end, that he could be in a familiar place once more, where he could see other men and they could see him, where his name and the tone in which he spoke it would give rise to alacrity, to efficient service, to all the known reactions upon which his world was founded. This flight was almost mysterious, and into his life Lamount had allowed no element of mystery to creep and prowl.

He came to the edge of eeriness. Suppose the plane failed to land where he expected it was going? Suppose, instead of Paris, it was flying to Antwerp, and he came down in a land where he had no hotel reservation, where he could not speak the language? Suppose it landed by some fantastic error in hell? That was, perhaps, the first whimsical thought Lamount had entertained since his childhood. Its very unfamiliarity added to his impatience. He stared out of the window at the red splash of light on the wing. That, at least, was reassuring. It was perpetual evidence of reality.

Then one of the motors stopped. It did not cough and stagger consumptively toward extinction. It ceased instantaneously, and the one-third diminution of the striving racket was as perceptible as a complete silence. In ten seconds Lamount found himself gripping prodigiously the arms of his chair and blinking away perspiration that dripped into his eyes. The antennæ of a sense he did not know he possessed had picked up and amplified the mass consternation of the rest of the invisible, inaudible passengers.

He did nothing. There was nothing he could do. The remaining motors continued to throb and pull. He thought he could detect a slackening of speed. He thought he heard a shout. He started when a voice close at his ear said loudly:

"No danger. One motor stalled. The other two will bring us in. Please keep your seat."

That, his mind told him, would be the extra pilot making his rounds to quell incipient panic. Well, panic could not touch him. It was an emotion for which there existed no vehicle in Lamount. The plane seemed to be sliding down a long hill. For one rancid second it flashed through his mind that they were upside down. Then he remembered that he had not bumped his head on anything. He tried to look through the window and down, wiping the steam from the glass with a sturdy hand. But the immeasurable abyss beneath him only caused a curt withdrawal of his eyes from the investigation. The pilots knew their business. He would be compelled to rely on them.

The second motor stopped. Lamount would not admit that he was frightened. He could have laughed easily, if there had been anyone to see him laugh. He considered that. He recalled quickly the statement in the leaflet about the air line. Two motors could carry the plane, loaded. One could take it off any place in the Channel. He was certain, now, that he could hear syllables above the pulsation of the remaining engine.

Again the voice frightened him: "Please put on your life belt. We are over the Channel and will attempt a landing in France. Do not make any disturbance and do not leave your seat under any condition."

Life belt meant parachute to Lamount at first. Then he remembered that it was a pneumatic arrangement which you inflated and put on in case you fell into the Channel—and remained alive afterward. Next, in feverish sequence, he recollected the sea of fog that rolled over the sea of water underneath; he wondered what the other people were thinking, and he realized with stunning clarity that it was quite conceivable that he might die in the course of the ensuing ten or fifteen minutes.

He might fall with the ship into the Channel and have his torso stuck full of inthrust ribs of wood and aluminum. He might escape the tattered kite and drown in the insidious water. A shark might get him, even if he survived the wreck intact. Or—there were hills over there in France—hills and fog. The pilot might run headlong into a hill, and he would lie smashed and bloody in the heap of human destruction that would result. They might land on a wing and cartwheel over and over, spilling people and himself through rents in the fuselage. They might drop flat, and then, like a drunken bat, flop over on their backs; lying afterward in a groan-racked darkness or dying in titanic flames.

Beneath that current of scarlet conjecture traveled a host of minutiæ—some ideas and some pictures: Marcia in the boat. Marcia swimming at Dover. The desk in his office. The ritual of making his will. It gave him some relief to remember that the will was in order, and it did not perturb him as much as he would have vowed a moment before, to remember that the will bestowed most of his possessions on Marcia.

Maybe, he thought sharply, this was the way to do it. Marcia's brother had witnessed his last spoken words—stern and uncompromising; fit syllables to make a bronze image of him in the memory of his friends. Lamount was a hard man. And in this minute he would be harder than he had been in his life; for death is one thing above all others—the paramount test of courage.

All the while the ship slid down a soft and Stygian escalator. Now he looked out the window, half expecting the glass to fly into his face. He saw nothing—nothing but the red eye of the port light, which took on the semblance of an omen. Now he heard a scream. Now someone bumped his arm. Now the plane slid a little to one side and jerked back upon its downward course. The single motor beat with a fury that must soon tear it apart.

Lamount took a cigar from his pocket, remembered that smoking was forbidden, and put it back. He was conscious of the time it required to arrive at their unpredictable destiny. He was aware of the infinite tension of the other people who, like himself, were waiting. Waiting.

(Continued on Page 86)

Suddenly, Out of the Night and the Mist, a Plane Shot Toward Earth, Zoomed Up From the Blaze, its Windy Wake Spreading the Flame Downward, and Vanished Again

DEVIL'S GULCH

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

AT THE FARM OF MONSIEUR PIERRE GROGNARD,
ST. JACQUES-EN-CHAMPAGNE, MARNE, FRANCE.
Tuesday, July 10, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
SALES MANAGER,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: This is to let you know that everything is going swell. You had better forget your absurd letter of recent date, in which you suggested that Europe is such a poor market for tractors that I might as well give it up as a bad job and plan to return to America. As I am always respectful to my business superiors, I will merely state that you are all wrong; I will refrain from explaining exactly how idiotic your ideas really are.

In two or three weeks, when the grain gets ripe, I expect to be selling tractors and combined harvesters by the dozen in the rich wheat-growing region along the Marne. I have already had a demonstration harvester and two tractors shipped up from Marseilles to Château-Thierry. While waiting for the harvest season, I am working on another big idea which came to me only this morning. The circumstances were as follows:

After leaving Germany, I decided to take Gadget to visit the battlefields. Every old soldier naturally likes to look over the terrain on which he fought and did kitchen police for his country, and he likes to take his wife along so he can show her where he performed his most heroic exploits. So I hired a little French touring car, and for several days Gadget and I have been rattling around through the devastated areas. We have seen St.-Mihiel, Verdun, and the region around Montfaucon. Last night we stayed at Vienne-le-Château, in the Argonne Forest.

This morning we started for Rheims. But before we had gone more than fifteen or twenty kilometers our radiator began to boil. We stopped beside the road. We investigated. The fan belt was broken. I tried to patch it, but it was too far gone. We were far from any town large enough to have a garage, but a short distance down the road was a stone farmhouse with a number of stone barns grouped around it. We knocked at the door of the house, and were courteously received by an elderly gentleman with large mustaches. He was very helpful, and dragged out various scraps of old leather in the hope that we could make a fan belt out of them. But none of them would work. He told us that there was no place in the vicinity where we could hope to buy a belt, but he said that his son was about to leave on his motorcycle for Rheims, and that he would be glad to buy us one there. The son expected to return in three or four hours.

As this was the best we could do, we accepted his offer. The son departed in a cloud of dust, and the hospitable old gentleman then undertook to while away the hours of waiting by telling us all his troubles. Gadget, being such an excellent French scholar, could, of course, follow his remarks with ease. I could understand most of the gestures and guess at part of the words, and Gadget translated the rest into English as we went along.

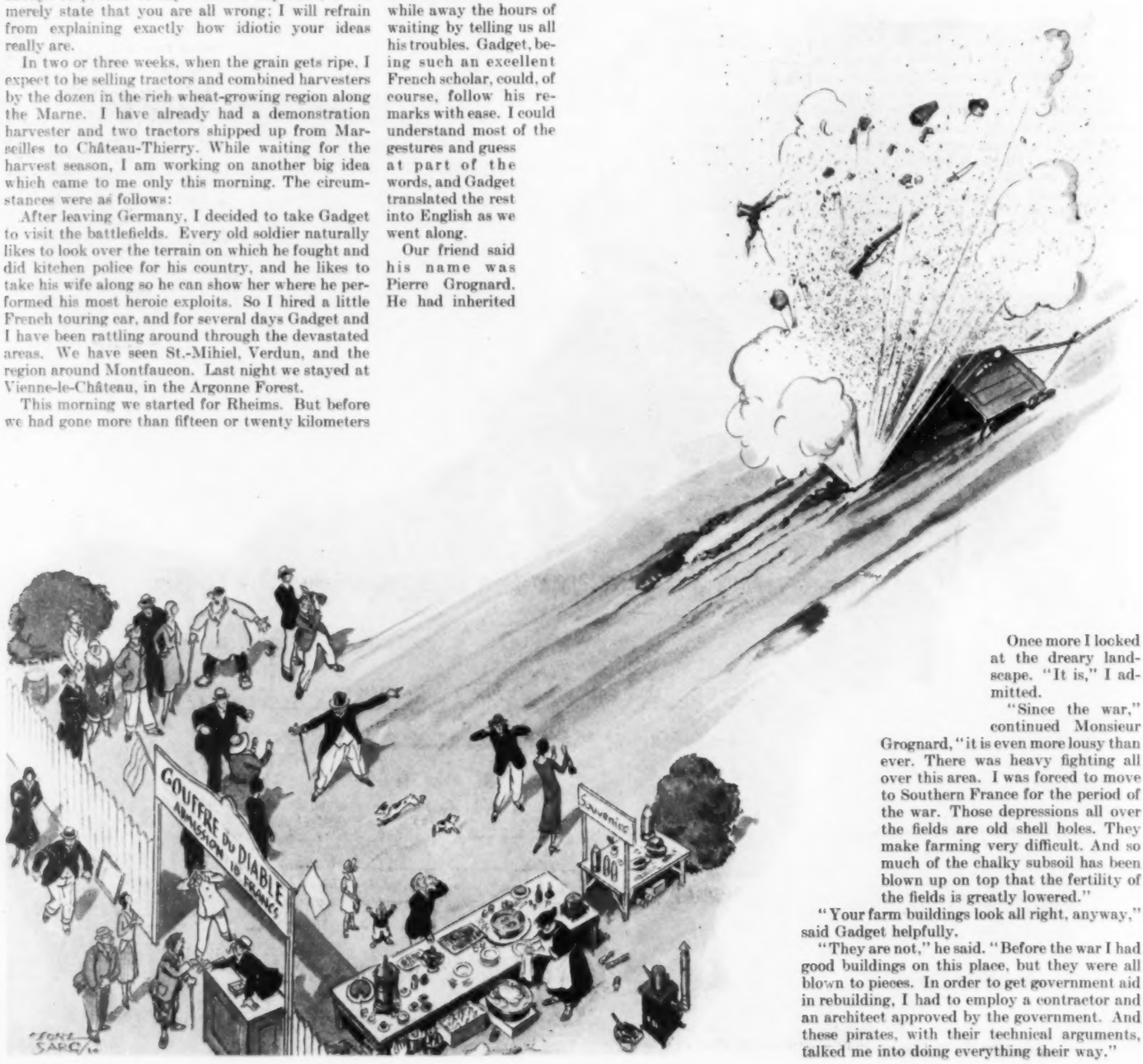
Our friend said his name was Pierre Grognard. He had inherited the farm many years ago. "It is not a very good farm," he said, "as you can see for yourselves. It was bad enough before the war, but now it is impossible."

We looked around. The landscape was indeed a bit sad. The land was rough and rocky, and the soil was light-colored and rather thin. There were fields of grass and wheat and cabbages, but they were growing in a feeble, half-hearted manner. Here and there in the distance were patches of scraggly looking trees, and far away to the east we could just make out the wooded heights of the Argonne Forest.

"This region," explained Monsieur Grognard, "is the eastern part of the old province of Champagne. It has always been considered fairly worthless. They even call it *Champagne Pouilleuse* to distinguish it from the rich and fertile part around Rheims."

"And what," I asked, "does *pouilleuse* mean?"

"It means lousy," said Gadget.



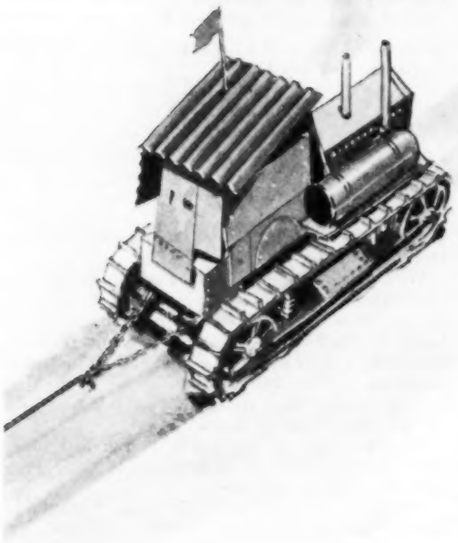
Once more I locked at the dreary landscape. "It is," I admitted.

"Since the war," continued Monsieur Grognard, "it is even more lousy than ever. There was heavy fighting all over this area. I was forced to move to Southern France for the period of the war. Those depressions all over the fields are old shell holes. They make farming very difficult. And so much of the chalky subsoil has been blown up on top that the fertility of the fields is greatly lowered."

"Your farm buildings look all right, anyway," said Gadget helpfully.

"They are not," he said. "Before the war I had good buildings on this place, but they were all blown to pieces. In order to get government aid in rebuilding, I had to employ a contractor and an architect approved by the government. And these pirates, with their technical arguments, talked me into doing everything their way."

There Must Have Been at Least a Dozen of These Explosions. The Spectators All Around Me Were Impressed, Thrilled and Tremendously Excited



"That was too bad," said Gadget.

"It was. I was no match for them. Look, the contractor gave me blue slate roofs, which he said would look as well as red tile. He lied—as you see. And the architect arranged the stables so that I have to throw the manure out the back instead of in front along the road where I could get at it. Yes, everything is wrong, but my chief complaint is that they have not finished clearing up my farm. Come with me, and I will show you my best field, which is still of no use to me on account of the slowness of the imbecile officials who have charge of the rehabilitation of the devastated areas."

He led us around the house to a sort of stone terrace at the rear, from which we looked down into a deep and narrow little valley. The sides were steep and wooded, and the bottom was a flat field of fifteen or twenty acres covered with luxuriant grass.

"What a pretty little valley," said Gadget, "and what a fine field for growing crops. It looks as if the soil down there must be very rich."

"It is," said Monsieur Grognard. "Before the war it was the most fertile piece of ground in this whole region. It was capable of producing twice as much wheat as all the rest of my farm put together. But since the war it has been of absolutely no use to me whatsoever."

"What's the matter with it?" asked Gadget. "It looks all right to me."

"In a sense it is all right. It is still just as fertile as ever. The soil is so deep that the bursting shells did not reach the subsoil and blow it up to the surface."

"Then why can't you grow crops there just the same as ever?"

"Because," said Monsieur Grognard, "I don't dare plow that ground. It is all full of unexploded shells."

"How annoying."

"Annoying! It is insupportable. And it is unjust. The government is supposed to use all the money from the German reparations in rehabilitating the devastated areas. And as the reparation payments have been pitifully small, the government has set aside vast additional sums for this work. They have plenty of money. They have plenty of workmen. They have cleaned up other farms. Why don't they clean up mine?"

"They did clean up some of your fields, didn't they," Gadget asked, "and they put up new buildings?"

"Yes," admitted Monsieur Grognard, "but what good does that do me? The fairest, the most beautiful and the most productive part of my farm they have left untouched."

"Isn't there anything you can do about it?"

"I fear not. I am greatly discouraged. I have pleaded with them. I have lodged protests with the higher officials in Paris. But still they do nothing but make excuses."

"I should think," said Gadget, "that by this time they ought to have all the reconstruction work finished. It is almost ten years since the war."

"Yes. But the government is slow. It took them a long time to get started, and the work has proceeded at a very gentle speed. There is still a great deal to be done, both here and in the other battle areas."

It was at this point that my natural selling instincts commenced to wake up. Before this visit to the devastated regions I had supposed that all the work of cleaning them up had been finished. But it now appeared that such was not the case. And if there was still a lot of work to be done, there might be a need for a certain amount of machinery to expedite it.

"They have their excuses," Monsieur Grognard continued. "They say the work in this valley would be so dangerous that they may never attempt it at all. Where there are only a few shells they get along fairly well. They send out workmen who go over every inch of the fields. Wherever a German shell has entered the ground and failed to explode, they can usually find it by the small hole—like a rabbit burrow—which it made. After these holes are located it is a simple matter to dig up the shells, place them in piles, and explode them with charges of dynamite."

"Do they ever have any accidents?" asked Gadget.

"Sometimes."

"It seems hardly possible," said Gadget. "If a shell fails to go off after it is fired from a gun, whizzes through the air for several miles and hits the ground with a terrific jolt, I should think it never could go off—especially after lying in the wet ground for ten years."

"It seems incredible, madame, but such things occur. Occasionally those shells will go off at the mere touch of a plow point or a shovel. Only last week one of the government workmen was killed over in the Argonne Forest while he was digging up one of these treacherous projectiles. It is very sad."

"And yet the work goes on?"

"Yes, madame—everywhere except on my farm. They claim I have too many shells. You see, the history of this little valley is most curious."

"How so?"

"Well, early in the war they established a division headquarters down there. The spot was naturally somewhat protected, and they improved it by doing a lot of digging. The generals and other officers had large dugouts along the north side of the valley, and the simple soldiers of the headquarters detachment made themselves smaller ones all over my beautiful field. How disgusting it was! With so much worthless land all around, they nevertheless chose to desecrate my loveliest field in that way. But that was not the worst."

"No?"

"In the course of time the Germans became more active, and this valley was too near the Front for the comfort of the generals. The headquarters was moved back and the place was used for one of the largest ammunition dumps in the entire sector. The son of one of my neighbors was here during the war and he has told me about it. It was terrible. They brought in vast numbers of shells and huge quantities of fuses, signal rockets, machine-gun cartridges, powder cases, hand grenades—everything. And they piled the whole grisly mass in my charming valley. They not only covered the surface of the ground but they filled up all the dugouts. And then the Germans discovered what had been done."

"And what did the Germans do about it?" asked Gadget.

"They gave my unfortunate valley a terrific and long-continued bombardment every day for weeks. The supplies that were piled on top of the ground were utterly destroyed, pulverized, annihilated. The surface of the earth was churned up and blown hither and thither, backward and forward. Some of the ammunition stored in the dugouts was destroyed, but much of it was merely buried, so that there are thousands and thousands of French artillery shells and enormous quantities of miscellaneous explosives incorporated in the soil. As all the landmarks were destroyed and all the entrances to the dugouts completely obliterated, no one knows the exact location of these ghastly deposits. And that is not all."

"I don't see how it could be much worse," said Gadget.

"In addition to the French explosives," continued Monsieur Grognard, "there are probably many thousands of German duds. The bombardment of my little valley took place toward the end of the war, at a time when the German ammunition was of very poor quality. The son of my neighbor who was here tells me that at least a third of the shells which the Germans fired at that time failed to detonate."

"What a frightful mess," said Gadget. "I can't say that I would blame the government workmen for being a bit shy about stirring up any such hornets' nest as that place must be."

"Well," admitted Monsieur Grognard, "I don't want to fool with any such job myself."

"And apparently the government doesn't want to do anything either?"

"They do not. And I fear it is hopeless. I must make up my mind to accept this crushing misfortune. Never again can I grow any crops on that land, which was once so rich and productive. And never again can I be a prosperous farmer, for that field was the cream of my possessions."

(Continued on Page 80)

THE SILVER JUPITER

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Locked," Said Mr. Luce, His Face Setting and His Chin Jutting Grimly. "What Does This Mean?"

PROFESSOR ERASMUS ORSON FOX lingered in Florence. He did not know why he lingered in Florence, for his original plan had been to spend but a few days of his sabbatical year in the city of the Medici, but in some inexplicable way he found himself detained—and liked it.

He was living in the Villa Christina, which is in the hills out toward the slopes of Fiesole, and from its gardens one may see the walls of that house in which the stories of Boccaccio were told during the great plague. It was a charming place to stay, half hotel, half *pension*, inexpensive and wholly satisfactory. But Boccaccio did not detain him: Boccaccio was too recent. More or less he regarded everyone this side of Euripides as modern and upstart, and even Quintus Horatius Flaccus was more of a newcomer than he really should be. For Erasmus Orson was professor of dead languages in a Midwestern college. His age was twenty-eight, and at the moment of speaking he was, to all intents and purposes, almost as dead as the languages he taught.

Why, then, did he linger in Florence, which is of the parvenu Renaissance? The true and correct answer to that question is: Miss Caroline Luce.

Miss Luce, as you know if you read the society pages of certain inland newspapers, is the only daughter of Mr. Biddiford Luce, who made so many millions that he was practically forced to become a collector of *objets d'art* in order to stop the uncomfortable piling up of his surplus income. It was his ambition to make his native city the art Mecca of America—to do for it what the Medici had done for Florence—and, dying, to leave behind him a museum filled with more paintings and sculptures and what not than could be found under any other single roof.

Therefore, he, too, lingered in Florence.

Mrs. Luce, sitting on a garden bench, was chiding her daughter primly. "My dear," she said, "your conversation is altogether too free with the professor. Undignified. I may almost say presuming. He is a distinguished young man, and you, my child, speak to him as if he were one of those college boys who used to infest our home."

"I'm giving him a spring cleaning," said Caroline.

"You say such incomprehensible things!" Mrs. Luce eyed her daughter a bit apprehensively.

"There's something about him," said Caroline thoughtfully.

Mrs. Luce lifted her brows.

"I mean," said her daughter, "that he's a pretty nippy-looking egg, but that's not why I pay the price of admission. He's like what papa said about a machine once—that it had concealed defects—only Erasmus Orson is just the opposite, if you follow me."

"I do not," said Mrs. Luce firmly.

"No. I mean he looks and acts as dead as his old languages, but my eye sees beneath the surface. I want to excavate him like Herculaneum. On the hoof, mother dear, he seems just a pile of rubbish, but he may be just brimful of Doric columns and Greek amphoræ and Winged Victories. Every time I shove in my spade I expect to hear something clink."

"He is a very fine and learned young man."

"Very fine," said Caroline, "and frightfully learned, but not, never, and in no circumstances, a young man. But there's a young man concealed about him some place, and I've a hunch he'll turn out to be quite a fellow."

"What I am saying," said Mrs. Luce, choosing to ignore what she did not understand, "is that you are very undignified with him."

"That," said Caroline, "is the most essential tool of my trade. You can't excavate a young man out of that walking dust heap by chopping at him with a book on decorum. You have to use blasting powder."

"I don't know who you take after," said Mrs. Luce. "Certainly not my side of the family."

Mr. Luce, who sat hard by, cleared his throat. "And, chicken, when you've dug out your young man, what do you aim to do with him?"

"That," said Caroline, "depends."

"Upon what?"

"You always get personal, dad. Can't you see this job is art for art's sake?"

With which pronouncement Caroline got up and strolled across the garden and into the house, leaving her mother in a state of bewilderment and her father lost in admiration. The secondary business of Biddiford's life was to admire his daughter as a strange masterpiece of his own creating.

"Now, papa," said his wife, "what is she up to?"

"No idea," said Mr. Luce.

"And he's such a nice, scholarly, dignified young man. She is positively impertinent to him. Positively. The things she says!"

"He sticks around," said Mr. Luce. "Maybe he doesn't notice it. With his mind full of Greek epigrams, maybe he can't sense American wisecracks."

"Anyhow," said Mrs. Luce, "I've done my duty. I've spoken to her."

"A fellow named Canute did his duty and spoke to the tide," said Mr. Luce.

Caroline Imitated a Manikin Exhibiting a Gown. "Look

"I've not seen him this morning," said Mrs. Luce.

"He's doing his exercises," said her husband. "He's waggling dumb-bells. That's the way he was raised. He breathes deep and pushes 'em up twelve times. I think he counts in Sanskrit, whatever that is. Mamma, I wonder if that young man ever smacked anybody on the nose."

"Of course not!" said Mrs. Luce firmly. "He's no rowdy."

"I smacked a couple in my day," said Mr. Luce with reminiscent pride. "Until you've socked your man and kissed your girl you can't join the lodge."

"You're almost as bad as Caroline. What lodge?"

"The Ancient and Honorable Order of Regular Citizens," said Mr. Luce.

Mr. Luce turned with characteristic abruptness as a servant came down the path to announce that a gentleman called.

"What gentleman?" asked Mr. Luce.

"About a work of art," said the servant.

"Show him here," Mr. Luce said; and then, to his wife: "As soon as an American shows up with real money, it begins to rain works of art"; and then, as a young man came out of the door and looked about him blinkingly: "Ah, professor. A good night's sleep?"

"Satisfactory," said Erasmus Orson. "It is my habit to sleep in a satisfactory manner."

"Nice," said Mr. Luce, "if you can arrange it that way. Come and sit down. A man is here about a work of art, and maybe you'd be interested."

"Art is the vain struggle of an era to express itself. As such it is interesting to the studious mind."

"What about beauty?" demanded Caroline from the doorway.

"Beauty," said Erasmus Orson, "is of negligible importance, if, indeed, it exists outside the imaginations of ill-regulated brains."

Caroline stepped out upon the grass and imitated a manikin exhibiting a gown. "Look me over, young man," she said. "Do I pain the eyes? If you don't like my looks, why do you stare at me so much?"

"Caroline!" expostulated her mother.

"Female beauty, so-called," said Erasmus Orson, "is a psychological makeshift utilized by Nature in the attainment of its ends. Æsthetic in no sense, Miss Luce, but exceedingly practical."

"The biological kid," said Caroline.

"Caroline Luce!" exclaimed her mother. "Such an expression. Besides being vulgar, it is indelicate."

"No family bickering, mamma dear. A stranger approaches. Give him our famous illusion of domestic felicity."

"Hush up and behave yourself a minute," said Mr. Luce. "This is business."

The stranger approached, a dapper little man who carried a stick and embellished himself with white spats. His face was round and his eyes were big and blue and innocent. He smiled a vacuous smile.

"The name," he said, "is Potter. Of the Rhode Island Potters. Do I address Mr. Biddiford Luce?"

"You do, and his wife and his daughter and Professor Fox. What seems to be on your mind?"

"Confidential, sir. Secret and confidential."

"Might's well speak out," said Mr. Luce. "The women will get it out of me anyhow."

"It is an object of art, sir. A lost object of art—one of the first order! It is a creation, sir, for which collectors have searched vainly; a piece to enrich any collector or to make unique any museum."

"And you have found it?"

"By chance. Only by chance. Do you remember the famous saltcellar made by Benvenuto Cellini for Francis I? Representing the sea and the land. A cubit high—so says Cellini himself."

"You have not found that," said Erasmus Orson promptly. "It is in Vienna. It was given to the Archduke Ferdinand, who kept it in his castle of Ambras in the Tyrol until his death. It was then sold to the Emperor Rudolf II ——"

Caroline sniffed. "How do you know?" she demanded. "You're not a professor of art."

"I read it in a footnote," said Erasmus Orson. "I find important facts embodied in footnotes. Naturally I remembered it, for my mind is such ——"

"That it ought to be operated on for an enlarged memory," said Caroline. Then to her father: "If the professor says the saltcellar is in Vienna, that is where the saltcellar is. He's like an elephant—he never forgets."

"It is not, mademoiselle, the saltcellar I have found, but a rarer piece; none other, in short, than the Jupiter! The silver Jupiter. One of twelve statuettes ordered by Francis, and the only one completed. About sixteen inches high, of pure silver and of a workmanship to astound the world."

Mr. Luce's eyes began to glitter with the covetousness of the collector. "Are you certain? Can you substantiate? Can you demonstrate its authenticity?"

"Before a court and jury," said Mr. Potter.

"Even so, the government would never permit it to leave Italy."

"That, also, I will guarantee," said Mr. Potter. "You will be able to take it yourself, if you like, or send it openly by express. It is simple."

"How simple?"

"If, sir, we come to an arrangement, we shall inclose it in plaster—cast around it a concealing statuette of Ceres or a copy of David, or what you will. Perfectly simple."

"I've heard of the practice," said Mr. Luce. "And where is this silver Jupiter?"

"In the hands of the owner."

"Who is willing to sell?"

"I have induced him to part with his treasure."

"For how much?"

"The price is not set. But you, sir, being a business man and a psychologist, will understand how to deal with that situation. The owner lives in poverty. A promise of money means nothing to him. The sight of money will mean much—money he can touch and handle. Money that will be real, that he can hold in his hand, that he can spend in the wine shop or the grocery."

"American or Italian?"

"Italian. *Lire*. Those he will comprehend—and they bulk larger. Sir, this is an unexampled opportunity. But it must be handled with tact and diplomacy. If you are interested, and I know you must be, you can secure this amazing prize ——"

"For how much?" asked Mr. Luce.

"The Signor Beltraffio," said Mr. Potter, "is a direct lineal descendant of that Caterina who was Benvenuto's model. His lineage can be proved beyond question."

"But the price," said Mr. Luce.

"I feel certain," said Potter, "that if you lay before the eyes of Signor Beltraffio the equivalent in *lire* of the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars in American money, he will not be able to withstand the offer."

"Where is this Signor Beltraffio to be found?"

"He lives miserably over beyond Fiesole."

"Will he bring his statue here for me to examine?"

"Not he! He never leaves the house. A suspicious nature. Eccentric. No, Mr. Luce, it will be necessary for you to go to him."

"And how am I to find him?"

"It will be my honor to guide you."

"When?"

Me Over, Young Man," She Said. "Do I Pain the Eyes? If You Don't Like My Looks, Why Do You Stare at Me So Much?"

(Continued on Page 60)

THE UNCHARTED

PHOTO, FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, OTTAWA

The Last Drop of Great Bear River as Seen From Portage Trail

THE region within and just south of the Arctic Circle is about the only untamed wilderness left in the world. White men fight it as they did centuries ago, but it retains its imperturbable power and its mystery. Africa still has its thrills for the explorer, but it has been so astutely arranged for adventurous tourists that it cannot be said to enfold much mystery. It will drop like ripe fruit into the daring hand. The Far North is like a star, never to be quite attained. No soft glamour here, but a lure, insistent and irresistible, calling and recalling the traveler.

This savage, secret North has absorbed some of the best men in the world. There were those who followed adventure and those who followed a cause, who paid out their lives to discover the Northwest Passage or to make other contributions to knowledge. But whether they went for gain or for glory, the ice opened its fierce jaws and gripped their ships. Snow and winds beleaguered them as they tried to march to safety. If they dropped on the ice fields, white silence and snow covered them. And if they got to safety, the day came when security seemed tame, and their thoughts and, perhaps, their feet turned back to that Far North they had not won and which, perhaps, no man can ever wholly win.

A Prize the North Holds

SYMBOLIC of the unbeaten North is Great Bear Lake. It lies just south of the Arctic Circle. The map of the world shows it a bit north of the southern part of Greenland, its upper part a trifle north of Iceland. It is between Latitudes 65 and 66. On its shores lie no cities. No factory smoke sends up black fronds above its clear waters. No summer resorts fill its deep bays with sailboats and yachts. It has wide harbors and varied landscapes, lovely or bleak. It has excellent fishing and good hunting. Yet it has never been charted. Trappers well acquainted with the region, knowing the wandering shore line with its many indentations, say that the estimate of the Canadian Geological Survey, which puts the area of the lake at 11,400 square miles, is an understatement. They think it is not only as large as Erie and Ontario put together but may be as large as Lake Michigan.

So far, the uncharted lake has refused to let civilization conquer it. The approach to it by land from the southeast is a weariness. The more usual route from the southwest by way of Great Bear River is unusually difficult. The approaches mastered, the lake itself in summer can change instantly its peaceful and lovely look, opposing to the invader wild winds that charge like bulls and high waves that swallow like floods. In winter it makes itself into desolate ice fields swept by scourging storms. But the air route and the indestructible determination of man may yet break the pride of the undefeated.

Time after time men have tried to conquer the lake, but their victories were only temporary. According to Sir John Franklin's interpreter, François Beaulieu, the first attempt at settlement was made in 1799 by an officer of the Northwest Company. We see him in his log hut carrying on his trade in guns and ammunition with the Indians, followed presently by a rival of the X Y Company. Their companies united in 1804, but by 1812 there was no sign left of their store. In 1825–26, Franklin and Richardson built Fort Franklin. We can picture them raising their loghouse, pretentious for the time, making nails of their spare axes and chisels, annoyed by the shouting and fighting and singing of the Indians, but keeping on with who knows what dream of empire. Abandoned in two years, and when Richardson came back in 1849, he found nothing but the chimney. Simpson, in 1837, established Fort Confidence, with all the hope the name implies; again building a pretentious log house. In 1839, when he left it, he was scarcely out of the door, he says, when the Indians were tearing away the parchment windows and making ruins of the furniture. The Hudson's Bay Company sent out a trader in 1866, and once more there was the confident building of a log house and the beginning of trade, but the post did not last many years. Father Petitot, the intrepid Black Robe, traveled by dog team over the icy desolation of the lake to establish a mission, but it did not survive beyond 1878. Traders since then have come and gone, but it would seem that Great Bear Lake has always fought against any permanent occupation.

PHOTO, FROM U. S. BUREAU OF BIOLOGICAL SURVEY

A Trapper's Cabin Near Fort Franklin, Great Bear Lake

And now mining is bidding for victory. A few years ago, L. L. Sloan, a Kentucky schoolmaster, exploring the eastern part of the lake, came upon rich copper ore. Later, when he visited the Flinflon mine and saw what difficulties had been overcome there, he thought as much could be done with the lake copper. On his way to stake a claim, he met the famous Jim Cornwall, going in to stake for the Dominion Explorers, and was persuaded to join that company. In the spring of 1930 they started work; and in July the Canadian Government threw open to prospectors all the region around the Coppermine River and the Great Bear Lake. But it is the Dominion Explorers' Company, headed by that famous miner and intrepid explorer, Col. C. D. H. McAlpine, which has most of the claims and which has so far done the most work.

For a long time I had wanted to explore the lake, and this beginning of a mining development offered me a chance. When I reached Fort Norman, hard by Great Bear River, I found that people there thought there was no reason why I should not be the first white woman to cross Great Bear Lake, if only I could get transportation. A government official, going to do some surveying and to inspect the mining claims about the lake, offered to take me up the Great Bear River as far as Fort Franklin. There is no conveying the sense of gratitude and the sense of magic I felt when we set off next morning in two canoes furnished with outboard motors. In the small canoe were my host, the chief, and his assistant, Jack, a delightful boy of sixteen. In the larger canoe with me was Frank, one of the most skillful trappers on the Mackenzie River. On our right, as we puffed over the lion-colored waters of the Mackenzie, was Fort Norman, looking across to the far crests of the Rockies. On the high banks, waving to us, were two constables of the mounted police, their scarlet coats buttoned trimly, their gold stripes and silver spurs gleaming. Beside them stood the children of the Hudson's Bay post manager and various Indians.

The Grip of the Great Bear

PRESENTLY the Mackenzie began to be stained a vivid green. The stain broadened and we followed it northeast into the Great Bear River, at this point 250 or 300 yards wide. At once the Great Bear indicated its power, for we were moving over very shallow water in a bowlder-studded bed, fighting upriver against a swift current. Every foot would be a struggle, for in its eighty-odd miles of length the river descends 200 feet, and midway are several miles of rapids which used to be a terror to the early voyagers. Formerly, with paddles, it took at least two weeks to ascend the river, and six hours to come down. Even now, with a "kicker," progress is slow enough. Spending from twelve to sixteen hours a day on the water, it takes, barring accidents, from three to four days.

The View From the North End of McTavish Bay.

As we went upriver Great Bear Mountain lifted its long round head a little way back from the north shore, purple and brown in the strong sun. A sense of powerful water doing its best to push back our slow movement; slowly changing banks, from forty to sixty feet high, fringed with spruce and poplar and willows; a sense somewhere of that Tertiary coal bed which Mackenzie saw on fire in 1789, which has been smoking in places ever since, and which has probably been alight for ages.

Around a bend we saw a skiff, and in it an old, old man surrounded by his gear—a rusty stove, a tent, a dog sled, a suitcase, boxes of food. There was no room in the boat for his five dogs that would

LAKE

By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

carry him this winter along his trap line, and so they trotted close to the shore—huskies, but with a good infusion of collie. The old man, Frank said, was Pete ——, who, twenty years ago, had trapped on Great Bear Lake. Now, at eighty years of age, he was returning; he had to prove to himself that he was as good as ever by coming to this bitter region, though the reason he gave was that trapping was poor in other places. Frank thought he was too old, but people would do their best for him. He would wait at the rapids till someone came along to help him through. The mounties would take him in on their patrols, and the nearest trappers, one or two hundred miles away, would try to visit him. If he became ill he would get into his sled and let his dogs take him to the closest neighbor. But he would probably die on the trail.

Bucking the Rapids

TWO o'clock and we had come only seven miles. We went ashore, and by the time the chief and Jack and old Pete came up with us, Frank had prepared bacon and eggs, tea and toast. Then we set off again, the chief and Jack in advance. The river was wider now and the banks roughened where ice had dragged at them, barking and bleaching the trunks of the trees. Old Pete's dogs had left

PHOTO. FROM U. S. BUREAU OF BIOLOGICAL SURVEY

White Water on a River Emptying Into McTavish Bay

PHOTO. FROM U. S. BUREAU OF BIOLOGICAL SURVEY

Mount Charles and Great Bear River

PHOTO. FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, OTTAWA

Great Bear Lake, Mackenzie District, Canada

him behind and were trotting in line with our canoe. We thought we were going to pass the other canoe when suddenly we broke a propeller pin. It was going to take time to replace that. We went inshore, and the dogs gladly rushed toward us and put their paws on the side of the canoe under the impression we were going to take them in.

On again. Nothing much happened, and we did not expect anything. A rare birch tree stood out like a slim white child. We saw the nest of a Bonaparte gull. We saw little sandpipers tripping along the shore. We saw deep moose tracks. There seemed to be a quiet sort of music in the afternoon. I don't know what the long, long thoughts of Frank were, but I didn't have any. I was happy in just living. If other people that come to the Far North feel like that, it is no wonder they stay.

It was eleven o'clock when we landed to make camp, and we had gone just twenty-eight miles. The sun—not quite a midnight sun here—had recently set and twilight was approaching, but not yet come. The chief and Jack had set up a big tent for the men and a smaller one for me. They had made a fire, and while the chief and Jack got the eiderdowns ready, Frank made a supper of bacon and eggs and tea. I don't know what nectar can be like, but it couldn't have tasted better than this food. Even better than the food was the talk of the chief. He is a man not only of brains but of experience. He was a captain overseas, noted for his excellent work in handling men, and he has had many adventures in the North. He has the Irish sense of humor and gift of looking facts in the face. So our meals around the fire were a delight to me, even when the mosquitoes were thick. This first one ended when the chief fed three of old Pete's dogs, giving them his own cereal biscuit, and one of them, not thinking he had enough, attacked the others. They became a rolling ball of fight, which the chief and Frank quelled by pitching them into the river.

Sleep then, and it seemed only a minute before there were pleasant sounds of Frank getting breakfast. Pete's dogs shot away from us and went backward on the trail down the river. The chief said they had heard Pete's "kicker," which was more than we did. Then we were off; the chief and Jack in advance. Ahead of us on the left rose Mount Charles, 1500 feet high. Frank told me that we would soon come to the rapids. After that, from time to time, we should have to get out and track, or drag the canoes over the stones and thin water. I was quite blithe about those rapids. Never having handled an outboard motor, I asked Frank to let me try. It was fun, but not too easy, not only on account of the current but because of the many rocks so close to the surface. Just before we came to the white water I handed the craft back to Frank and sat back at ease, thrilling to see him dodging the round brown heads of the big bowlders, the canoe leaping and swerving under his skillful pilotage. Suddenly Frank ordered me to take the motor while he handled the pole. A different sort of thrill now, as big rocks came rushing at us. What if I failed Frank? What if I broke a propeller pin, with the chief there on the opposite shore waiting for us? I couldn't hope to do as well as an Indian woman, but perhaps I could equal a flapper, working for the fun of it.

It seemed a long time before we reached the opposite shore and got out to track. And there, looming above us, was one of the most impressive sights of the North—huge walls of ice and snow twenty to thirty feet high and equally thick. Then began an afternoon of hard toil for the men. The three of them would pull one canoe for, perhaps, an hour, and then go back for the other. They made a fine picture, leaning forward, their strong bodies straining under the rope, Jack's hair tossing as he pulled. I followed them, sometimes slipping over rounded rocks; sometimes, when the white walls were close, walking in the water; and several times getting up to my knees in mud that clung like quicksand. Sometimes we could take to the canoes.

After an hour or two the snow banks disappeared and we were in a high canyon where the water was so fierce that we got on by inches. I would think we must have gone the equivalent of two city blocks and would look back at some landmark to see that we had made about a canoe length. Hour after hour dragged by. We didn't think of food; only of getting on. Even if we had wanted to camp we couldn't have found a level place. As we went I marveled at the patience and courage of these men of the North, when I realized that every bit of gasoline and oil and food that was used on Great Bear Lake had to be carried, with this infinite toil, up this insolent, repelling river.

About ten o'clock at night we halted by a little green plateau above the water. While the men went back for the small canoe, I lay on top of the dunnage in the large canoe. I didn't quite go to sleep, for I heard the water lapping against the stones. But then, under the whisper of the water, I seemed to hear a lower whispering—old voices, perhaps, they were. I heard no words, but I seemed to get the effect of words. I had a sense of the sparse lives that had been lived through the ages on these shores; people that had met incredible hardships and had won through—or perhaps not—but had died leaving no more record behind them than just these whispering sounds. I realized then that the solitude in this north country is like none other in the world. It does not mean loneliness and it does mean strength. Both life and death seem supportable here. One accepts without struggling. Peace and serenity come of themselves. They descend.

Those That Bite and Fly Away

AT MIDNIGHT the men came back with disaster to report. The canoe had upset. The chief had lost his camera and compass and field glasses and maps and a valise. Three barrels of gasoline had rolled away, and the little tent I had been using. We didn't feel like talking or eating. They set up their tent and put up a mosquito netting for me. I loved that night on the moss under the sky, with a brief hour of grape-blue midnight and a few stars. But I became aware that my face was terribly swollen with sunburn, and that the black flies and moose flies had taken their toll of me. The moose flies you can feel. They excavate a piece out of you and then fly off a little way and eat it before your face. The black flies you don't feel at the time they bite, but presently your skin begins to fester. I have seen people bitten by black flies whose faces were swollen out of recognition and whose eyes were closed. The men were bitten and weary, but they made no complaint over that or the loss of their

(Continued on Page 124)

MISTER NOODLE

By J. P. McEVOY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Oh-h-h, He Doesn't Answer! Something's Happened. I Know Something's Happened"

IV

OFFICE of Business Manager, Art Institute, Chicago.

Busy, Miss Kay?

No.

Take a letter. "Mr. John Gordon"—let me see—address it to the school here—no, send it to his house. Look it up. . . . "Dear Mr. Gordon: As you know, the new business administration of the Art Institute"—no, that isn't quite it. Let me see. . . . "As you are fully aware, the policy of the school department has—has ——" Oh, he knows all that. We'll just make it simple and direct, and at the same time let him down as easy as we can. . . . "Dear Mr. Gordon: I am sorry to inform you that it has been decided to discontinue the classes you are now teaching here at the Art Institute and to take care of such of your students as wish to specialize in commercial art in the various other classes, advertising, illustration, and so on." Paragraph. "We feel sure you would not be interested in teaching any of those classes, and though we regret to sever such a long and enjoyable connection, we know you will welcome the opportunity to devote your great talent and long experience to—to ——" What the devil do I say here? Let me see. Take that last paragraph again. Read it back to me.

"Welcomeopportunitydevotegreattalentlongexperienceto ——"

What's the rest of it?

That's all.

That doesn't make sense.

I can't help it. That's what's in my notes.

All right, then. Let me see. "—— devote your great talent and long experience to a field where you will be happier and more in tune with—tune with ——" Oh, you finish it up. Let him down easy, but be sure he knows he's fired.

What about Dorothy? Does she go on being monitor?

If she wants to, but she'll go with her father. You can be sure of that. Nice kid. Sorry for her. Him, too, but what're you going to do? Has only a handful of students, and losing them all the time to the commercial classes. He'll have a tough time getting another berth like this one—he's so old-fashioned. Hope he's saved some money.

On what he gets here? That's a laugh.

Never mind. Three copies of that.

Yes, sir. I'll read it back to you. "Sorrytoinformyouhasbeendecided discontinueclassesyouare teachinghereartinstoot."

CHICAGO STAR,
INTEROFFICE MEMO.

MR. JAMES P. MASON,
EDITOR,
CHICAGO STAR,
CITY.

DEAR MR. MASON: Here are six new comic strips, submitted by Chic Kiley, who has been in the Sunday art department for last few months, doing layouts. As you can see from these samples, they are badly drawn and more of the gag comic than the continuity strip, which has proved the most successful with us. However, I know you always want to see anything new that is submitted by anyone on the staff, so I am passing these along to you. The names of the characters aren't bad—Mister Noodle, Missus Noodle and Tuffy Noodle. Of course, you may see something in this stuff that I don't, but, personally, I don't think it has any chance in the syndicate in its present form.

CHICAGO STAR SYNDICATE,
ARTHUR LAKE, MANAGER.

DIXON, Illinois.

CHIC DARLING: I try to write to you every day, but I can't. Everything's all up in the air, all so strange and upset and mixed up. Daddy is still dazed about the school. He was very brave and gay at first, and said, "Now I'll have a chance to do what I've always wanted to do—exhibit my own work and do some painting myself—instead of trying to teach a lot of fools who don't know what I'm talking about half the time." But it isn't working out at all, Chic. We have been going from one little town to another, and daddy gets the sample room in the hotel and we hang the pictures and the local clubwomen have teas and say, "Of course, Mr. Gordon, we'd love to have one of your pictures, but they're so expensive." If it isn't that, they like it, but it's too big to go over the mantel. So, after a few weeks of that, and lots of tea and write-ups in the local paper, we go to the next town and do it all over again.

Well, there's no use in burdening you with my troubles, because you have enough of your own. I'm sure you must have, because I don't hear much from you, and nothing at all about Mister Noodle. I'm so anxious, dear, to hear what's happened. Did the syndicate like the strips and are they going to start running them? Please write and tell me, darling. You know it means so much. I hate being away from you, but we needn't be always, need we? I know Mister Noodle is going to be a big success and I can close my eyes any time and see him standing between us and joining our hands and saying, "Bless you, my children."

I love you, darling. Don't pay any attention to the first part of this letter. Everything will work out all right. I'm not blue, but I hate to see daddy so worried all the time. He's so much smarter and grander than all these silly people he has to please in order to make a living. Do write me a nice long letter. You write such skimpy little notes, but then, I know you are busy, and I know you are working night and day on Mister Noodle, aren't you, darling? You'd better or I'll come right back to Chicago and smack your sassy face ever so severely.

All my love, DOROTHY.

P. S.: Next week we'll be in Alton. I don't know just where yet, so write to me here and they'll forward it.

OFFICE OF JAMES P. MASON, EDITOR, CHICAGO STAR

SECRETARY: You have another meeting, Mr. Mason. Editorial conference, 11:30.

MASON: Cancel it. Just tell Cliff I said to give Coolidge hell on this pussyfooting. We'll use it for the lead editorial, double column. Caption it "Come on, say something!" He can go on from that. Anybody waiting outside?

SECRETARY: There's a Chic Kiley.

MASON: Who? What does he want? Never mind. I'll see him some other time. Wire Toronto office take up option on ten thousand acres pulpwood in Belly River country and duplicate our pulp mill now operating in Ontario. Cable Paris correspondent get whereabouts Jones, now in Russia. Tell him get details on oil concession and cable two thousand words. And get me four tickets for the bike race tonight. 'By. Going out to get some air.

CHIC *(flagging him as he passes through outer office)*: Oh, Mr. Mason.

MASON: Yes? What do you want?

CHIC: Well, I thought—I mean, you said—I mean, you sent for me, didn't you?

MASON: Who are you? Do you work here?

CHIC: Yes, sir. I'm in the Sunday art department.

MASON: Well, take it up with the Sunday editor.

CHIC: But you sent for me, Mr. Mason. Said you wanted to see me.

MASON: What about? . . . Come along. You can talk to me on the way out. But I can tell you we're

cutting down all along the line. Too many in the art department now.

CHIC *(breathlessly trying to keep up as* MASON *strides down the hall to the elevators)*: I did some strips and turned them into the syndicate department, Mr. Mason.

MASON: Strips? What strips?

CHIC: They were called Mister Noodle.

MASON: Noodle? Noodle? Well, that's all right, I guess. Are they funny?

CHIC: I think so, Mr. Mason.

MASON: Oh, you do. Does anybody else think so? Send them to the syndicate.

CHIC: I did.

MASON: Well, what did Lake say?

CHIC: He—well, he didn't say much. He just sort of—I guess he didn't—well, he just ——

MASON: He doesn't know what it's all about, anyway. If he doesn't like 'em there must be something to 'em. What's the name again? Mister Boodle? . . . GOING DOWN! . . . Come on. Hop in. . . . Why do you want to do comic strips?

CHIC: Well, I don't know ——

MASON: That's just as good a reason as any. How old are you? Are you married? Do you know anything about people? Do you go to the movies?

CHIC: Yes, sir.

MASON: Good place to study people. You can hear what they laugh at and cry about. How long have you been drawing? I remember the strips now. You're pretty terrible.

CHIC: Just a little while.

MASON: It doesn't matter. . . . Boodle? Mister Boodle?

CHIC: Noodle, Mr. Mason—Mister Noodle!

MASON: He should be Smart-Alecky, knows it all. Missus Noodle, wife, never satisfied, always wanting something—family strip. . . . GOING OUT! OUT HERE! . . . Come on. There's a kid, too, isn't there? That's good. Kids are good. They get bellyaches and give the public something to worry about. They love to worry. They have so many worries of their own they love to see others worry.

CHIC: Yes, sir.

MASON: One of those strips had something about Jupiter in it, didn't it? No good. Never use words like Jupiter. People who read comic strips never heard of Jupiter. Don't want to hear of Jupiter.

CHIC: Why, everybody knows about Jupiter.

MASON: My boy, let me tell you something. This paper has printed hundreds of questionnaires and prize contests for the correct answers on the simplest subjects, and we have found by experience that the average person knows only three things. Do you know what they are?

CHIC: No, sir.

MASON: He knows his name; he knows his parents; and he knows where he lives. And that's all he does know. Remember that if you're going to be a comic-strip artist.

CHIC: Yes, sir.

MASON: Always tell 'em something they already know. The better they know it the better they like it. Show 'em things they do. What do people do? They eat and drink and make love and marry and have children, who eat and drink and make love and marry and have children. That's not news, but they like to hear about it. It encourages them to do the same. And the more they do it the bigger our circulation gets.

CHIC: Is that all?

MASON: That's about all. Just stick to that and you'll have enough material to run Mister Noodle for a few thousand years anyway.

CHIC: I was thinking maybe I'd have Mister Noodle get rich later on, and famous, or something ——

MASON: See that truck driver over there? Whenever you do anything for a newspaper keep that truck driver in your mind, because there's a heluva lot more of him than there are of you. And a good thing too. . . . TAXI! HEY, TAXI! . . . Go ahead and do some more of those strips. I like the name. We'll try it out in the paper: if it goes, we'll syndicate it. . . . TAXI! Oriental Theater. . . . Get four weeks ahead and we'll start running it. 'By.

CHIC *(dazed)*: Yes, sir!

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR MISSUS NOODLE: Well, baby, I put it over. You should have heard me. Did I tell that guy Lake in the syndicate department! "Look here," I said; "you don't think those strips are good? Did you ever do any strips? Are you an artist? Are you a creator?" I tell you, Dorothy, he was limp when I got through with him. "You send those strips in to the big boss," I says to him. "He knows strips." And he says, "Yeah?" And I says, "Yeah." And that just sort of finished him. I guess he must have sent them right in, because just a few days later I got a call from Mason's office. He wanted to see me right away. So I went in there, and right off the bat he said, "Now, about those Noodle strips. Lake, in the syndicate department, didn't think much of them, but he doesn't know anything about the creative end of

(Continued on Page 109)

"And I Says, 'Well, You'd Better Do Something Big and Handsome, Because I Have Offers,' and He Says, 'You Have?' And I Says, 'Of Course, I Have.' Of Course I Didn't Have, But I Thought I'd Bluff Him"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 22, 1930

Common-Sense Spending

ONE of the most natural questions to raise at a time like this is whether a great increase in spending on the part of the American people is the way to stimulate prosperity and reduce unemployment. It takes no profound analysis to realize that the nation as a whole, the industries within it and the people within it, considered either collectively or individually, must strike a balance between saving and spending. If individuals and business enterprises refrain long enough from buying, the whole industrial or business system is bound to dry up. Saved money must be invested, and there is no point in investing capital in plant and machinery to produce more consumption goods if people will not buy them. It is spending which keeps the machines humming, once capital has been invested, and so, runs the argument, spending is the great salvation or cure-all.

But the whole history of the world teaches us that spending may be overdone, whether individually or collectively. Unchecked, it leads to serious indebtedness and the disarrangement of the credit mechanism. This applies, as we all know, to securities as well as to goods. The philosophy of salvation at all times by spending can be made very plausible, but likewise it can be reduced to absurdity. Carried to its logical conclusion, we would all be wearing a new suit of clothes every hour and buying a new automobile every day; no one ever would invest in stocks or bonds. Saving carried beyond a certain point dries up the industrial system, and spending carried beyond a certain point promptly smashes it.

No man wise enough to strike the exact balance for the whole people, for the nation, has yet arisen. There is a law of action and reaction, or of rhythm, in these matters. We go too far in one direction and then too far in another. It is probable that in recent months people have carried their caution in spending to an injurious excess. Yet their savings will pave the way for spending later on. It is thus that preparation is made for the next period of business activity. These recurring movements, or cycles, may not constitute an ideal arrangement; extremes always make for trouble. But no method has yet been found to prevent them.

As for any single business concern, family or individual, the common-sense attitude—indeed, the only possible sane course with the world such as it is—must be to strike a balance between spending and saving, depending upon one's financial condition. Much would be gained if people could be taught not to spend so freely when prices are high and not to save so blindly when prices are low. But nothing is accomplished in urging the exclusive merits of spending or of saving to cover all contingencies.

Modern Police Methods

IF THE communities of this country are to control and reduce to any degree the commission of crimes of violence, it will be necessary to modernize police forces and provide them with modern equipment. This is not said primarily in criticism of the personnel of these forces or even of the various governmental authorities to which the police are subject. It is a well-known fact, however, that governmental organization, especially in states and localities, has not kept up with the development of science and industry. Modern inventions have erased for many practical purposes the lines which mark off states and other political subdivisions.

Great Britain long ago abandoned the complete local autonomy of police forces. Constables are still employed, trained, disciplined and managed by local authorities, but these separate forces are under a measure of inspection, supervision and assistance from the central government in London. There is one office to which all the police threads of the whole country lead and in which they center.

There is serious question whether we in this country are ready for even this degree of police centralization. The Federal Government has quite enough to do in seeking to enforce prohibition; to create Federal police for general crime-detection purposes would raise many problems. But it is well that the Department of Justice is giving more attention to the collection both of criminal statistics and of fingerprints, in increased coöperation with the state and local enforcement agencies. Perhaps it can properly undertake other similar activities as time goes on.

The urgent present need is for constantly increasing coöperation among state and local enforcement agencies, and for their proper equipment. The automobile, though an essential of modern life, has become an ever-greater aid in the commission of crime. States and communities must be anything but niggardly in outfitting their police forces with the best of crime-fighting equipment.

An example of the sort of progress which is essential is the installation by the New Jersey State Police of a communications system by which alarms can be spread instantaneously and simultaneously throughout the score or more of state-police stations in New Jersey. Not only this, but the system is connected with similar lines of communication of the Pennsylvania State Police and the New York City Police. Thus important messages can be sent at once throughout the metropolitan area. Speed of communication is thus brought into play to match the speed of travel which the lawbreaker has adopted.

We see no reason why coöperation of this type, stimulated by science, should not go very much further. The police forces of the whole country should be a highly interrelated system; separately they can never compete with the criminal. To a far greater extent than in countries which can be compared with our own, such as England and France, we go in for three levels of government—Federal, state and local. As a system of government it has decided elements of strength, but it is unwieldy and slow in certain respects. We have Federal police in the form of prohibition officers, state police and local police, not to mention county sheriffs in many states. There can be no single directing head, as in European countries, but there is no reason why all these agencies should not be tied together far more than at present, not only by a common zeal to enforce the law but by modern scientific means of so doing.

Foreign Aid in the Five-Year Plan

WHEN the Soviet Government promulgated the Five-Year Plan, those familiar with the resources of Russia and the characteristics of her people were at a loss to understand how the projected transformations were to be accomplished. The riddle is now being solved. The Five-Year Plan is being conducted with outside assistance. Capitalistic countries are being counted on to help put it over.

The Five-Year Plan includes mechanization of agriculture, a revamping of the earlier mechanization of mining and lumbering, and the installation of industrial plants of the most diverse kinds. These installations are, for the most part, according to the plans of foreign, not Russian, engineers. The constructions are largely under the supervision of foreign builders. The early operations are, for the most part, under the control of foreign managers. The technical education of the workmen is being initiated by foreign foremen. Using tractors as illustration, these are purchased abroad by the thousands, operated initially by foreign drivers who break in and train native drivers, the repairs are done by imported mechanics, and the uses of tractors in agriculture demonstrated by foreign experts. At the same time foreign designers draw the plans for new tractor factories, to be constructed under supervision of foreign builders, filled with foreign tools, and manned with foreign foremen and workers, who will train a Russian staff. In the end will be produced Russian tractors. But the technical revolution has been accomplished largely through foreigners. Even the propaganda is largely foreign.

This, of course, has occurred in all backward countries on a smaller scale and at a slower pace. But it has usually occurred as the concomitant of investment. In Russia, however, the transformation occurs on the basis of employment. Russia purchases the needed initial equipment on short-term credit. The foreigners who design, construct and introduce the operations of the numerous and diversified units are not investors, but employes. Doubtless the remuneration of such employment is high. But the completed plants belong, not to Russian or foreign investors, but to the Soviet Government.

The industrial and agricultural products to be secured under the Five-Year Plan are not designed solely for raising the standard of living of the Russian people. They will be employed also in class competition outside of Russia. The world is suffering for the time being from a plethora of wheat and cotton; yet the countries producing wheat and cotton are drawn on for experts to teach the Russians how to augment the supply. If the Five-Year Plan is a success, the wheat and cotton of Russia will return on the world markets to plague the wheat and cotton producers of the countries from which Russia now draws her foreign experts. In other words, American and foreign manufacturers and experts are coöperating with Russia in her effort to increase the world's surplus of wheat, to mention only one item, and so ultimately to drive the world price even lower than it is now. It is a form of industrial revolution unique in history.

One wonders whether the Soviet Government would permit experts to leave Russia and proceed into foreign countries to assist in the setting up of new industries directly competitive with those in Russia. The capitalistic experts have contributed their services to the communistic experiment. Would the Soviet experts contribute to a capitalistic state? To ask the question is to answer it.

TALKING TURKEY

PHOTO. SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS., INC., N. Y. C.

Some of the Twelve Hundred Turkeys on a Turkey Farm at Swanton, Vermont

As Told to Mara Evans

TURKEY turnover became my life-work almost without my knowing it. It proved to be surprisingly interesting. I suspect that the real reason why I went into the industry was plain stubbornness—to prove that you could make money from the birds when everybody around me said: "It simply cannot be done."

Here is the way it started: My small son Michael had been intrusted with a flock of four grown turkeys. None of us knew anything about the birds; to us at that time they were simply superelegant chickens. We had just moved out onto a Missouri farm from the city. Every afternoon Michael fed the birds in the barnyard; otherwise, they roamed free and far. We tacitly assumed they would presently favor us with several families of Thanksgiving dinners.

But our Thanksgiving plans meant nothing to those turkeys. The first week one of the hens strayed away, to be seen no more. Another accepted a nest near the house, and after meditating for nearly a month on a dozen-and-a-half eggs, produced eight little poults; three weeks later she began to droop with some disease mysterious to us, and presently hen, poults and even the handsome boy friend who headed the flock had passed to the bourn whence none return.

A Delicate National Bird

POOR Michael's sole surviving hen had stolen a nest somewhere out on her 100-acre range. We sleuthed her for days. She would edge this way and that, wary as a bootlegger, and finally lose us. In due time, however, we saw her stalking through the underbrush with a dozen poults. Before they were two weeks old, a sudden thunderstorm proved their undoing; mother apparently didn't have sense enough to take them to high ground. When Michael came home from school, one bereaved turkey hen was all he had left.

"Never you mind, Mike," I said. "Next year we'll start fresh."

"Surely, Anne," said my husband, who had come in, "you won't waste any more money on turkeys!"

"Why not make some?" I said, more or less on the spur of the moment.

"Chiefly because nobody ever does," he said. "Turkeys are too darned delicate. They're a losing proposition—bound to be."

"Maybe," I said, "I've learned enough don'ts about turkeys to have passed my first hundred years."

"Don't fool yourself," said the superior male. "You haven't."

Of course, that made me all the more anxious to show him. I had a little money of my own. In October I bought eight Mammoth Bronze hens for five dollars apiece, and two husky, bright-eyed, yearling toms of the best stock I could find, for twenty-five dollars each. They were beautiful, stately aristocrats, with clean, glossy plumage of black and turkey-red and iridescence that the sun loved to gleam on. Two hundred dollars slipped away for equipment—a roofed pole roost open to the four winds of heaven, a breeder roost wired so the birds could be penned, a high wire fence around a two-acre breeding yard, and some smaller items.

"Why is it," Michael asked me one day, "our turkeys are so much wilder than chickens?"

I didn't know, but I determined to find out. Since I was apparently in the business of raising turkeys to the tune of nearly $300, I set out to learn more about them.

A Wedding Present for Charles IX

WHEN the Spaniards, it seems, conquered Mexico in the early sixteenth century, they were especially delighted with a strikingly handsome and pleasantly tasty bird the Aztecs had under partial domestication. Specimens of the nameless fowl were promptly sent back to Spain, to be traded about by Hebrew merchants, who thought the fine creatures looked more like peacocks than anything else. The Hebrew word for peacock was *tukki*, from an Indian word, *toka*, meaning "trailing skirt," and in the resulting confusion over origin and name the new birds sold, to anyone rich enough to buy them, as "turkeys." They were no more Turkish than the Grand Canyon.

All Europe made overtures toward the imported delicacy. Turkeys were taken to Persia by Armenians, and to Batavia by the Dutch. In France—where the turkey was, and is, called *dinde* because they believed it hailed from India—the bird was first served for the wedding feast of the lively young Charles IX to Elizabeth of Austria. Twelve turkeys were considered fine enough for a royal gift from the merchants of Amiens to Charles. By the middle of the century, England met the bird, and in another twenty years it was being plentifully raised in various sections of Great Britain.

So it came about that even while Old England's fugitive Pilgrims in the New World were feasting on the wild North American turkey, specimens of the other turkeys—the Aztec-Mexican birds that

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PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

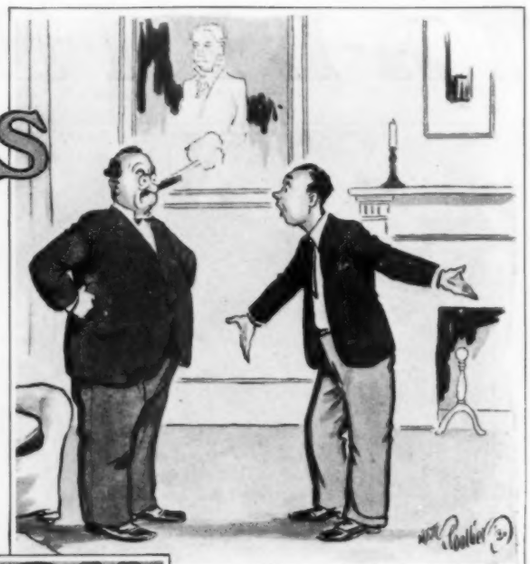
Thanksgiving Dinners on Parade

POST SCRIPTS

"Matilda, I Feel My Inferiority Complex Coming On Again!"

Dismal Swank

SHE looks inhuman in her hat,
But who'd convince the girl of that?
Her forehead, rising white and tall,
Is barren as a billiard ball.
Her cheeks stick out unbeautified
By any hair. Must she abide
By ugliness, because some dame
Adorned by a Parisian name
Declares that faces must appear
Quite naked and completely drear?
—Patience Eden.



"But, Father, I Want to Go to Harvard. Who Ever Heard of a Yale Accent?"

Posthoneymoon

I THOUGHT you hadn't any faults,
That you were perfect, quite;
But now that we are married,
I find I wasn't right.

You're just a fallen idol now,
Your feet are made of clay;
But I've discovered something else—
I like you best this way.
—Rosamond Du Jardin.

NOWADAYS, when a new bride serves a cake like mother used to make, it is very probable that mother did make it—while the bride was playing bridge. —DAVE MURRAY.

Bride: "Alone at Last, Darling—in Our Little Vine-Covered Cottage!"

certain that they will sell considerably lower in the months to come.

We learn on excellent authority that Amalgamated Gadgets is slated to go higher in the near future, due to aggressive pool operations and the possibility of a merger with United Gadgets. Those who make commitments in this stock can safely count on at least fifteen to twenty points profit, unless it should happen that Amalgamated Gadgets goes lower as the result of the reported vast overproduction situation said to exist in the gadget industry, which may lead to slashed prices and decreased earnings.

We would not be a bit surprised to see Flickerfilm enjoy a sharp advance in the next few days, as this amusement stock is known to harbor a large short interest which may be suddenly

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"Too Bad You Didn't Give the Bensons These Seats—You Know We're Under Obligations to Them"

The Market-Letter Writer Recommends

WE LOOK forward to a strong tone in today's market—provided, of course, that none of the factors which may depress securities appears as an unsettling influence.

We can report authoritatively that Wall Street is optimistic that the period of depression has run its course and that the new business upswing will have an immediate bolstering effect on stocks.

It should be pointed out, however, that there is a strong element which believes that the present situation may be continued for several more months, and that lower stock prices will yet be seen.

We feel that many stocks are now selling at bargain prices, and advise our clients to make definite commitments now, keeping in mind, at the same time, that there are a great number of stocks whose dividends are threatened by decreased earnings, which makes it practically

"It Must be the Gypsy in Me, Lucille"

The brightest page in soup history!

Here is the soup that created a whole new world of soup-lovers and caused people to want and eat soup every day. No wonder! Your eye cannot resist its color! Your appetite cannot resist its sparkling flavor! Never has your taste experienced a more tingling delight. Here are dash, life, exhilaration. The pure tomato juices and luscious tomato "meat" strained to a smooth puree. You crave it again and again.

Your choice . . . Every soup you ever want, at its delicious best!

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bean	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Beef	Julienne	Printanier
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Celery	Mulligatawny	Vegetable
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable-Beef
Chicken-Gumbo	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

You'll paddle your own canoe
With seldom a feeling blue,
If you seek your wealth
In strength and health
And eat your Campbell's, too!

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

CHAMP

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

"Now, Mr. Worton, We're Just Going to Wash Out Your Dirty Mouth for You. It'll Do You Good." While Worton Was Still Squealing in Terror the Boxer Lifted the Man and Stuffed His Head Under Water

XI

FOR a long moment Eddie Riton stood there on the porch, the amazing newspaper spread between his two twitching hands. A combined anger and confusion rendered him speechless. He sensed that Betty had made some response to her mother's inexplicable statement, but what that answer was he was unable to recall.

As the three stood thus the girl's father appeared in the doorway and stepped unbelievingly onto the porch. When he sensed that it was actually his daughter who was present, he strode to her side and gently but irresistibly pried the girl from her mother's embrace. Betty turned to him and kissed him, and the man's lips quivered as he held her close. It was as though words came to him that he dared not trust to expression.

Eddie peered at the man appraisingly. He found him to be undersized, the effect of which was accentuated by stooped shoulders and a leonine head, the face of which expressed an almost incongruous gentility. He was tanned from exposure to sun and wind so that his skin was almost swarthy. Multitudinous wrinkles clustered about his eye sockets and gave the impression that the man smiled a great deal. His nose was large and the left nostril was wider than the right. By no means a handsome face, but certainly not an ugly one. Rather it was the countenance of a simple man, honorable by habit, industrious and more or less inarticulate.

Suddenly the girl's mother was speaking: "Is this your—your husband?" she asked.

Betty drew back from her father. "I have no husband," she said sharply. "Don't you understand, mother? That's all just newspaper talk."

"You wouldn't be fibbin', would you?" the father queried anxiously. "The paper says plain as day that you're married."

"I don't care what the paper says," Betty snapped, with a stamp of her heel. "We're not married. All that talk is just publicity."

"Why should they print that sort of thing if it ain't the truth?" the father insisted.

Betty shrugged her shoulders impatiently. "If you'll just give me time I'll explain everything. It's all perfectly simple. Our managers—Eddie's and mine —— Oh, by the way," she interrupted herself, "you haven't even let me introduce Eddie! This is my mother, Eddie; and my father." Then she amplified for the benefit of her parents: "This is Eddie Riton, the nicest boy I have ever met."

The mother bowed rather stiffly to Eddie and with the corner of her gingham apron nervously wiped her eyes.

"Howdy, Mr. Riton," the father said.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Stanton," Eddie answered, holding forth his hand. "Betty has told me so much about you all."

The man accepted the hand doubtfully.

"Land sakes!" the mother cut in suddenly. "We needn't be a-standin' here on the porch. Come inside. I'll see if I can't find a snack for you after your long ride."

She led the way into the house. In an attempt to follow her, Eddie and the father jammed against each other in the doorway and stepped back and forth until each had to smile at their awkward confusion.

The room had a peculiarly homelike odor; the sort of odor which is characteristic of country houses where the woody warmth of winter stoves never quite vanishes. The two men seated themselves in the conventional living room, while the girl followed her mother into the kitchen, protesting that they had stopped for luncheon, and couldn't possibly eat anything now.

"Just a snack," the mother insisted. "Land knows, there ain't much here to eat, but you can do with a piece of pie and some nice fresh milk. Why on earth didn't you let us know you were comin'? I'd had some food ready then."

Their voices continued to reach the men as Mrs. Stanton busied herself there in the kitchen. The two sat in the living room, at a loss for words. Each time Eddie ventured to look at the older man their eyes met and both turned away in embarrassment.

At long last Eddie ventured to remark: "This is a nice place you've got here, Mr. Stanton."

"If you're really married," the man answered simply, "it'd be better to tell us."

"We're not married."

"It's funny like, that the papers would print it. Couldn't you have 'em arrested for printin' it about you if it ain't the truth?"

"I guess my manager did it," Eddie explained. "You know, anything to keep your name in the papers."

"I should think," Stanton answered slowly, "you'd do anythin' to keep 'em out of the papers."

Eddie looked at the man in amazement. "Keep them out?" he gasped. "Why, everybody has to have publicity."

"I never had none," Stanton complained. "I've lived a pretty happy life and saved enough money for my old age, and I never got into the newspapers."

Eddie was unable to find a coherent answer to this simple statement. However, it brought to him some slight realization of the immeasurable chasm that lay between the mental processes of these kindly people and himself. If they appeared to him strange, he

(Continued on Page 28)

For Christmas—Premium Ham, baked this new way!

AN escort squad of cinnamon apples, generously stuffed with mincemeat . . . a rich hot sauce tasting of spices and of currant jelly . . . and then, the Ham itself—golden brown, fragrant, topped with a saucy sprig of holly! A Premium Ham, of course. Mild and sweet and savory as only hams cured Swift's Premium way can be. And this one is prepared according to a special Christmas recipe, given here in full.

Swift & Company

Swift's Premium seal—which identifies the largest selling ham in all the world.

Christmas Baked Ham

Place Swift's Premium Ham on rack in roasting pan; add 1 cup water, cover and bake in a slow oven (300° F.), allowing about 20 minutes per lb. Remove from oven, skin ham, stick cloves one inch apart on fat surface. Return to oven and baste with a syrup made by dissolving ½-lb. cinnamon drops in boiling water; boil until smooth, then add a glass of currant jelly and baste ham frequently until surface is well browned (45 minutes). At same time bake half apples, cut as shown here, and baste with cinnamon syrup until done. Then stuff with mincemeat and bake for a few minutes longer. Serve apples around ham on large platter. Serve separately the sauce in which ham was cooked. Garnish with holly.

A welcome gift—and unusual! A Premium Ham, gaily wrapped in special holiday parchment within an attractive re-shipping case, will solve many of your Christmas gift problems. Your dealer will be glad to send one to any address on your list.

Swift's Premium

Hams and Bacon

(Continued from Page 26)

realized that to them he appeared stranger. A sense of futility gripped him. He glanced hopefully toward the kitchen; was on the point of calling out to the girl to come to his assistance.

"We don't do anything ourselves to get publicity," he tried to explain. "It's our managers, Mr. Stanton. You see, Linda Belledu has got to be a very well-known name. If Betty is going to be a success in the theater, the more publicity she can get, the more people will want to see her. That increases her drawing power at the box office and in a little while she will be very rich."

He paused a moment, during which Mr. Stanton sniffed disdainfully. Eddie caught himself wondering whether, in this gesture, the man used the large or the small nostril.

"It's just the same with me," he went on desperately. "The more people that talk about me, the more will come to see me box. It's all a matter of business, sir. There is nothing personal in it."

"Seems like it's fairly personal," Stanton complained, "when the newspapers tell everybody in this town that Betty has eloped with a prize fighter."

"They will come out tomorrow and deny it," Eddie avowed.

"Then why print it in the fust place?"

"Just so they can get a chance to deny it. Can't you see that?" Eddie queried hopelessly.

Mr. Stanton sniffed again. There came between them a long pause, during which Eddie looked in desperation toward the kitchen and prayed that the girl might come to his relief.

"I wouldn't jump off a ladder," the older man said at last, "just so I could climb back up it again."

"Certainly you wouldn't," Eddie agreed. "Who would?"

"That's what the paper 'pears to be doin'."

"It ain't—aren't—isn't the papers' fault," Eddie assured the man, desperation in his tone. "Our managers send them the story that we have eloped. That gets us publicity today. You understand that, don't you?" he asked pedantically.

Stanton sniffed.

"Now tomorrow they'll give them the story that it was a mistake and we haven't really eloped. That gets us publicity tomorrow. That's clear enough, isn't it?"

"I'd fire the managers," Stanton answered. "I don't see how you can trust your business affairs to a liar."

From his upper coat pocket Eddie drew a white silk handkerchief, and with this he mopped his brow. "Maybe I'm wrong," he muttered.

"It'd be better to tell us the truth," Stanton said again.

"I'm telling you the truth. You don't think Betty would lie to you, do you?"

"Betty is just a young girl an' mebbe city ways has gone to her head for the moment."

"Well, she's not a liar, and neither am I. I tell you we're not married. Call her in," he added hopefully. "Call her in and ask her."

Stanton sniffed again and industriously rubbed his wide nostril with the blunt forefinger of a brown hand.

"Betty!" Eddie called toward the other room.

"Just a minute, Eddie," the girl answered from the mysterious reaches of the kitchen. "In a jiffy I'll have a treat for you. Homemade lemon pie with frosting two inches thick!"

"Just From Readin' These Over," He Told Her, "I'd Say That Ellerson Has Made You the Best Proposition"

The Ring Personality of the Man Had Caught On. He Was What is Known in Fistiana as a Natural

Stanton rolled his eyes toward the kitchen and rubbed his wide nostril again. They sat quietly for several moments, after which the man fished a black pipe from his side coat pocket, scratched a match on the sole of his shoe and puffed into life what appeared, and smelled, like a permanent tobacco heel. Instantly Eddie knew whence one of the homelike odors emanated. While the man was still puffing Betty came into the room, caught them both by the hand and led them toward the kitchen.

They sat at a round table covered with a red-and-white-checked cloth. Mrs. Stanton hovered above them, explaining that she had encountered difficulty with her oven at the time the pie was baked.

"It just seemed," she sputtered, "that the oven wouldn't git hot 'nuff."

"The pie," Eddie smiled gallantly, "certainly got good enough."

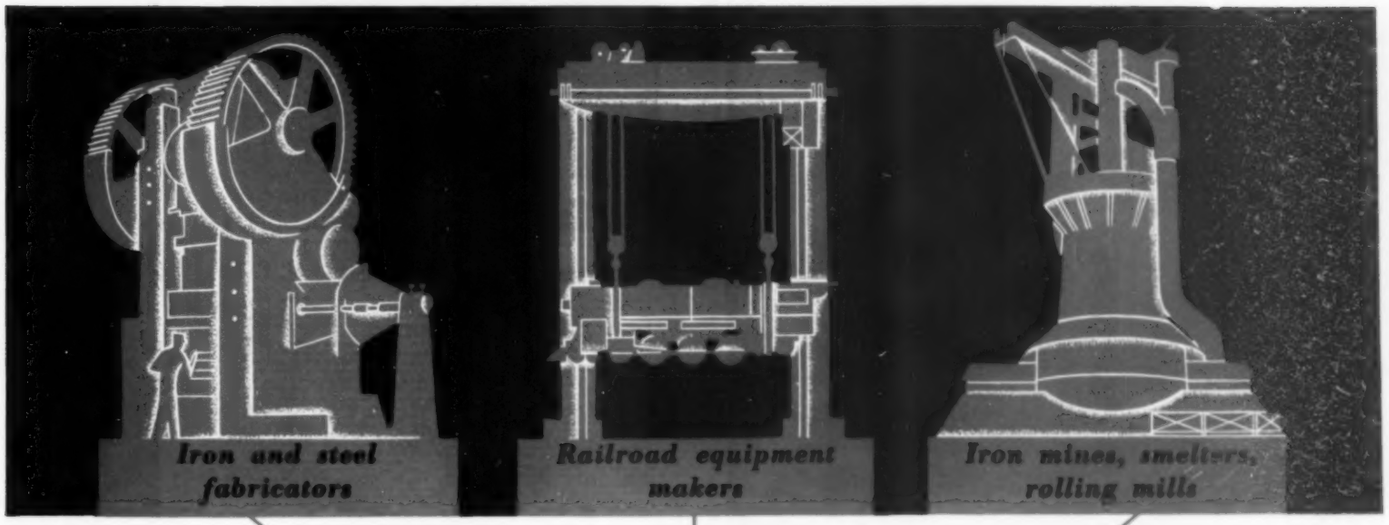
"Well," she insisted, "by a long shot, it ain't the best I've ever baked."

"Drink some milk," Stanton suggested. "It's right fresh. We keep our own cow."

Betty inquired as to the health of the cow and broke the strain of the gathering by inquiring further into the health of the three cats the family maintained. Two of these, Stanton explained, were great pets, but the other was a natural outlaw and existed by foraging for mice in the barn and the fields. In due course, by a series of adroit questions, the girl got her father interested. He explained that business was fairly good. He managed to keep himself and two men busy.

(Continued on Page 97)

The three great branches of iron and steel, greatest and most basic of all American industries, together use 20% of the lubricants consumed in all the nation's industrial plants.



66% **59%** **62%**

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If you are an executive who is cutting every possible cost to meet today's marketing needs, you will be deeply interested in learning what economies Correct Lubrication has achieved for other plants—and can probably do for you. Whatever your field of manufacture, our 64 years' world-wide experience in industrial lubrication has covered many plants in your line.

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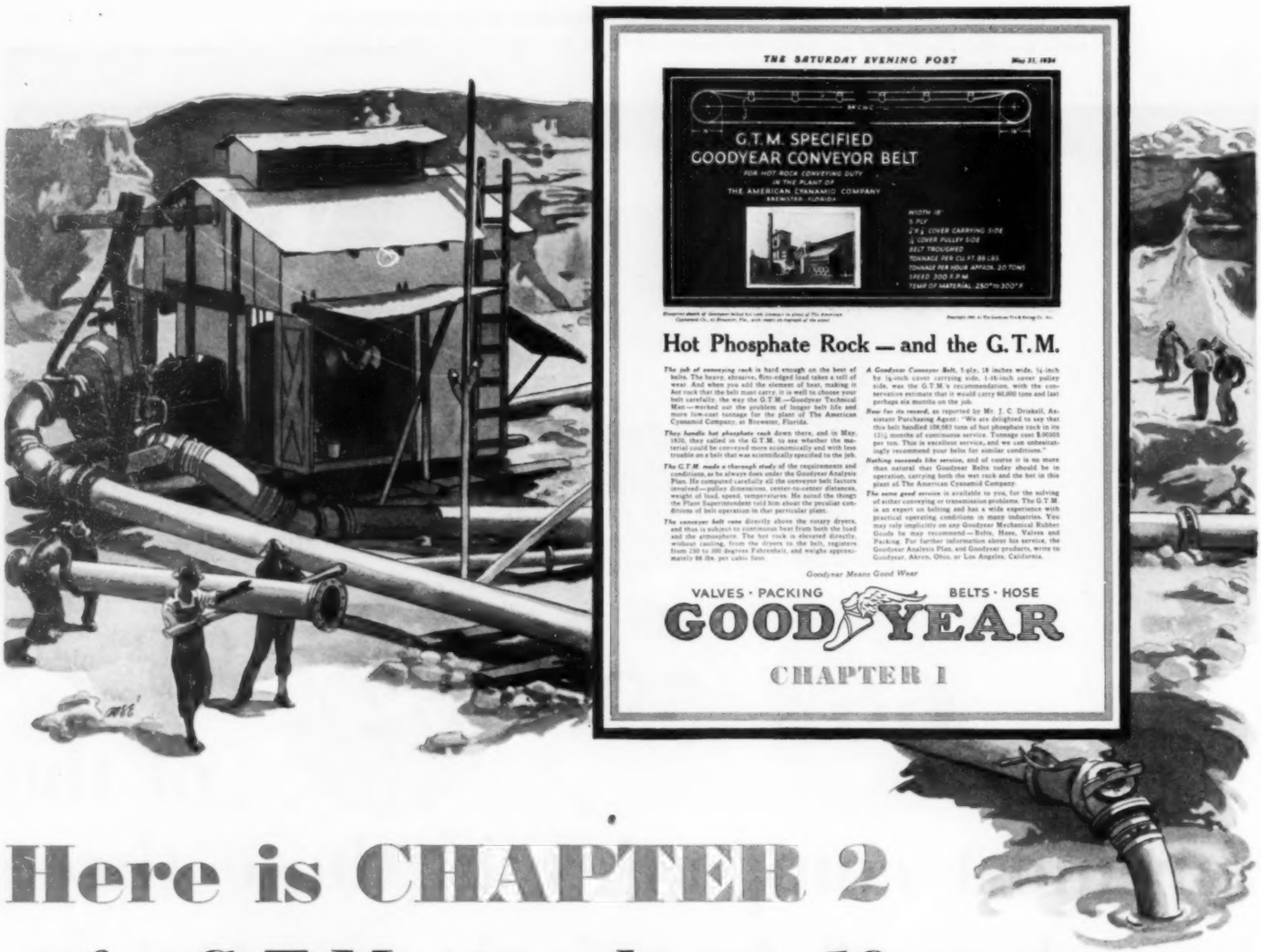
The world's quality oils for plant lubrication

QUALITY BRINGS LEADERSHIP



Here is CHAPTER 2

of a G.T.M. story begun 10 years ago

Progressive savings mark the work of the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man. He is no "one-time" expert. He first called on The American Cyanamid Company at Brewster, Florida, in 1920. He went over the operation from hydraulic gun to finished product. He applied the famous Goodyear plan for Plant Analysis. In May, 1924, he was able to report outstanding savings from the Goodyear Conveyor Belting he had specified to carry *hot phosphate rock! He cut costs to $.00505 per Ton!*

That achievement was not enough! He kept on the job. He directed his study to the hose for hydraulic mining. The work was strenuous. Boulders, roots, sand, as well as phosphate, had to be drawn up from a central sump. Ordinary flexibles failed under the severe conditions. But the G. T. M. recommended Goodyear Sump Suction Phosphate Flexibles; and now, in 1930, *10 years following that first careful analysis,* writes Mr. H. L. Mead, Manager, *"All of your Suction and Discharge Flexibles have proven most satisfactory and have given exceptionally long service. Our 1924 records with Conveyors have been tripled."*

The G. T. M. is a rubber expert. He knows Belting, Hose, Molded Rubber Goods, and Packing. He gets down to facts of costs and output. He stays on the job and constantly improves the quality of his delivery. He becomes—at no salary at all and constantly diminishing general cost—one of the most valuable men around your plant. To know this man and his ability to produce better work on your operation, just write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

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BELTS ◆ MOLDED GOODS ◆ HOSE ◆ PACKING

CUSTOMERS' MAN

By Boyden Sparkes

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

"He Put That Springfield Office Into the Lead With Business Dug Up on the Golf Course"

IV

I LISTENED to Frog's proposition with a rather clearer understanding than ever before that you do not get much for nothing in this world. It was a day in November, 1928, when trading on the Exchange had reached a furious intensity. Frog's blue eyes seemed to protrude more than normally; his voice was just a hoarse whisper and he gestured with tired, bony hands. A middle-aged Italian bootblack knelt at his feet on a Persian rug restoring the gloss that had been scuffed from Frog's shoes during the day by other careless feet in the elbowing crowds around the trading posts where he had been active. It is a common characteristic of brokers, that urge to get their shoes polished after the market closes. For Frog the shine seemed somehow to relax just a little the tension of his wire-taut nerves.

Until this moment Frog had always tried to make me feel that I was the star of the customers' men. I think that he had done so deliberately because he realized that I would work harder to hold the lead, even if it was a fancied lead, than I would work to get the lead over my office mates. On this occasion, though, he was brutally matter of fact as he showed me the firm had other business getters who were more efficient.

"Well," he said finally, "what do you think?"

For an answer I expelled my breath through closed lips, making the well-known outcry of the raspberry.

"What's the matter?" he asked sharply as he dismissed the bootblack. "Don't you see it's a swell offer?"

"Certainly not!" I exclaimed. "You're asking me to put up fifty thousand dollars, which I do not possess, to get 2 per cent of the profits—and, in case, 2 per cent of the losses."

"You're all wrong; not to say wet," insisted Frog. He revealed by the manner in which he cast his gaze toward the ceiling that he was controlling his temper with difficulty. "You can get the money easily from your friends. Then you'll be a partner; not merely a customers' man."

That was pretty sly pleading. Frog must have known that after two years in Wall Street I was not enjoying the label of customers' man. Even so, I continued to hold my ground. "Hank Madison don't think any better of it than I do," I said.

"The hell with him," said Frog. "Here's this golden opportunity. Surely you won't be sucker enough to boot it."

I consulted again the typewritten copy of the proposed limited-partnership agreement that he had handed to me.

"Listen," I said, "you and Flicker and Maxwell are getting a 23 per cent cut. You are putting up an Exchange seat for which you paid ninety thousand dollars and you're asking me to kick in with fifty thousand for 2 per cent. What's generous about that?"

"Hold on right there," commanded Frog, triumphantly. "Sure I paid ninety thousand for my seat. But what's it worth today? I wouldn't take half a million for it if I could not get another."

"All right, then," I kept on. "What about Flicker, who put up sixty-nine thousand; or Maxwell, who put up a hundred and ten thousand? Each of you is getting 23 per cent."

"If there is one thing I can't abide it's ingratitude," said Frog in the manner of a college professor holding up some foul specimen before a laboratory class. "It's our firm, Bob; we get something for our enterprise. Maybe Flicker can get you to see reason. I'll send him in. I'm off to get a Turkish bath."

Flicker took a different tack. "It's an out-and-out business proposition, Bob," he said. "Naturally we're not giving anything away. At the same time, I honestly think it's a break for you, for Madison, for Mrs. Post and young Van de Wenter. Two per cent to each of you."

"Not to forget 2 per cent of any losses."

"Surely," said Flicker. "But why not, since you will be a partner and not a mere employe? We're offering an 8 per cent cut to Hermann, the manager of the Springfield office, and we are asking him to put up one hundred and fifty thousand. The rest of you are hardly in his class."

"He's a whiz, Flicker," I conceded.

"You bet he is," said Flicker. "He put that Springfield office into the lead of our branches with business dug up almost entirely on the golf course. Another thing you want to remember is that the agreement only runs for a year. Next year we'll have to offer you something better."

"But I have absolutely no money, Flicker. Just the fifteen thousand the firm owes me for commissions."

"You don't hesitate to borrow money to buy shares in a corporation, do you? Why hesitate to borrow to buy into a partnership about which you know a lot more than is ever known to you about the companies behind the stocks you buy?"

That was a tough one to answer. I kept silent.

"There is one other way of fixing it up," said Flicker thoughtfully. "Mrs. Post and Van de Wenter are all set to plank down their fifty thousand on December first. She borrowed it and he got it from his old man. We get eighty-eight thousand from our special partner who gets a 15 per cent cut and is not liable for losses. Now I like you and you know I do. Here's a proposition: You and Hank can come in by abolishing as a debt of the firm the money we now owe you for commissions; the rest of your fifty thousand to be paid out of commissions as earned. Is that fair, or not?"

"It's fairer than the original offer. Only I figure I'd probably make more if I went on being a customers' man, taking a straight 25 per cent of the commissions I produce—and no worry about possible losses."

"Maybe so," agreed Flicker. "But let me tell you something about losses. You made twenty-two and a half grand this last year. When a customers' man gets into the twenty-five-thousand-dollar class—and that's where you are right now—another influence comes into the picture. Didn't Frog tell you?"

Mrs. Post

"What do you mean?"

"Just this: The New York Stock Exchange. There's no monkey business with the boys who run that institution. They don't implore us to do this or that. They tell us. When you fellows get to making real money out of this game they insist on having your assets back of the firm. Now do you see?"

"Not as clearly as I might."

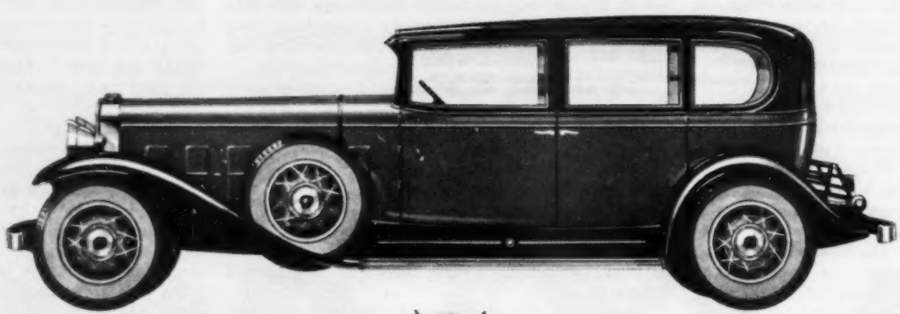
"Well, listen some more. Don't you suppose I'd be tickled to death to take my profits and no losses? There wouldn't be any office partners down here if it

(Continued on Page 33)

TWELVE CYLINDERS

The new Cadillac V-12 is powered with an engine of the same type and built to exactly the same standards as the Cadillac V-16—in fact, a duplicate of this engine in pattern and appearance, but having twelve instead of sixteen cylinders. Coachwork and interiors of rare beauty by Fisher and Fleetwood

Ten body styles; wheelbase 140-143 inches. Prices from $3795 to $4595, f. o. b. Detroit



CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 31)

wasn't for Exchange rules. We'd all be customers' men without responsibilities; or else we'd be private little trading corporations not amenable to the frigid inquisition of the committee on quotations and commissions. You see, you have bumped your head against success without recognizing it. You are so important now that the Exchange tells us, with unwritten regulations, to bring you into camp."

Flicker

All that made me feel better, more important and consequently less inclined to quibble. "Very well," I said, "it's O. K. with me."

"It ought to be," said Flicker, clapping me on the back. "You're going to get eight hundred and fifty a month salary too. Don't forget that."

"I won't, Flicker," I said, and then in a final burst of asperity I added, "and I won't forget that you big boys are getting sixteen hundred a month."

"That's all right, Bob," said Flicker gently. "We're worth it."

I felt a little guilty then. Flicker had sold me and made me like it.

I got to admit that being introduced to new acquaintances as "a partner in Dayton, Hamilton and Maxwell," made me feel more consequential than ever before in my life. Ours was no longer the shabby concern with which I had started. We had profitable branches in Springfield, Philadelphia and Washington. Each was in charge of a manager who was simply a customers' man on a telegraph tether. There was a fine Oriental rug on the floor of each partner's office and new furniture everywhere. There was a big electrically operated refrigerator with a white-coated steward in charge, and customers important enough to be admitted to Flicker's office were on occasions passed through another door into that little private bar. Don't make any mistake that this was an annex to the customers' room. Flicker had all the figures on that end of the business.

"Those fellows out there aren't worth the space they occupy," he used to say. "One big trader is worth the lot of them—and big traders don't like to mingle with small-time gamblers. When all is said and done, we make our money out of telephones."

This was true. A majority of our business was transacted over telephone wires. We had two customers linked with the office by private lines into their offices. As a partner, even a 2 per cent one, I received a copy each month of a statement of income and expenses for each office; also a copy on the amount of business produced by each man and woman in the organization. All told, there were about forty. A few of the men were getting fifty dollars a week; most of the others ranged between seventy-five and one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. Their earnings were well in excess of their salaries. Any whose commissions did not equal their salaries were soon discharged.

I had developed a fairly wide acquaintance among men in the Street and was becoming aware of the existence of an entirely different type of broker from those with whom I was associated. I never met any who were not concerned first and last with commissions, but I did meet some who were as conscientious in their relations with their customers as it is possible for men to be. A few months after I got my partnership I encountered one of these at the Bankers' Club. He was Harold McIntosh. There was nothing about him to suggest the good mixer with which I was most familiar, but gentleman was written all over him, in his careful grooming, his soft-spoken conversation and his attitude toward life.

"You fellows are finding business that our old mossback firm did not know existed," he said to me when he learned I was a member of Dayton, Hamilton and Maxwell. I was not fooled by his denigratory reference to his firm. He was as proud of its name as of anything with which he had to do. "I suppose the customers' man is a logical development of the brokerage business," he continued.

"Don't you have customers' men?" I asked him.

"In our firm," he said, "only partners are permitted to advise clients. In the first place, almost any one of our customers is much better informed about securities than the best customers' man you might name. We provide well-trained men to take their orders and to see that they are executed. These employes do not have to produce business. Their job is to give service. They do not have to pretend to be wiser than they are."

"Ouch!"

"I didn't mean to sound stuffy," he apologized, and proceeded to make clearer his understanding of a broker's place in the scheme of Wall Street. "We never let a green man take an order. Our men all start at scratch, even the principal partners' sons. They begin as runners, in the clearing-house department or some other clerical section. Twenty dollars a week is what they get. Then when one shows intelligence, aptitude and alertness, I put him in the order department. From there they go into the special-service department.

"We have one clerk in that department who takes care of the orders of four of our clients. One of these is the head of a seventy-million-dollar investment trust; another is worth twenty millions and the other two are big figures. Not one of them needs to be told what to buy or sell. If they desire an opinion from a partner, they talk directly with that partner. We are pretty strict, too, in regulating our partners. Not one of them is permitted to use any of the capital he has subscribed to the firm for the purchase of securities outright or on margin. That capital is sacred to the cause of the business. When the business needs it, there it is, intact and ready."

"But don't you ever pass on tips to your customers?"

"Naturally we give them the benefit of any information which we may ethically give to them, but few of them need to be given such information. Practically all of them are men listed in the Directory of Directors. What they want from us is service."

"But don't you encourage them to—to trade?"

"We no more do that than an honest, ethical physician encourages a patient to undergo a needless operation. You see, we—and others like us—take a professional view of our work. We even take the attitude that an unethical broker is capable of doing greater harm to society than an unethical physician. After all, the doctor may kill one member of the family; but a bad broker may ruin the entire family and, by losing the family fortune, kill some of them in the bargain."

"Don't you ever try to make money for a customer?"

"Certainly. We are trying to do that constantly. I have a customer who is worth two millions. Nine years ago an old and rich customer sent him to me with about twenty thousand dollars' worth of borrowed securities. He placed himself entirely in our hands. That is how he got two millions. It is a happy outcome for us, because a customer with two million dollars is more valuable than one with twenty thousand."

There are other Harold McIntosh types in Wall Street. Another that I met was Jimmy Oliver. Jimmy and I became pretty good friends.

I was grousing and moaning to him about our high turnover in customers.

(Continued on Page 72)

I Wanted to Look Up a Preacher Right Then and There

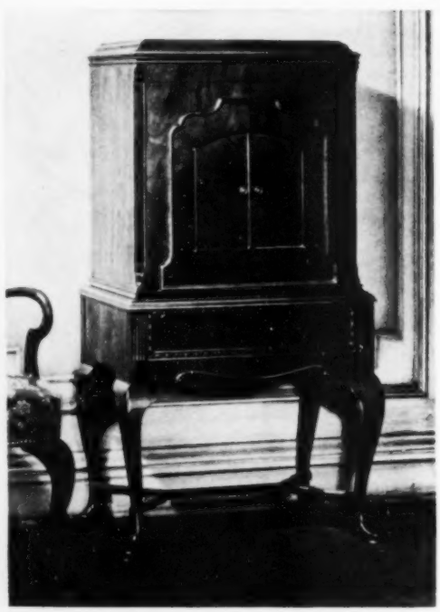
A RADIO WORTHY OF THE

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
RADIO

To millions of buyers in many fields "Product of General Motors" has long meant advanced design, extraordinary performance, outstanding value. Now this symbol appears in radio, bringing to this new field these same qualities—more pronounced than ever... Tremendous resources in technical talent, in money and in equipment have been concentrated on the development of these splendid new instruments to make them worthy of the name General Motors. Therefore, it is only logical that the new General Motors Radio should provide everything which modern science can contribute to perfect radio enjoyment... In both performance and appearance these sets establish a new Standard of Quality for the radio industry.

Five models of radio receivers and radio-phonographs are available—each a distinctly handsome adaptation of fine period furniture design. The radio models are the attractive Hepplewhite lowboy, $136; the graceful Sheraton, $152; and the rich Late Italian, $172. The radio-phonograph models include the handsome Queen Anne model (illustrated)—a remarkable value at $198—and the impressive Georgian model, $270. All prices are quoted without tubes. Any model may be purchased on the well-known GMAC plan of convenient payment.

A unique policy has been established regarding the handsome cabinets of these new instruments. Any future chassis or speaker will be so designed as to permit its installation in the General Motors Radio you buy today—so that you may regard the cabinet as a permanent addition to your home, and always enjoy the latest developments in radio at the lowest possible cost.



The Queen Anne radio-phonograph, an outstanding value in a fine combination instrument—$198, less tubes.

The totally shielded, eight-tube screen-grid chassis shown opposite is standard for all models. It provides notably fine all-round performance and is equipped with the Visual Tone Selector. This distinctive new feature, which General Motors Radio introduced, enables you to emphasize either bass or treble in reception, as you please.

Call on the General Motors Radio dealer in your community for a complete demonstration. Learn what exceptional performance and what attractive cabinets are available in the new General Motors Radio, at moderate cost.

GENERAL MOTORS RADIO CORPORATION
DAYTON, OHIO

THE NEW GENERAL MOTORS RADIO

with Visual Tone Selector

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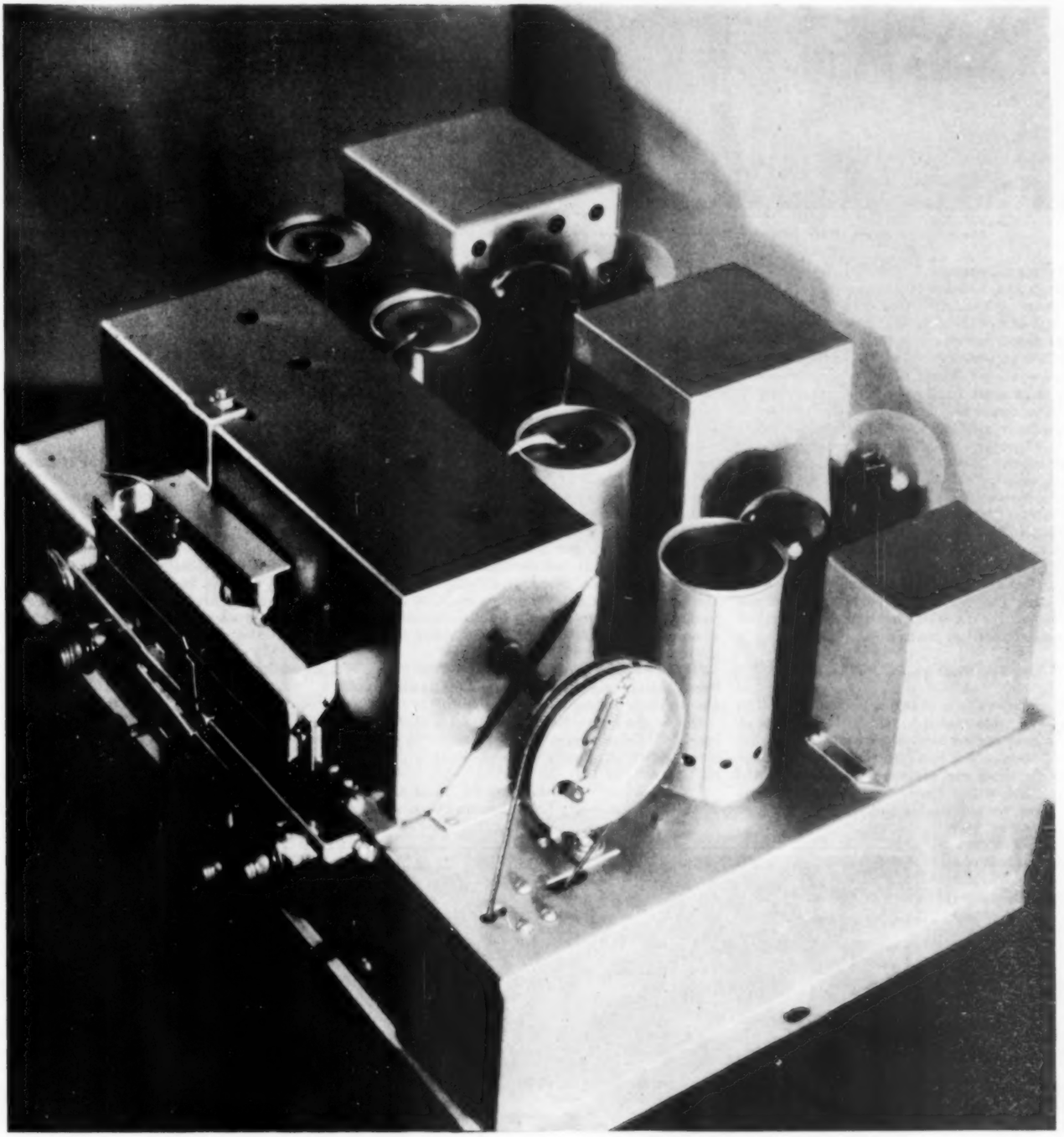

This precision-built, screen-grid chassis embodies the latest achievements in modern radio engineering. It assures performance unexcelled in radio today.

WINNING ANOTHER MILLION

PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., OF N. Y.

The Baccarat Room of the Palais de la Méditerranée. It Seats 400 Players and is One of the Largest Gambling Rooms in the World

By WYTHE WILLIAMS

THE tourist explained clearly, definitely, that he desired to play baccarat for that one particular evening only. But one of the somberly immaculate gentlemen behind a high rostrum hiding almost all but their impassive faces, explained that this was impossible—his air implied that the Casino frowned on this as on other frivolous proceedings within its doors. The minimum period for which gambling privileges were granted was eight days. Thus the gambler, if he lost on his initial visit, would have a full week to recoup. Recoup—or —— The gentleman's eyes had, thus far, not left the tourist's face, but he now indicated a small card bearing the announcement that after nine o'clock evening dress was obligatory.

The tourist, who had perhaps a bit overdined, was inclined to discuss the reasonableness of this provision; to go into detail about the sum of his letter of credit, his hotel, the most sumptuous and expensive even at Deauville, and otherwise to place himself as a vulgar person who could suppose that the Casino had the faintest interest in his money.

Oh, This Distasteful Publicity!

THE impassive look changed to boredom. The eyes and brain ceased to register the tourist. A young woman behind him, the entrance fee in her jeweled fingers, edged him into the outer darkness reserved for those who are not playing. He faded into the "hall of lost steps," which is the generic French name for any sizable public foyer.

Here was the first indication of animation, the first hint of a crowd, that he had thus far seen at Deauville. The disgorged theater audience, the midnight supper throng from the Ambassadeurs, as the Casino's own restaurant is called, streamed in, elegantly indolent, hovered, but finally all turned to the right past the rostrum, to the rooms. It could be sensed that the serious part of the evening was to begin.

The women, all brilliantly jeweled, were wearing the just invented 1930 models, and they all seemed acutely and awkwardly aware of their own clothes and of one another's, probably because of the so-sudden and so-radical decision of the fashion dictators that the waist and bosom are now worn, but legs and calves no longer. Only a few moved well in the long skirts; the amount of filmy white gave a surprising impression of a Victorian assembly, or even a night-gownish effect. Several women seemed literally a bit panicky, stumbled as they groped, Lady Macbeth-like, toward the check room.

But one tall, pale lass undulated gracefully toward the doors of the gambling *salle*. Her lips were thin lines of carmine, her black eyes blazed beneath heavily beaded lids, her nervous fingers clutched a long loop of pearls. She halted belligerently before the keepers of the gate, and they could be observed to shiver as her voice, throaty but substantial, caused at once a little crowd to gather. Gambling *salles* the world over greatly deplore "incidents."

"I've already washed up Monte Carlo for the same thing," the young woman summed up finally, "and I'm perfectly willing to cut this joint off my list."

One of the immaculate ones raised a deprecating hand. "Mademoiselle," he murmured, "it shall be investigated. Naturally, such publicity is distasteful to you."

"You said it," was the answer. "And anyhow, what's a million—only forty thousand berries in real money—so you just pick out somebody else."

She swept into the gambling room. Already it buzzed with the affair. The popular dancer had made another killing, according to the evening papers. Her luck was unbelievable—and she denied it, eh? Of course, those present at the time could not know how much she won, but it was a lot—more than she made at Monte, when all the papers were so full of it. Why was she so angry about it?

Interesting if True, or if Not

LATER appeared the personage connected with the Casino's public relations. He hovered near the dancer's chair, then leaned over her shoulder. A nod, a smile, and a bottle of champagne after a while?

"*Mais certainement*"—her French was limited, but effective—"only, look-a-here, big boy: don't spill this same yarn about me again. I admit I can't lose any more jewels or get engaged to another prince, but this business of breaking the bank robs me of my sleep. My secretary is worn out answering the telephone and all the letters."

"'Sall right," the public-relations man answered; "your winning streak breaks tonight, and you put it all back into the bank. . . . Waiter, get that wine ready."

The dancer was merely one of the good stories of the gambling season in Europe, which reaches its peak at the end of August in the great casinos at Le Touquet and at Deauville. Possibly she did not win a million, either at Monte Carlo or at Deauville, but, also, quite probably she did. This sum changes hands many times over the green cloth in any progressive French resort.

After September, the season, which is all the year round, shifts to Biarritz, and later, with the cold weather, to the *salles de jeu* at Nice and Cannes. Monte Carlo, of course, never closes, but there the principal game remains roulette. To the gambling élite, roulette is a pastime for the proletariat, its relation to baccarat

(Continued on Page 38)

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

The Terrace of the Casino at Monte Carlo

And this here my good woman, is the Monitor Top

The what sir? The MONITOR TOP, *madam -the General Electric Monitor Top . . . . .*

THE language of this young gentleman may be a trifle inelegant—but his *facts* are right! That *is* the Monitor Top—hailed as the most outstanding contribution of science to modern refrigeration.

It is the Monitor Top that is responsible for the General Electric Refrigerator's splendid record of service. In the Monitor Top, the General Electric Refrigerator's entire mechanism is *sealed in steel*—so that air, dirt and moisture are helpless to get inside. What comfort, what luxury, what true economy in owning such a refrigerator! The General Electric Refrigerator runs on a few pennies a day. How inexpensive it is to own! Prices now start as low as $205, at the factory—and most people buy on our easy time payment plan. How easy the General Electric Refrigerator is to buy!

Write us for the latest issue of our magazine, "The Silent Hostess." It will tell you a lot about the economy in modern, electric refrigeration. Address Section S-11A, Electric Refrigeration Department, General Electric Company, Hanna Building, 1400 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

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ELECTRIC WATER COOLERS COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATORS ELECTRIC MILK COOLERS

2 for 25c perfecto
NOW. . . . .
10¢

Wise buys of prime leaf. That boosted quality. New machines that cut costs. That saved money.

Results: A better MURIEL. Sweeter. Mellower. Individually cased in Cellophane.

And priced at 2-for-20 instead of 2-for-25. A twenty per cent saving you can pocket with a smile.

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If dealer can't supply you, send $2.25 for trial package of 25 cigars to P. Lorillard Co., 119 W. 40th St., N. Y.

(Continued from Page 36)

being that of penny ante to a faro bank. Besides, in France proper a minor attraction in any casino is the game of *boule*, where the bank gets quicker action and makes far more than is possible at roulette. Roulette is the one game not permitted in France.

Since the war, European gambling has centered in France, although lately the ambitious Mussolini has sponsored the creation of a gambling *salle* at San Remo, on the Italian Riviera, which he declares must be a bigger and better attraction than either Monte Carlo or Cannes. Spain gambles at San Sebastian, its summer capital, and in winter gets a fair foreign patronage. England has had no open gambling since the famous baccarat scandal when Edward VII was Prince of Wales. But always large numbers of British sportsmen have crossed the Channel, which accounts for Le Touquet, under the direction of that able Tunisian, Monsieur Aboudaram, now rivaling Deauville as premier gambling resort. The British also hold the record in racetrack betting. More money is exchanged in the Calcutta Sweepstakes on the Derby, at Epsom Downs, than on any other sporting event in the world. The pari-mutuel returns on the Grand Prix de Paris at Longchamp are meager in comparison.

Germany has no gambling worth mentioning, nor Austria, nor the Balkan countries.

A quarter of a century ago the greatest gambling resort in Europe belonged to Belgium. "Come and have a flutter at Ostend" was an invitation underlined throughout the European press. Now, although roulette as well as baccarat is played, Ostend has sunk to less than second grade and gets chiefly a Sunday-tourist crowd that spends at least half its time visiting the near-by battlefields.

Geographical location of the French casinos is perhaps largely responsible for their popularity. As one enthusiast explained it, Le Touquet is so convenient for the British, being just across the Channel, Deauville has an important racing season and is also near the transatlantic ports, while in winter Cannes is the anchorage for millionaires' yachts from all over the world.

The Napoleon of Casinos

In addition to all this, in France gambling is not only tolerated but supported by law. Paris millionaires have backed the construction of its casinos, the two most successful of which, Deauville and Cannes, were inaugurated by the late Eugene Cornuché. This man, who at one time was a waiter at Maxim's, became a veritable Napoleon not only in the creation but later in the management of an industry based on a profound knowledge of human nature. The ballyhoo, as it is called in the United States, and discreet press-agenting, Cornuché made a fine art. His greatest stunt, perhaps, was when, a few years after the war, he persuaded Alphonso XIII, King of Spain, to remain at Deauville for several weeks.

The Prince of Wales has been exploited both at Deauville and at Le Touquet, but in as much as now the British royal hands are not permitted to touch cards in public, the Prince's gambling had to be done through an equerry and thus lost its savor—and drawing power—with the public.

The Maharaja of Kapurthala, who has long lived in France, has evidently considered it his duty to support all the best resorts. Several times during periods of stress the appearance of the Maharaja with his large retinue has kept the wheel of chance in motion. The ex-Maharani provided one of the most successful attractions for the press that Deauville has known when, a few seasons ago, she appeared with a white elephant, upon which, in regal splendor, she paraded the *plage* daily.

An Absent-Minded Winner

Americans have always been favorite publicity resources figuring in the usual jewel thefts, engagements, usually, of rich widows to demi-royalty, the arrivals of motion-picture stars and the Dolly sisters.

But although American visitors shine in the press headlines, they pale to third or fourth magnitude in a consideration of the ensemble of the resort's basic and dependable human assets. Americans are not big baccarat players, except for the occasional plungers. But these occasional plungers are usually bold and ruthless buccaneers, with little or no disposition to hand any of their kill back to the bank. This was illustrated during the present season at Le Touquet, when a soft-spoken American broker living in London decided to buck the Italian syndicate now controlling the baccarat situation at that casino. He didn't love the Italians anyway, and on an occasion when he thought they were talking out of turn, he informed them that they were "rude persons." He quit the game only when the bank had closed against him for the good reason that it had no more money. The American had taken away just over 15,000,000 francs—more than half a million dollars.

The French are the heaviest players since the war; then come the British, the Greeks, Italians, with the Americans trailing. Before the war the late James Gordon Bennett occasionally made a sensational coup, usually at the Monte Carlo roulette table. Once he made a maximum win on the black, simply because he had wandered off from the table and was talking with a friend. But Bennett never took his winnings away. Immediately he either reinvested them in the bank or distributed them in an eccentric largesse. On one occasion he changed his winnings into thousand-franc notes and distributed them to the crowd of unattached ladies hanging hungrily about the tables. The late Reginald Vanderbilt, although he loved baccarat, never was seen at the center tables, where the play is high. In comparison with British and French players most Americans are considered mere pikers.

Probably the American best known at any French casino is Erskine Gwynne, debonair and sophisticated proprietor of that Paris-American monthly The Boulevardier, kinsman of the Vanderbilts and one of the luckiest baccarat players ever seen. He rarely plays for high stakes, because when he does he alleges that his phenomenal luck at once changes. On one occasion when this happened Gwynne was so amazed at his own bad luck that suddenly he was heard to remark, "Well, I have just been cleaned out down to my boots," and thereupon he stepped out of his low dress shoes, placed them upon the table, bowed smilingly, and walked from the room.

The French Government's toleration of gambling, bewildering to the uninitiated, is based on the fact that these resorts are a source of state revenue. Considerably more than half the *cagnotte*, which is the "kitty," or percentage, taken by the casino, is turned into the government coffers. Figures giving the exact amount of these returns are not easily obtainable, but from those at hand important deductions may be made. One is that the suppression of gambling in France would probably mean an appreciable deficit in the budget. The second is that Americans do not come abroad primarily to throw away money over the green-baize cloth.

The figures in hand are those showing the returns from "only those resorts that pay more than 500,000 francs," and are for the winter season from November first of last year to May thirty-first of the present year—covering the period not only of American but of world-wide depression caused by the New York stock-market crash. The total returns in this list, which also do not include those from every private club in France, where some of the biggest games are played, is 107,000,000 francs, or a trifle more than $4,250,000. The total for the same period the year previous was 131,000,000 francs, which shows that the government suffered a shrinkage of revenue during the present season of slightly less than $1,000,000.

The Casinos' Winnings

Admittedly fewer Americans visited the Riviera last season, but also there were fewer English and fewer from other nations. The entire world felt the depression following the American crisis. Almost the entire loss indicated in the official figures is shown at the casino at Cannes, which always was a British and not an American colony. Although Cannes Casino still heads the list for heavy play, the government profits went down from 51,000,000 to 31,000,000 francs, or over four-fifths the entire shrinkage on the year. Nice, with its eight casinos and entertaining a crowd largely French, shows a profit of more than 50,000,000, representing an increase of 11,000,000 francs over the previous year. Aix-en-Provence, a winter resort almost unknown to Americans, came through with a decent profit of more than 5,000,000. Biarritz, usually popular around Easter, was a disappointment, with only a trifle more than 4,000,000 francs.

The new casino at Juan-les-Pins rose to initial expectations with a profit of 1,500,000 francs. Across the Mediterranean at Algiers the two casinos each turned in 1,000,000. Mentone, Beaulieu, Beausoleil and other Riviera resorts did about as usual, with slightly more than 500,000 each. This result was equaled by the little gambling room recently opened close by the birthplace of Napoleon in Corsica. Chamonix, in the high mountains of Savoy, was the usual disappointment, turning in a profit of only 680,000 francs. Letellier, after the completion of Deauville and Cannes, once turned his attention to this popular resort, but soon gave it up, disgusted, realizing that those who spend their day at winter sports have little inclination to pass the night in *salles de baccarat*.

In considering these figures it should be remembered that the period covered is unimportant compared with the great summer season. In summer most of the above list is still in operation. Chamonix and Cannes are closed, but in addition to Deauville and Le Touquet, dozens of casinos operate along the Norman and Brittany coasts, including La Baule, which bids to become one of the biggest gambling centers in the country. The *cagnotte*, both at Deauville and Le Touquet, has been

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DE SOTO SUCCESS - THE REWARD OF MERIT

De Soto has come to the front fast, and justly so. The finer De Soto Six and the new De Soto Straight Eight have won on merit a perfect right to a place of leadership. ¶ De Soto thrives on comparisons. Any comparison made of today's automobile values reveals at once the extreme generosity of De Soto value—value that definitely proves its own case in terms of livelier power, velvety smoothness, greater riding comfort and smarter design. ¶ Whether you choose a De Soto Six or a De Soto Eight, you are certain of getting for a modest outlay the real delights of high-class motoring, together with remarkable economy in both operation and maintenance.

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Meet Winter with good brakes *and* WEED TIRE CHAINS

No matter how busy you are—take time now to have your brakes tested and to get a set of Weed Tire Chains that fit your tires. Don't trust to luck on winter streets and roads. Don't run the risk of skidding on snow, ice, sleet, or mud. Be prepared against stalling or skid-wrecking this winter.

Now, before the need, buy your Weeds. Accept only the genuine—*brass* plated cross chains, *gray* galvanized side chains, *red* connecting hooks with name Weed stamped on each hook. Made by the American Chain Company, *Inc.*, Bridgeport, Conn.

Weed Tire Chain Radio Program. Tune in every Friday evening at 8:30 Eastern Standard Time, 7:30 Central Standard Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

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estimated at as high as 70,000,000 francs, and the estimate covering the summer season for all resorts runs to about twice the figures shown for the winter period, or about $10,000,000 for a normal year.

Thus it can be estimated that the annual total, just from public gambling places paying in more than 500,000 francs, is about $15,000,000. Considering the huge games in the private clubs, such as the Travellers' in the Champs-Élysées, Paris, the Sporting Club, the Jockey Club, the euphemistically named Cercle Artistique et Littéraire, not to mention a hundred other Paris establishments where big games are in progress every night of the year, it is safe to assume that the sum that the government gets from its gambling privileges runs to more than $20,000,000 annually. And most of this is ready cash; checks are not popular. Bad checks in gambling casinos are called "flags." Deauville during one season of distress flew flags amounting to 300,000 francs.

Brightening Up Monte

A disadvantage of French club membership is the impossibility of extending a visitor's card to a friend, or of entertaining in any room except the restaurant, because all clubs exist mainly for gambling, which is strictly confined to members only.

The standing of individual gambling resorts may usually be gauged by the number and class of *filles de joie* who haunt their tables and their foyers. Before the war Monte Carlo easily headed the list. But the day of *la grande cocotte* in Europe has passed. It has become a more difficult and delicate matter nowadays to distinguish the Who's Who and What of the Continental feminine.

However, after the war, business with the Society of the Baths of the Sea, as the Monte Carlo gambling establishment is officially known, dwindled steadily, until quite recently, when Monsieur Sayag, a Tunisian comrade of Monsieur Aboudaram, the genius of Le Touquet, was brought from the Paris Ambassadeurs to see what could be done.

The case was difficult. The great roulette room of the Salle Schmidt had become known as the "kitchen." It was fusty with old ladies, some of whom came on wheeled chairs, solemnly to play systems day after day, year after year. But under Sayag, Monte is brightening. The kitchen remains the kitchen, but the Sporting Club across the street, as a result of excellent food and wine side lines and first-class press-agenting of social errors, has picked up, so that now the danger has passed that his Serene Highness, the Prince of Monaco, may be driven for a livelihood to extreme measures.

The feminine backwash of gambling, therefore, has again swept over Monte Carlo. In summertime, of course, no resorts boast such a flood of these as Le Touquet and Deauville.

Dinard, the most beautiful beach on the coast of Europe, is no longer mentioned, beyond the report that it has gone quite exclusive—in the clutches of a Newport-ish villa set that frowns on anything more than a polite flutter in the Casino on Saturday night.

After leaving one of the more pretentious places, one realizes with astonishment the extent to which, physically and psychologically, all life and activities are gently but firmly directed to the gambling rooms. At Deauville, for instance, the theater and the moving-picture hall are both in the Casino building; the intervals between the acts are insufferably long, so that bored audiences will drift into the "rooms." The best restaurant is inside the Casino walls. Two leading hotels, the Royal and the Normandy, the only ones on the sea front, belong to the Casino company.

The Bar of the Sun, practically the only place where one may sit on the beach promenade, also belongs to the Casino. The prices at this establishment are those of an American speakeasy. The male attendants wear white linen and tropical helmets, blazing suns embroidered on bosom and visor; a nifty little leather case strapped across the breast like a royal decoration, remains mysterious. It has been suggested that it may contain either powder puff or chocolates. During the present season a consistent drizzle and chilly winds played havoc with this ensemble inspired by Africa.

Remains the beach. Even in mid-season, on a sunny day, tide and hour right, not more than a score of bathers cling to the ropes, frantically endeavoring not to get too wet. On the sands the nursemaids and the occasional child, also bathing suits of extraordinary chic and fragility. On the promenade a dozen or so manikins of the Paris fashion houses showing the latest models.

The beach and the sea, the passing yachts, are visible from the windows of the gambling rooms, but this error was rectified by opaque curtains over all the panes, to avoid any division of interest.

Among the personalities back of the French gambling resorts, that of Henri Letellier is outstanding. However, his spectacular career as "the man who goes out every night" has lately turned its corner. He sometimes now stays at home and is less prominent in the activities that warm up at midnight and continue until dawn. In fact, his reputation rests now not on his present but his past. Prior to his romantic marriage to the American stage beauty, Peggy Gillespie, on her deathbed, the press labeled him the world's expert on feminine beauty. He was described as a mysterious person ever surrounded by lovely women and the superbrain behind the sensational postwar development of gambling houses now dotted all over France. From the impetus given by Letellier in constructing the big gambling palaces, every tiny resort on seafront or mountains, advertises its own casino and *salle de jeu*.

The World's Greatest Gambler

For a brief season Letellier stepped into the open as mayor of Deauville, but abdicated soon after his second marriage to Yola Henriquet, the beautiful dancer of the Opera, which also marked the beginning of his settling-down period.

At present, the spectacular figure is Nico Zographos, head of the famous Greek syndicate which has controlled baccarat at Deauville almost every season since the war. Zographos plays baccarat until six in the morning every night of his life. When not at Cannes in winter and Deauville in summer, he centers his activities at the Sporting Club in Paris.

This Greek syndicate has been somewhat of a mystery. People once whispered about a combine between the Greek shipbuilder Vagliano, who died recently, Michael Arlen's Armenian cousin, Kouyoumdjian, Sir Basil Zaharoff, and the Greek racing man, Heliopoulis, but now Zographos denies any partnership and insists that the syndicate is only himself. He does not deny, however, that he is the greatest and most scientific gambler in the world, that cards have always been his passion, that nobody knows more than he about gambling psychology or the whims that govern individuals through the different phases of the game.

He first played at Deauville in 1914, but it was only after the war, when the *nouveaux riches* appeared and the place went gambling mad, that he emerged as the master mind of the center green table.

In open-bank baccarat, such as he conducts, the banker plays with cards and the punter with money. To be sure, a punter's result can be quite independent of the game at the end of a "shoe." Two punters side by side may be ahead and behind at the end, the first having played on cards that were favorable and the other having loaded the wrong ones.

A Deauville Dealer

Zographos can follow the progress of all the players against him, and with his amazing memory keep track of where they stand. Often he has heard a player exaggerating his losses and has abruptly rectified him with alarming accuracy. Unlike the famous American gambler, the late Diek Canfield, he never declares that because the percentage is in his favor he is not a gambler, but insists that there is no real advantage in holding the cards. The percentage is indeed small, but, on the other hand, the punters are apt to make mistakes—and Zographos seldom does.

He never fixes a maximum to his possible losses when he sits down to play.

"You will understand why," he says, smiling. "If I begin to win, the stakes played against me become smaller and smaller. When the punters feel I have a losing streak, the contrary occurs."

Certain players who have tested him insist that he understands something about the game that has escaped everyone else, and that as a gambler he bears a charmed life. He laughs at this. He is now only forty years old, but he knows that at any hour, any minute, he may be cleaned out. This philosophy may explain his tremendous popularity, even though he seems to have no diversions other than administering that unpalatable medicine known as *neuf à la banque*.

Many memories linger of Cornuché, the man who rose from scullery lad to the top of the profession and science made famous by Brillat-Savarin, and whose little, thickset figure in the days of his glory was as familiar in the French capital as at his gambling resorts.

In 1911, Cornuché went to Deauville, a village separated by a little stream from the then center of fashion, Trouville. Under his wand the hamlet of a few fishermen was transformed into one of the most luxurious resorts the world has seen, despite the fact that it is situated on wind-blown, unsightly sand dunes.

At the moment of his death, the French Government made him a chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur—this man who, when an important member of the old nobility enumerated his titles, "Prince de Blank, Marquis de Blank, Comte de Blank," and so on, presented himself, bowing slightly, as "Eugene Cornuché, soup merchant."

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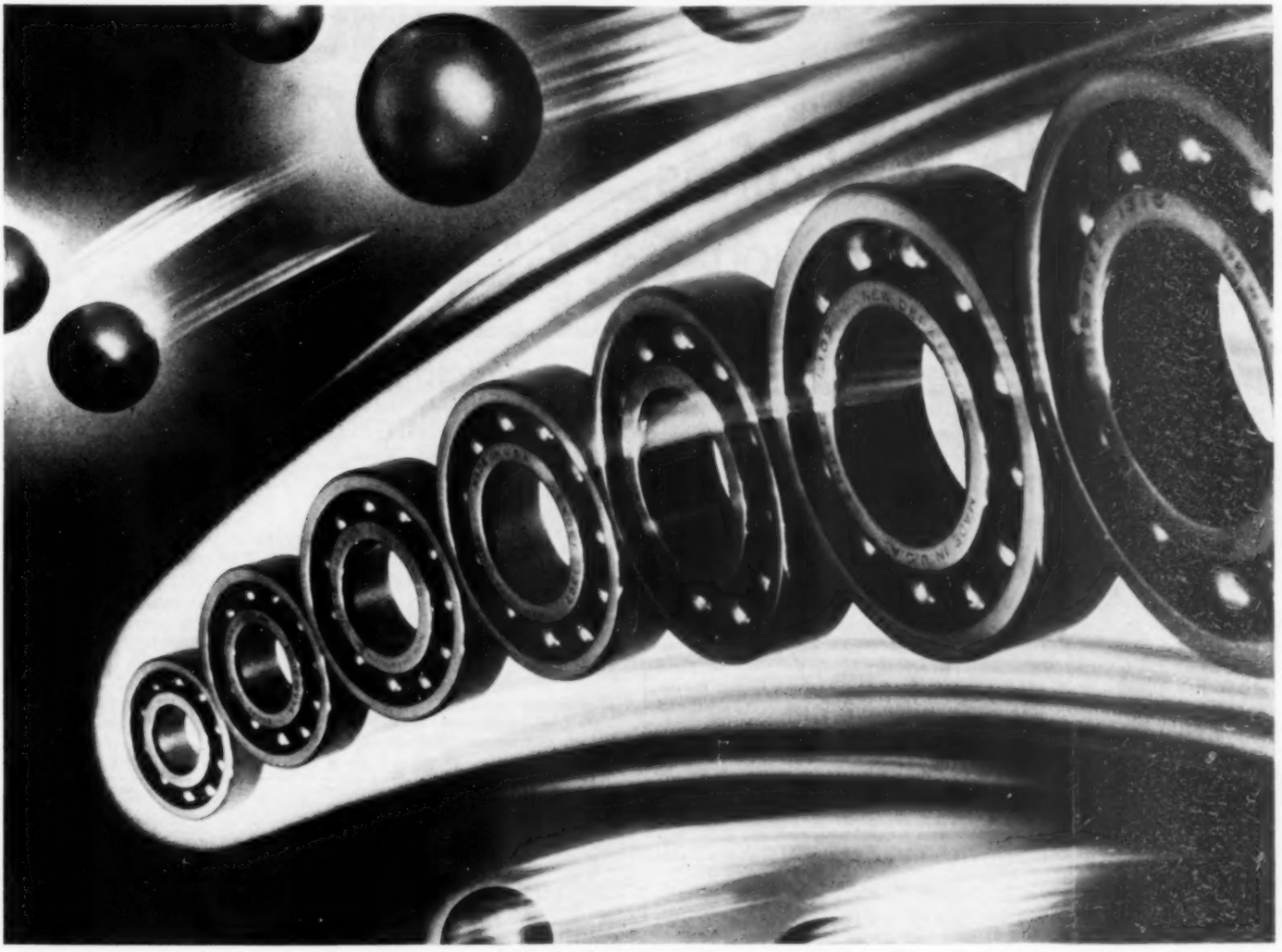
NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

THE WORLD MOVES ON . . each year tuned to greater speeds and pledged to new efficiencies. As user demands increase, industry is called upon to fill orders faster . . at ever decreasing prices . . and it is here that New Departure Ball Bearings play a big part in economical operation of machine tools, electric motors, farm machinery, and the like. Nothing Rolls Like a Ball . . so silently . . so wearlessly . . so friction free. New Departures are adding daily to the totals of modern accomplishments . . to efficient production and to greater industrial progress.



NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY BRISTOL CONN.

To every man who has ever had a grouch

"'YES, he would make a good man for the job, except for one thing—his infernal grouchy disposition. Well—we won't make any decision for several weeks.'

"It was the president's voice I overheard—and I knew he was talking about me, and about the new department they were contemplating. I pondered over the situation. I had to admit it—I was grouchy. I was tired when I came in the morning, and they assumed it was a chronic habit with me. It was up to me to find a solution, and I did—in a magazine.

"In a Postum advertisement, mention was made of a 30-day test, and I made my decision immediately. The next morning, instead of my usual caffein, I drank Postum. And the next, and the next. I enjoyed it, and best of all, I began the day free of that tired-out feeling. Exactly a month from the time I started drinking Postum, I was notified of my promotion to the managership of our newly installed department, at increased recompense. I owe much to Postum!"

RAYMOND P. WEIS,
33 Nelson St., Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

Every man has a light case of grouch, now and then. Sometimes it's due to the weather—or worries. But when the grouch continues, and is accompanied by "that tired-out feeling"—*then*, look for a deeper cause! Ask yourself this question: Is caffein to blame? Time without number, it is!

Don't let caffein rob you of your good disposition and good health! Make this simple experiment and see how much better you *can* be. Eliminate caffein from your diet and drink Postum, instead, with your meals—for thirty days. At the end of that time, check up on yourself. See how that tired-out feeling has vanished. Feel the new pep that has taken its place! There is no caffein in Postum. Nothing to upset your nerves or digestion. Nothing to make you sleepless, or to give you headaches. Postum is made from roasted whole wheat and bran. *Safe*—100%! Try a cup to-day. Drink it plain—or add cream and see how the rich brown color lightens to an enticing gold. Taste the delightful, distinctive flavor! You'll agree with the millions of people who know Postum that it's the world's best mealtime drink! You'll want to keep right on drinking it every day.

Postum is very easy to prepare, and costs less than most other mealtime drinks—*only one-half cent a cup.* Order from your grocer—or mail the coupon for one week's *free* supply, as a start on your thirty-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is made by boiling, and is also easy to prepare.

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P—S.E.P., 11-30

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup) ☐
POSTUM CEREAL (prepared by boiling) ☐
Check which you prefer

Name_____

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Fill in completely—print name and address

If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Limited, Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

(Continued from Page 40)

Cornuché has not been replaced, although the work he began as yet shows no slacking from the tremendous impetus he gave it. The ballyhoo still goes on and the Continental press still headlines the comings and goings at all the big gambling resorts. This season the Prince of Wales has again visited Le Touquet, the Maharaja of Kapurthala, despite his advancing years, has made things hum at Deauville, likewise the twenty European beauties who were to compete with Miss America at Rio de Janeiro for the title of Miss Universe. They have been wined, dined and photographed in clothes and in bathing suits, and promenaded before a breathless throng on a platform raised on the terrace at the Bar of the Sun, where the sun, as usual, appeared only fitfully.

Of course, baccarat, roulette and horse racing attract the big money, the rich and spectacular personalities. But there is another widespread form of European gambling—the national lotteries. Official notices of these appear regularly on the walls of every telegraph and post office of France, Spain, Italy and other nations. Unlike the gambling rooms, they are not merely protected but actually conducted by the governments. The prizes paid out by these institutions run into millions annually, but the investors are the concierges, the servants, the shop employes; in fact, that great majority, the "little people," too unimportant to get into the newspapers.

The Poets' Corner

A Song for New Times

I HAVE heard too much of the old times, of the great, lost ages of gold,
Told me by dreary people whose effort has grown cold!
I'll sing you a song for the new times and the hopes that are star-enscrolled!

I have heard men tell of the old times, and I've been much moved thereby
To drop a tear for lost causes and pay old ghosts a sigh—
But the old times are gone forever and the new times are ever nigh!

I would sing a song for the new times; I would turn my face to the day;
I would turn my back forever to the things that have gone their way,
To the destiny that is finished and the job that has spent its pay!

For the old campaigns are over, and the ancient modes are done;
And what was well for the father might not be well for the son.
Oh, there's a new trumpet at my heart for the good new times begun!

Get old if you will! I refuse to! Let lethargy take your brain;
I see a boundless army forming on life's vast plain:
I'm glad the old battles are over; I'm all for the new campaign!

Give me the new times, the brave times!—the Living and not the Ghost!
Strike up the drums and the trumpets!
We're moving, host on host,
To the music of the future, where the human need is most!

—*Harry Kemp.*

The Debate

ONCE in the autumn weather, Near night, I heard a brood
Of many rooks together
Call from a distant wood.

So earnest was their call,
So long in the late hour
When quiet was over all,
And sleep on beast and flower,

So urgent and so late,
That some portentous thing
Was weighed in their debate,
To my imagining.

Some problem of the years
That only guess can see;
Some matter of the ears
Of wheat that is to be,

Some danger from the wind,
Some terror from the cold,
Events the rooks divined
With speeches manifold.

The aged and the wise,
The ones with gaps in wings,
Look with farseeing eyes
And plan to meet these things.

And Fate brings on their lot
Unheedful of their plans,
Their lore regarding not,
Just as she does with Man's.

—*Lord Dunsany.*

PHOTO. BY CHRISTINE TRENCH ACKER

An Early New Jersey Snow

HUDSON ESSEX WILL PRESENT TWO NEW CARS next WEDNESDAY

A *Greater* Hudson Eight and a *New* Essex Super-Six—designed, built and priced to continue the leadership of Hudson-Essex—a position established over 22 years and confirmed by a million and a half users.

OWNER MANAGEMENT GIVES EXCLUSIVE VALUE ADVANTAGES

Hudson-Essex is unique in the motor industry. Unity, loyalty, experience and integrity built it. The men who are now guiding its destinies have been with the company practically since its inception. Thus it has ever been independent in its operation. The Hudson-Essex distributing organization, with notably few exceptions, has grown with the company. These assets combine with its large resources and exceptional manufacturing facilities to serve you continuously, faithfully, profitably and well—and they enable Hudson-Essex, as always, to give you more car for your money.

See These Smart New Values at Your Dealer's Next Wednesday

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

Raymond Hackett

in "THE CAT CREEPS"

(While the Canary Sleeps)

Puzzling mystery—ghostly visitations in a haunted house—disappearing men—these and other startling manifestations dominate *"The Cat Creeps,"* a UNIVERSAL adaptation of the celebrated stage-play by John Willard.

The cast of *"The Cat Creeps"* is remarkable and consists of HELEN TWELVETREES, RAYMOND HACKETT, LILYAN TASHMAN, NEIL HAMILTON, JEAN HERSHOLT, MONTAGU LOVE, LAWRENCE GRANT, THEODORE VON ELTZ, BLANCHE FREDERICI and ELIZABETH PATTERSON. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when he will show this picture.

If you enjoy good, clean comedy you will want to see BESSIE LOVE, HARRY LANGDON and SLIM SUMMERVILLE in *"See America Thirst."* I guarantee you an evening of fun out of this William James Craft production.

William Allen White, who wields a powerful influence thruout the country as editor of the Emporia Daily Gazette, says editorially: "A big, powerful thing, is *'All Quiet on the Western Front,'* the biggest picture of the year, perhaps of many years. You will find it not without beauty, and not wholly even without laughter, and never for a minute without truth." Mr. White tells you with eloquent emphasis why I want at least fifty million Americans to see *"All Quiet on the Western Front."*

Send me an idea—not a story—just a bare idea. It may be a title, a character or a situation that might suggest a theme for a story. Anything that might help make our pictures more entertaining. At the end of each month I will pay $50 for the best idea submitted during that month and $10 each for the next 10 best. Begin now. Put your wits to work. Besides, I will divide $50 between two people for the best letter about UNIVERSAL pictures you have seen. This contest ends November 30th.

Your FREE copy of the beautifully illustrated booklet describing the new UNIVERSAL pictures is ready. Write for it.

Carl Laemmle

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BY VIOLENCE

(Continued from Page 7)

steady it before Mr. Julius could get in. He trimmed the boat neatly enough. The three sat in the swiveled fishing chairs aft and on the gunwale and Martin had to move around them, stepping lively and neatly between his engines, the rudder lines and the side of the boat. He was absorbed instantly in the job of getting the stern clear and the boat off down the channel. He was self-conscious about it, too, because it had dawned on him suddenly that for the first time in his life he was responsible for a boatload of people. He was in power and he was alone. It stiffened his spine and aged his look a little, glancing warily over the side and handling his steering lines cleverly.

The infinite, impenetrable mangrove ranks slid backward slowly on each side. The morning sky overhead was turning to the hot platinum of nearly noon, and here among the tree walls the air was a hot stream against the skin. But the water deepened later, so that he could give his engines more gas. When the cloaking roar rose thickly in the ears, he was certain that Mr. Julius and Mr. Sam spoke in quick undertones, hardly moving their lips. But he would not have tried to listen, in any case. Speak when you are spoken to and never hear anything that is not meant for you is fundamental good manners among fish guides and their children, all up and down that keen-eyed, shut-mouthed coast.

But he could not keep his heart from pounding with excitement. How they would stare at him along the wharf at Everglades, bringing up a lot of tourists in his father's boat. He glanced back pridefully at his tourists. And instantly that dreadful other sensation was there, waiting for him. It was that man Williams' thin hunched shoulders. It made Martin remember the look in his face. It wasn't any way for a man to sit, or for a man to make a boy feel. He turned his head hastily back to his steering. He hated any man that would let himself look as—as helpless as that. But the deeper, the agonizing thing about it was that Martin saw suddenly in them a likeness to his own father's bent shoulders, sitting on the porch steps in the evening, after the little girls and the baby had been put to bed, staring out over the little roofs of Chokoloskee and the evening colors of the Gulf beyond.

Martin had come out sometimes, and had known that his father was thinking about his mother, and he'd gone over to sit by him and fling a warm young arm across his father's shoulders. His mother had run off to the mainland with Enoch Jones just a little while after the baby had been born. Secretly, sometimes, he'd cried for his mother, but mostly he'd felt mad and hurt that his father should be so hurt. He wished his father had shouted and sworn the way his uncles did, instead of being so silent. Men ought to shout and swear and carry on, and not stand for things they didn't like. That was the way, Martin had promised himself, he was going to be. He wished his father's shoulders wouldn't be so bowed. Sometimes it made him feel queer, as if he were ashamed of his father, and that was a dreadful feeling. It made him feel all choked and tied up and uncertain. He liked to sit that way in the evening, with his arm over his father's shoulder. His father had liked it, without saying anything, and it had made little Martin feel big and protective.

But this strange man had no business looking like that. His shoulders had no right to look like Martin's father's. Martin gritted his teeth to keep back the tears from his eyes. His father was dead. The funeral was only two weeks ago. His father's chest had been crushed in an automobile accident up at Everglades, and they'd brought him home just barely living. Martin had cried great, racking, terrible sobs into the limp, outstretched palm of his father's hand.

Martin slipped down from the gunwale and stood with his back to the rest of the boat, kicking one toe hard against the deck so that the pain would help him control his childishly contorted face. He bumped his toe harder. He wouldn't care now if everybody died. Everybody could die right off. He wished they would. All these people could die and he wouldn't care. He'd be glad of it. He wouldn't ever be sorry at anything any more. He wouldn't be sorry about those thin, hunched shoulders behind him. He wouldn't think of them.

Before him suddenly, and before that thin questing bow, opened out the broad last reaches of the river. The wide wind of the Gulf beyond glittered on the water, and all Martin's misery lifted. He snapped on his engines full speed again. He wanted to yelp and dance and snap his fingers and holler. There was nothing for him in the world but the beauty and power of the boat he controlled and the exultation of his own speed. There wasn't a boat like this in the world. It was the finest thing in the world. The sun glittered on the riven water and the white spray hissed backward.

An adult face mouthed words near his ear. He slowed his engines to hear better.

"What do you think you're doing—drowning us?" Mr. Sam was shouting. "This is the wettest boat I ever saw in my life. We're soaked."

Martin looked at him coldly. The man was wet. His shirt was wet and his hair was wet, and wet dripped down his nose. But anybody is a sissy to worry about a little salt water.

"I thought you wanted to get to Everglades in a hurry," Martin said with dignity.

"That's all right, but we don't want to get drowned doing it. What's this town you're taking us to?"

"Everglades, if you want to get a train some place. It's about a three-hour run, fast. Slow, it'll take longer."

"Well"—the man was staring ahead with narrow eyes. He certainly didn't act like a man who'd just lost a valuable boat. Or like a tourist, either. "Well," he said again, "my friend and I have been talking. There isn't much hurry. And now we're here, we think we'd like to cruise around, get a little fishing or something. What about it?"

They weren't interested in fishing. It hadn't been that they had talked about with those curious, still lips. Martin spat over the side with what he hoped was grown-up nonchalance.

"I got fish rods," he said. "They'll be a dollar a day extra."

Mr. Sam made a careless gesture of the hand that Martin's eye glinted to see. Three dollars more for him, telling the tale in Chokoloskee. Mr. Sam went on, "We'd like to see more of the country."

He wasn't interested in the country. Not that Martin cared. The open Gulf was before them, the wideness and the cleanness of a world of quiet, greenish water under a bright wind along a bright, great sky. Here and there the brightness of sea and sky was broken by nearer islands, mounds, rounded hillocks, of the constant mangrove, like dark-green haystacks in a meadow. Martin edged the speed up until the engines droned.

On an impulse of pure mischief he turned south instead of north. Any minute he would be spoken to about that. Even the dumbest tourist in the world would know that the town of Everglades lay northward, on the mainland, up beyond Chokoloskee Island, and that southward was only mangrove and more mangrove, to the sand beaches of Northwest Cape and the empty dazzle of the Caribbean. They said nothing. Well, it would cost them a full day's time.

"You wanta still-fish for tarpon," he said, "or do you wanta troll?"

"Tarpon?" Mr. Sam said, around his cigar. "What's that—fish?"

Martin glanced at him with a crow of laughter in his throat, which he choked back violently under the icy narrowing of the man's eyes. Could there be in the world anyone who did not know about tarpon, the leap, the fighting silver in the sun?

Mr. Sam called back lazily, "Hey, Julius, there's a thing they call tarpon. It's fish. You fish for it. How's for going back all broke out with tarpon?"

"Good here," Mr. Julius said. "Can you eat it?"

"Can you eat it, kid, he says?"

"No, sir," Martin said. Funny how cold the man's eyes made him. "They're the hardest thing to catch there is. People have their pictures taken with them."

"That's an idear. Ain't that an idear, Julius? Have your picture in the paper with a tarpon."

"That's an idear," Mr. Julius said. The third man sat exactly as he had been sitting. Martin averted his eyes hastily.

"If you wanta still-fish for tarpon," he said to Mr. Sam, "we'll have to run up in the lee of that island there and anchor. Or you could try trolling from this boat as we go along slow."

"Yeh? Well, don't stop the boat any. We want to go around, see? Looking at the country. Just looking at the country. That's right, ain't it, Jule?"

"Yeah, that's right. We might wanta buy it, see? We might wanta buy it ourselves and go into the fish racket."

"Sure," said Mr. Sam. "That's right. Maybe we'll put a race track on it."

"For weasels," Mr. Julius said. Martin had turned around and he was facing forward, and Martin saw him say it. His mouth went one-sided. "A race track for weasels. Hey, Williams, that's a good one. Let 'em run round and round." Neither man laughed. Mr. Julius said suddenly, "Isn't there any land in this God-forsaken country? Isn't there anything but water and these damn trees on stilts? What do you do when you want to get out and walk around?"

"You wanta get out and walk around?"

"Anybody would, wouldn't they?" Mr. Sam said testily. "I'd give ten dollars right now for a sidewalk."

"There's an island out thataway," Martin said, pointing. "It's got a hard sand beach. People go swimming there

(Continued on Page 46)

"For this trouble.. nothing excels yeast,"

X-ray shows poison-breeding wastes that accumulate when intestines are sluggish. Fresh yeast keeps intestines active, clean.

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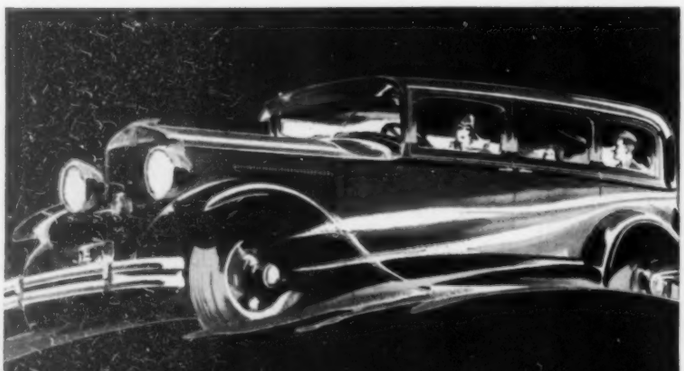

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(Continued from Page 44)

sometimes. You wanta go there and walk around?"

The glitter of Mr. Sam's eyes fixed on the distant mound of green. It lay out from the nearer islands, defined against the broad glare of horizon. From there the man turned deliberately and swept his gaze along the intricate lonely mangrove coast to the east.

"See any other boat around here?" he asked.

"No, sir," Martin said. "There were some boats came out for tarpon, and Charlie Davis was going to Rabbit Island, but no boat come as far south as this."

"Where's the nearest boat likely to be?"

"'Bout six miles north there's the clam dredge from Marco."

"Hear that, Jule? What about that island?"

"Oke," said Mr. Julius.

"Good here," said Mr. Sam. "Speed her up, can't you? Let's look at the island."

Martin pushed the gas lever. Mr. Julius came amidships. He and Mr. Sam sat side by side on the gunwale. They hunched their shoulders under the drum of the spray. The third man sat just as he had been sitting in the chair aft. The spray plastered his hair to his skull. Martin gave only one glance aft, hastily.

He pulled around in a wide arc into the glassy water in the lee of Sand Island. There was a cove behind the rampart of mangrove and sea grape and coco plum. Martin snapped off his engines and the boat slid nearer in the immediate silence. He ran forward with a long pole, thrust it into the bottom and held it as the boat leaned against it and stopped. He ran aft with another pole and planted it and lashed it at the stern. The dinghy bumped softly against the boat's motionless side.

It was very quiet. The diminished wind ruffled the tree tops beyond. The thin piping of four yellow-legged sandpipers came clearly. Eastward the sand ran in a long spit, across which the shallows jostled. Vines and grasses ridged the beach. Hundreds of fiddler crabs waved, jerkily, their white claws from a swampy level that reached toward the middle of the island. A fish crow cawed suddenly from the highest trees.

Martin had stayed aft, pulling up the dinghy. He looked forward. Mr. Sam and Mr. Julius had just said something to each other, soundlessly. Martin had just caught the crawl of their lips. Martin looked squarely down at the man in the chair.

The man's face slowly turned to his, as if at last aware of some change in the condition of the boat. His eyes met Martin's with that blank, dull stare. Then, quite slowly and carefully, his lips smiled. Martin's throat twisted with pain. He glanced forward. Their backs were turned.

"Look," Martin said, his small, grimy paw hard on the man's shoulder. "What is it? Want me to do something?"

The living flicker came back deep in the eyes. The head shook very slightly.

Mr. Sam had turned his head and was watching them. All he said was, "C'mere, kid. How do we get ashore?"

It took Martin a moment or so to answer. Suddenly the stark terror that lay in that man's look had leaped to his own heart. Terror blanched his world. Terror lay in the quiet light pouring over all their figures and over the boat on the quiet water. Terror ran in the light salt wind, sounded in the ripples along the sand, in the crying of the sandpipers. The tiny, jerking signals of the fiddler crabs meant terror.

He swallowed violently before he could say, "I'll take you in the dinghy, sir."

He stood in it alongside, holding it there, looking up at them mutely. Mr. Sam dropped into the other swivel chair. Mr. Julius stood up with his hands in his coat pockets, glancing sidewise, down at the back of the third man. "Well, Williams," he said, "let's be going."

He had to poke the shoulder with a thick forefinger before there was a response. Then the man got up stiffly, with the bumping awkwardness of someone newly blind, and got into the dinghy. Mr. Julius got in. They both sat down. Martin stared over their heads, poling the small boat across the few feet of shallow water to the beach.

Mr. Julius and the man got out. Mr. Julius stood easily, looking around him with that heavy face in which one eye-socket was pulled lower than the other. He looked quite pleasant. "Just run around, kid," he said, with a gesture toward the sand spit. "Just run around and play if you wanta. I and my friend'll take a little stroll around this other side the island."

Martin stood stock-still, glancing after them doubtfully. The dreadful uncertainty of childhood was on him. The men were walking quickly, arm in arm, away from the beach, up the open space among low bushes that led to the higher growth beyond. Martin felt small and lost in a perilous, adult world. Tears were stinging the back of his eyelids in fear of things he could not understand.

He began moving slowly down the sand spit. When he looked back, Mr. Sam was looking sleepy and comfortable in the boat, his cap over his eyes. The other two had disappeared. And suddenly the island was for Martin just as it always had been, when his father had let him swim here. The white clear light was free of all terror. He ran along the sand, stamping and jumping and throwing handfuls of small stones at the sandpipers, in the vague exaltation of release. He yipped joyfully at the fiddler crabs scuttling for their lives before him.

He saw an empty whisky bottle up the other side of the beach, that was hidden from the boat by the ridge of vines and grasses. He set that up and threw stones at it until it smashed.

A single shot slammed out from among the western trees. He looked up and saw a faint whiff of smoke vanish on the wind. Then his heart began hammering. He remembered everything. One pistol shot. The stick dropped from his opening hand. There was no other shot or outcry or any other sound, except the slush of the little waves at his feet and the sandpipers' crying.

The next moment he was running forward desperately, across the mud flat and through the brush beyond. The pull-and-haul-back vines ripped their hooks through his sneakers, across his bare legs, caught at his short trousers. He shoved his way with elbows and knees among the tangle of bush mangrove and coco plum. His breath came sobbing from the crushing weight of remembered pity and terror.

He had to go more slowly crossing a half swamp, half inlet among black mangroves. His feet slipped on the twisted roots and he pulled and climbed forward. Then the mangroves gave way to the dry white shell ground and he ran through a patch of yellow weed. Coarse grass grew in the white, coarse ground.

(Continued on Page 48)

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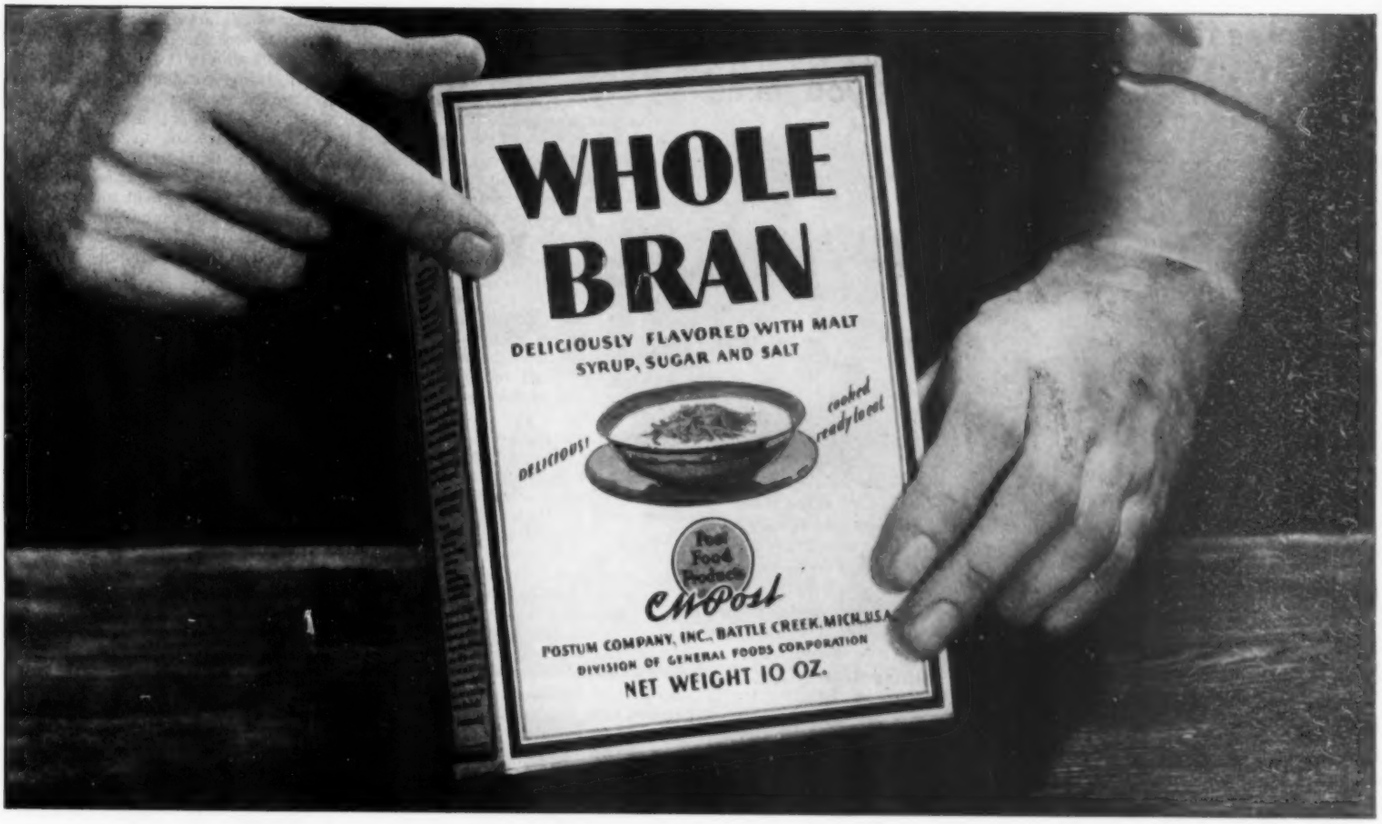

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(Continued from Page 46)

It was the center of the island, sheltered on all sides from view of the water by the low bushes, which gave off hot green smells under the hot sun. The silence stopped him abruptly. His bright eyes darted here and there alertly, while he listened like a small, wary animal.

He saw the feet on the ground after he had taken another step forward. They were a pair of tan-and-white sport shoes sticking out from the ends of light trousers. The soiled toes were up, a little turned out from the heels. One of the heels had dug more deeply into the shell soil than the other. They were motionless. Martin stood staring at them with a face that was old, that puckered suddenly like a child's. Behind a screen of little bushes the third man lay. There was no sound.

The man was dead. That was what the shot had been. That was what it was all about. The wind moved softly in the leaves of the little bushes. The shadow of a great, circling bird passed across the white soil. Martin could see, by the torn vines and weeds, the way both men had come and Mr. Julius had walked back. He looked uncertainly at those heavy feet. And then, with a jerking mouth, he turned and ran back the way he had come—the difficult way—through the mangroves, through the snarl of vines and the thorns and the close-woven bush jungle.

On the white sand, hidden by the grassy ridge from the other side of the beach, he stopped and took deep, deliberate breaths, against the choke and hammer of his heart. Then he went on again, plodding down the sand, with his jaws and fists clenched. As he walked, lines deepened between the corners of his nostrils and his mouth. His eyes, that had been the bright, darting eyes of a boy, were level-lidded and intent. It was as if something had gone out of him forever—the volatility of childhood, the facile, unrelated thinking. In him now, behind the shut look of his face, burned a new thing, bitter and irrevocable. In this death by violence, with one wrench of a curious agony, his childhood was put away.

With every plodding step now a man's passion deepened in him, a man's slow rage, a man's need for justice. The affair was nothing to him. The third man was nothing. Yet he was everything. Those two in the boat, waiting for him now, were suddenly his own enemies, as if the dead man left lonely in the clearing were his own dead. The boy, without question or comprehension, was suddenly the aroused anger of his world.

They must not know that he knew, or had been aware of the shot, or had seen anything. They would be watching him with those intent and heavy glances. They would have not the slightest scruple against killing him also if they could get along without him or thought it wise. He must seem to them just as he had seemed—a careless and ignorant boy. He cast wildly about in his mind to remember how he had acted, what he had been like. He could not recall it. In his thoughts were only the sound of that shot and the look of those two feet still against the earth.

He crossed the sand spit and moved along the beach toward the dinghy. Mr. Sam had not changed his position in the larger boat. Martin stooped and snatched a handful of stones and flung them heavily at the water. Mr. Julius was sitting on the bow of the dinghy, smoking and watching him.

Mr. Julius said, "My friend decided to stay on the island until tomorrow. He decided he liked it here. He's a nut about camping out. He shot a bird, and he'll shoot some more and camp out. You can come and get him or tell someone to."

Martin said nothing, but bent to shove the dinghy out. Maybe he ought to act surprised or ask questions. But his tongue was cold in his mouth and his eyes avoided that right-hand pocket of Mr. Julius' coat.

"What did you say?" Mr. Julius asked abruptly.

Martin said, quite clearly, "Yes, sir."

The dinghy bumped the side of the boat. Mr. Julius climbed aboard. Mr. Sam did not raise his eyes from their sleepy stare over the water.

Mr. Julius said loudly, "He decided to stay ashore, like he said he wanted to. I told him he was a nut. He shot a bird. He's crazy about shooting birds."

Mr. Sam said, "He always was a nut," and tossed his cigar butt over the side. Both men seemed to be waiting for Martin to say something. But he did not say anything. He went forward and pulled up the pole. When he came aft to pull up the stern pole, their glances flicked across his face. They sat in the swivel chairs and faced him.

He had no idea at all of what he was going to do, or could do, in the long miles of water that stretched between this place and the town of Everglades. He pushed hard against the bottom with the pole, swinging the heavy boat out. They could shoot him any time they thought of it, and he could not stop them.

When the boat was well out in deep water he hesitated, looking at the men aft before he started his engine. Their waiting glances met his with a little shock. And he hated them. He leaned against the starboard gunwale with his hand on the switch, facing them squarely, with his eyes gone quite expressionless and his young mouth set. His hatred, a man's full-bodied hate, poured toward them. They might have been a pair of cotton-mouthed moccasins that had invaded his shipshape cockpit.

He said, "You want to go away and leave Mr. Williams? Has he got any water? Can he get along?"

There was a perceptible relaxing in the leadlike quality of their gaze. Mr. Sam said, "He had a flask and plenty of matches. He'll be all right."

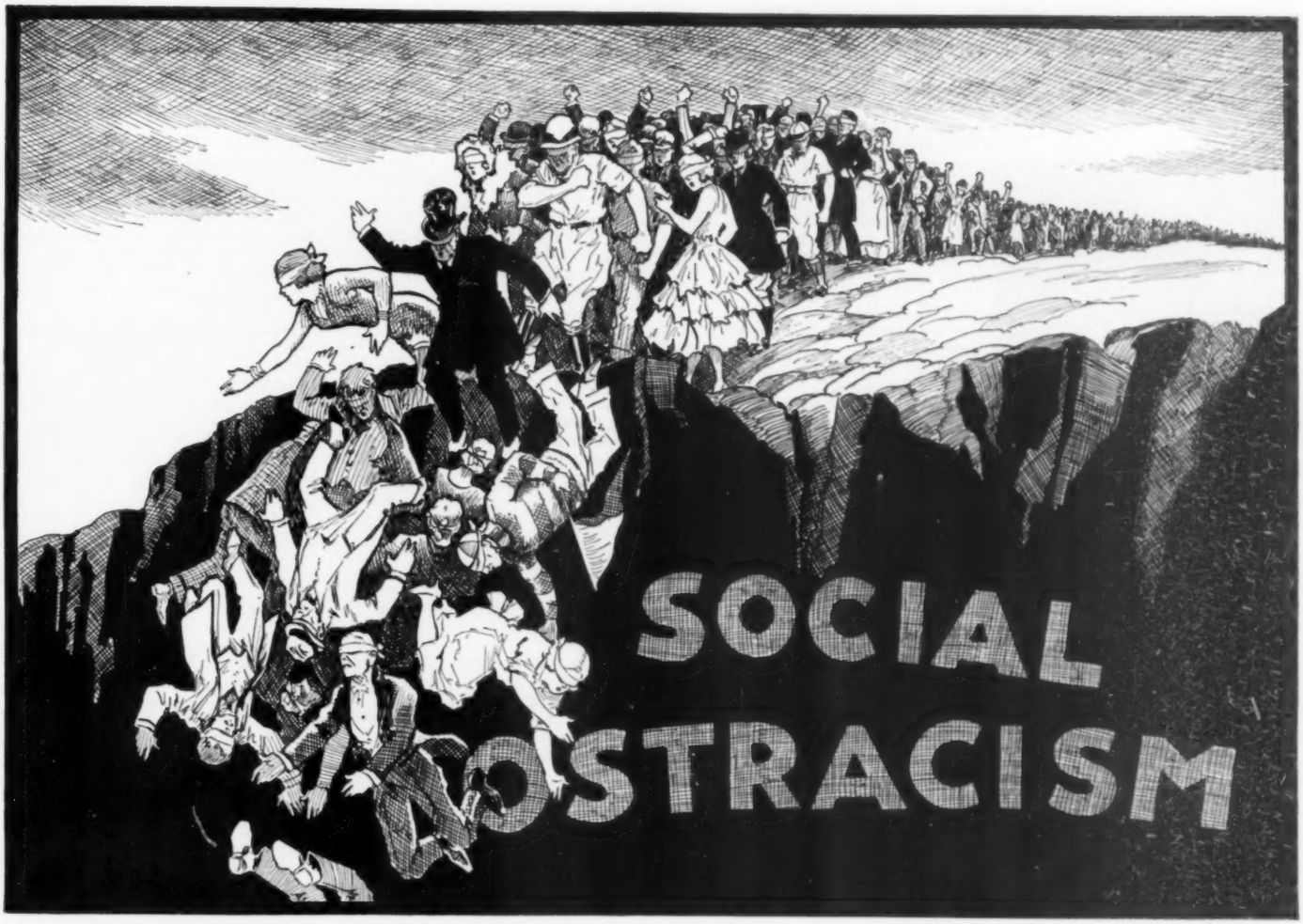
Mr. Julius said, "Get going, kid. I'm getting hungry."

The boat came around in a wide, flying arc and the flung spray hissed and whitened. Martin's gaze fixed itself northward. Roar and stinging salt water were all about him, speed under his heels. He looked ahead steadily at the long hours of wide, quiet water, colored and polished with afternoon.

There was open Gulf all the way. Yet something had to happen between here and Everglades. They would never give him a chance to get to the police there. They could as easily shoot him and drop him overboard as they could run the boat.

The only chance he had—he narrowed his eyes against the spray and tried to squeeze the tremor out of his heart, so that he could think—the only chance he had was to keep them guessing. They had to feel they could not get along without him. But how could he do that? He looked long and searchingly at the blank barrier of the mangrove, a dull bar to the right, all that there was, between soft sky and quiet sea, of land.

(Continued on Page 50)



THE PIT
WE ALL FALL INTO

WE STAND on the brink of it and do not realize it is there.

We fall into it but do not know that we have fallen.

Or, if we do know, we ponder dumbly as to the cause.

The pit is social ostracism.

And the thing that pushes us in is an insidious thing. In the medical world they call it halitosis. In blunt terms, it is bad breath. Under any name, it is an unpardonable offense in social and business life.

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you yourself never know when you have it—and your best friend won't tell you. It is the last thing we suspect ourselves of having—*but it ought to be first.*

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For, every day in normal mouths, conditions capable of causing halitosis may and do arise.

Its commoner causes are fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush, decaying teeth, artificial teeth, colds, catarrh, slight infections of nose, mouth or throat, pyorrhea, stomach derangements caused by excesses of eating and—should we say it?—of drinking.

The one way to put yourself on the polite and acceptable side is to rinse the mouth with undiluted Listerine. Every night and morning. And between times before meeting others. It leaves the mouth clean, sweet and healthy.

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(Continued from Page 48)

After a little time they passed in roaring flight the clam dredge from Marco, on Bonefish Sound. Martin saw the cook leaning on the rail watching him. As if on the watch, Mr. Sam rose and came forward to him, to lean on the deck-house roof just the other side of the instrument board.

Martin said, to his lifted eyebrow, "Clam dredge."

"This town of Everglades, now," Mr. Sam said in a minute. "It's straight ahead north, is it? Is it the only place?"

"Only Chokoloskee."

"What's that?"

"An island. People live there. That's where I live."

"How far is it from there to this place Everglades?"

Martin replied briefly, "Four miles." He hardly heard his own words. He was lost suddenly in a wave of startlingly deep feeling at the sound of that name. He saw it more clearly than he ever had before, there hidden from him by all the distance of the water and by this thing in which he was involved. He felt the pangs of a tenderness like love for the low-roofed frame houses by the ragged shore and for his father's house, lifted above hurricane high water on the mounded middle of the island. He saw the place suddenly small and distinct, lost in a world too big for him, too frightening and strange. He saw, in that blinding flash, every leaf, every roof top, every yellow cactus blossom along the sprouted gumbo-limbo fence posts clear edged in the light of his emotion. And he saw himself, as he had been that morning coming along the one grassy roadway across the island, an immature boy shying bits of rock at the nonpareils flitting like jewels among the weed clumps. He remembered, as if it had been a long time ago, his morning's grand ideas about coming home with money and power. Well, that might have to wait. There were more things about life than he had guessed.

He went on speaking as if he had not suddenly widened and deepened his thoughts in that flash. "It's due north. But it's not easy to get from here to there quickly, among the islands. Especially if you want to get to Everglades by traintime tonight. There's only one train a day. Or would you stay awhile in Everglades? There's a right nice hotel."

The man beside him stirred impatiently. "Don't miss that train, hear? . . . Hey! Look out——"

Martin had swung his bow sharp starboard. He had seen what he had been looking for in that distant line of land—three clumps of mangrove standing out above the others, five narrow mangrove islands to port, the leaves of the nearest stained white with pelican guano. From here on he knew every island and channel he passed. Last winter his father and he had come all along here shining for 'coons, their flash lights catching the bright eyes of the animals climbing at low tide for the oysters on the mangrove roots. He could turn and twist and bewilder them in the strange, intricate waterways for as long as he chose.

"It's all right," he said. "This is the short way. Only you have to know where you are. Anybody could get lost who doesn't."

The man beside him moved restlessly, staring at the mangrove leaves sliding by, seeming at every moment to shut them into a brown patch of water no longer than two boat lengths. Yet they always opened out ahead. The brown-and-white boil of the slow wake always trailed steadily along the mud and roots under the bushy branches.

"How does anybody live in this country without going crazy?" Mr. Sam said. "These infernal trees are getting my goat."

"You have to know the country, all right," Martin said.

Ahead, the channel widened into the clear color of a small lake. Mangrove made its banks, walled it in ahead, mangrove like the hundreds and hundreds of acres of other mangrove, with the dark band of high-water mark halfway up the roots.

Three white herons rose and flapped over them. A burst of dull-blue Louisiana herons followed after. The two men behind him did not raise their eyes. They sat and stared heavily at the nearest line of mangrove. Martin had seen women tourists, who did not like fishing or boats, sit and stare like that for hours, at the eternal sliding sameness, as if it did something to them. Well, it could do something to these two any time now, as far as he was concerned.

His engines loafed at half speed. The high light overhead was deepening and lifting into the fine blue of late afternoon. The oily green masses of the mangrove leaves were greener.

"We aren't getting anywhere at all," Mr. Sam said angrily, moving forward again. "Look here, you've got to get on faster than this."

Martin kept his eye on the curving, sinuous channel ahead. "Can't go any faster. Look at the sand bars."

Mr. Sam looked. He was gnawing his cigar ragged.

The water rushed endlessly by the boat's sure bow. On each side the living mangrove slid and rustled.

"Where'd you-all come from, anyway?" Martin asked. "You musta come down from Everglades yourself to get there. Or did you come up from Key West, to south'ard?"

"Yeh. We came from Key West. Cruisin'. Just cruisin' around. My friend wanted a place to camp."

That was some sort of lie. Maybe they came from Matecumbe, on the east coast. He couldn't figure it out. Not that it mattered as long as he had found they didn't know their way around here. Martin glanced sideways at Mr. Sam's hands, lighting another cigar. They shook a very little and the man stood tense, staring at the oncoming ranks of mangrove.

The water widened then into a broad bight. The open Gulf was just beyond a thin screen of mangroves, a straight course northward. But they did not know that. Martin snapped on his engines full speed and grinned into the instant sting of spray. The weight of his fear and anger and uncertainty had lifted considerably. They wouldn't kill him yet, anyway.

Out of pure boy deviltry he ran them around the same island twice, just to see how much they would notice. They noticed nothing, even though for a little while the boat ran in the dappled wash of its own making. The two only sat and stared dully.

They looked almost disheartened. Or so it seemed to the boy's eager desire. At least they were so quiet, seemed for the moment so little frightening, that his mind leaped to all sorts of heroic exploits by which he might dominate them. Suppose he could snatch that gun from Mr. Julius' pocket? Suppose he could attack them with the fish grains? Those would be deeds to impress his uncles. If his Uncle Harvey were along he'd have licked them both already, single-handed. Martin glowed a little, remembering some of Uncle Harvey's stories. Maybe he could act like Uncle Harvey yet. An unquenchable grin creased his brown cheek. The open water was narrowing again to a mere channelway. He glanced back, in a rush of self-satisfaction.

Mr. Julius' glance was there, waiting for his bright one. It was sickeningly as if the heavy-lidded gaze had been there all the time, waiting to catch him. Martin's eyes dulled under that lead-colored glare. He turned to his steering with a cringing chill running down his spine.

Mr. Julius got up heavily for the first time. Martin heard him coming forward clumsily, a man unused to boats. He stood like a cold shadow by Martin's shoulder. The channel turned and curved, deep buried in mangroves.

Mr. Julius' voice was a kind of explosion in the boy's ears. "You're not taking us the straight way," he said. "That was open Gulf back there. You're trying to put something over on us, you little rat. You ain't smart. Don't kid yourself. Take us back out now. That's the only thing you got to do."

Martin waited until his mouth was not quite so sticky. "I can't turn here," he said doggedly. "We'd get stuck and you'd never get out. I got to keep on this way. Honest. You can see. And it is the quick way."

"Aw, tie it up," the man said. His hand on Martin's shoulder tightened cruelly, shaking him until he was sick and dizzy. "Get on to some place we can turn, hear? And cut out the funny stuff. There ain't anything you can do. Get that."

Martin jerked his shoulder out of the burning grasp. His lips were white. He said, "Yes, sir." Mr. Julius stood behind him. The trouble was that it would be a long way now to anything like open water. This last long waterway was really a short cut, short as any. But how would he convince this—this murderer at his shoulder of that?

A dreadful sense of being lost and doomed moved over Martin's mind. Life was too strong for him. It was too harsh, too frightening. He could not imagine why he had thought he could do anything about it. He saw with a damning clearness that, far from being able to bring these two to justice, he would be incredibly lucky to get out of it alive. Even his Uncle Harvey could do nothing now. He remembered vaguely the boom and bluster of his Uncle Harvey's voice. It meant nothing.

There was only the cold clutch of his hands on the rough rudder lines, the automatic necessity of steering, of choosing the deepest water forward, keeping the rushing, knife-edged bow where it should march steadily. He was shivering a little in his wet cotton clothing and his head ached. The endless mangrove endlessly went past. There was nothing in the world that could help him now.

It was strange to him then that he found he was remembering, as if it had always lain deep in him to be remembered, the still look in his father's face. He remembered his slight, bowed shoulders. The feeling of his father's silences warmed him minutely. That man back there, dead on the island, had been like that. Even where you were paralyzed with fright, you could be still and hang on. Maybe all over the world there were men, grown-up men, who were frightened and still and enduring.

(Continued on Page 53)

Loads that bulk large can be hauled at small cost

WITH A FORD TRUCK

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(Continued from Page 50)

Martin took a deep, slow breath, deeper than he had taken for a half hour, breathed again, more deeply. The glow warmed in him and his pulse steadied.

There was an immense soap-pink sunset burning unaccountably overhead. The winding channel was dark and glossy, the mangroves were blackening. Mr. Julius put his hand heavily on Martin's sore shoulder. Martin kept his shoulder steady under it against the too-tight grip. It would be all over in a minute now, when they saw what was coming. He hoped he would not make a sound.

Because ahead, as he had been expecting, opened out the wide water of Chokoloskee Bay, stained with sunset and the night. The dark ranks of the mangroves fell away to the horizons. Ahead, glimmering in the shadows as the boat rushed forward and the sky darkened, was a little low light in a distant shadowy streak and, beyond, the vague roof clusters of Chokoloskee.

Martin looked at it steadily, carrying his heart like a full cup. The other man had come forward. They both stood looming over him and their thoughts were cold weights. Mr. Julius lifted his hand and put it into his coat pocket. Martin felt the movement against his side. He was still and cold, and his lips tightened in a kind of grin.

"What's that there, kid? Everglades? Is that the place we want?"

Martin waited as long as he dared, because he had thought of something. The boat drove forward, but his eyes leaped suddenly ahead of it eagerly, desperately, along the surface of the rose-shadowed water.

"No," he said clearly. "Everglades is four miles more. There's a channel—I'll show you the way—in a minute—as soon as I see—look," he said and pointed suddenly; "it's Chokoloskee."

And in that instant that they looked he ran the finest boat in the Ten Thousand Islands square into the cement barge that had sunk in the last fall blow. There were no markers. All Chokoloskee knew where it lay. He had remembered it, and had found it.

The concussion that crashed in the bow and brought the long, lovely boat to one sickening, listing halt, hurled the two men staggering backward into the stern.

Before they could recover themselves, cursing, Martin had leaped from the gunwale and was swimming for long moments under water. He was so busy swimming and breathing he had not time to notice if they shot.

It was a long swim. Up on the gallery of Smallwood's store, under the hanging lantern, with the cavernous depths of the sudden night behind, Martin, dripping and panting and shivering a little, stood at the top of the stairs and saw his Uncle Harvey and Mr. Smallwood and Charlie Lopez and Packy Davis' father and another man. His uncle saw him and opened his mouth with a long roar. Martin walked nearer and stood under the light, dripping and panting and looking at him.

When the roar had subsided, Martin said, "The boat's out there piled up on the cement barge. There's two men in it that I saw kill a man down on Sand Island. You've got to get your guns and take them up to the sheriff at Everglades. I should think maybe there'd be a reward. It's going to be mine."

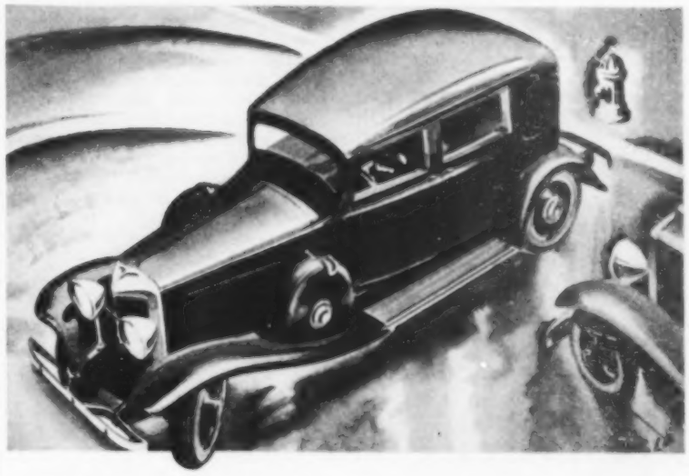
They stared at him with their mouths open. "They're out there now," he said. "Didn't you hear them shouting? You've got to hurry, or they'll take the dinghy. Their boat's up Lostman's, to be salvaged."

Martin returned gravely the look his Uncle Harvey laid on him. "Go on," he said quietly. "It's so." And in the men's eyes he saw dawning a curious look of belief and of respect, such as he had seen sometimes in their eyes when his father, at rare moments and in the same voice, had spoken.

PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

A San Blas Indian Craft, Panama

When FATE spins the wheel



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TALKING TURKEY

(Continued from Page 23)

had left the western shores of America to be partly domesticated in Asia and Europe—completed their strange, hundred-year, round-the-world tour and came back to America. A 1629 letter written from agents in England to Governor Endicott in Salem, assures him that "tame turkies shall be sent you by the nexte shippe." Presently these two—the stately North American wild turkey and his partly domesticated descendant from Mexico via England—stood side by side.

The North American turkey, incredibly abundant from Maine to Florida and across Texas into Arizona, was a bright copper bird, with wing tips and tail tips varying from bright chestnut to coffee color. The Mexican turkey, like his returning English descendants, had darker, even black, shaded plumage, with pure-white wing tips and tail tips. The third American original—the Honduran turkey, most beautiful of all, with bronze-green, black-and-red-banded plumage, and eye-spotted, peacocklike tail—has continued to evade the public eye; he rebels fiercely against domestication, dies quickly if imprisoned, and so far has refused to reproduce his kind in confinement.

An Ease to Any Man's Sufferings

These great wild turkeys were one of the best gifts the New World had for her struggling colonists. La Salle, investigating the "Gulph of Mexico" in 1687, writes "the plenty of turkeys, whereof we killed many, was an ease to our sufferings." The flesh of these turkeys, whose diet ranged at will over corn and grasshoppers, strawberries and grains, had an indescribably sweet savor.

The North American turkey led a fine free life, roosting high at night, spending daylight hours scouting for food or drink, or romping in sunny glades. He had incredibly acute vision and hearing; for short distances he had strong, silent flight, and he could supplement it by running like a cat.

The Puritans adopted the turkey with enthusiasm and relief. Hating the "mummery" of Old England Christmas festivities they had outlawed the orientally spiced, manger-shaped mince pie and the elaborately stuffed goose, and now substituted the indigenous, indisputably American wild turkey and "pompion pye." The turkey was soon inseparably identified both with the old, sweet Christmas legends, and the newer, privation-won traditions of Thanksgiving Day in America.

The wild turkey was, in fact, too tasty for his own good. With dogs, with baited blinds, with turkey whistles ironically made from turkey wings to imitate mating calls, he was overhunted, recklessly exploited. Far too soon he was in actual danger of extinction.

But as settlement went on in New England the colonists began to establish new strains of half-domestic turkeys by crossing the Mexican-English hens with wild North American toms, and as generation succeeded generation the old, wild bird subtly changed. He became a little less ambitious for high places; he roosted lower down. His rich chestnut-colored tail and wing tip paled. His racy, restless body became shorter, more robust; he was less likely to stand, when alarmed, straight as a penguin, but more horizontally.

He kept, however, all his wild suspicious timidity. At breeding time his lady, much more than he himself, reverted to complete wildness, fleeing to the woods and unrestricted range to hatch her tiny poults.

After the Revolution, Rhode Island became the center of turkey culture in the United States, with immediately surrounding states close behind. By 1890 there were 10,000,000 turkeys being raised on American farms, most of which were in New England. The half-domesticated bird had improved. There were seven recognized breeds of tame turkey; it brought comparatively good prices.

Then two sad things happened to the turkey business. The first was that a gradually crowding population left less and less room for turkey range. The second was even more disastrous. It was a plague of what was then an unknown disease—actually blackhead, or enterohepatitis, the particular, dread scourge of turkeydom—that left whole flocks of dying turkeys in its wake as it progressed. It has never entirely disappeared. It so discouraged farmers that they began to leave turkeys thoroughly alone. The dread disease apparently had no cure, and for a long time they didn't know enough about it to prevent it. Flocks began to dwindle, especially in New England, and the belief that turkeys cannot be profitably raised gained ground.

All this flavor of failure simply served to spur me on. Young Michael and I went ahead with our venture. Our fenced field of sun-sweetened pasture grass had in one corner a thicket of shade trees. The fence had no top bars turkeys could use as perches for escape flights; fence poles, for the same reason, were pointed at the top. Under the trees we put a row of homemade nests; some of them made of overturned barrels with brush thrown over them and flaps of burlap nailed loosely over the front; others, tiny wigwams of burlap and sticks.

Tom Turkey, the Elegant Swain

When mating time came around in early spring, even my husband exclaimed at the nuptial beauty of the wooers; the toms in their most brilliant courting plumage, strutting and showing off, spreading their lovely tails, depressing and trailing the gleaming bronze wings, drawing their heads back into their shoulders, while the color changed from red to strange blue and then to pinkish white. The toms took their mating so seriously they'd often neglect their own food—even the raw eggs I sometimes gave them—rather than their ladies. To prevent warfare, I never allowed more than one male with the flock at a time. On alternate days the disappointed substitute was shut away to rest and meditate in a private gobbler house of his own. Hens were paddled to prevent their flying away. The paddle was just a light board tied loosely with strips of soft cloth to the base of each wing.

When nesting time came, ten days or so after mating, Michael and I would stand behind the thicket of trees just to watch the antics of the turkey hens. One after another would edge warily away from the group, discover one of our artificial nest shelters, steal it with all the pride of Balboa discovering the Pacific, and finally disappear stealthily inside.

For a month our eight hopeful mothers sat patiently on their eggs, their flesh thinning, feathers dulling, and dispositions becoming more and more distraught. Then at last the poults began to pip, and it was my turn to show patience and lose flesh. From then on it was an every-hour job for two solid months.

Those turkey poults were twice as delicate as chicks at first, and turned out to be twice as hardy as chickens, once they reached high-school age. We gave them some warmth—not too much—and two swallows of buttermilk immediately upon their debut. There were ninety-five of them, of which an even dozen died within two days after hatching. The rest struggled along with only an occasional casualty. They got milk five times a day at first, then all the time, and water the same. Fine grit, white and sparkling; little troughs of mash of bran, beef scraps, pulverized charcoal, middlings, rolled oats, grit, oyster shell, water and cod-liver oil.

Potential Thanksgiving Dinners

A nice balance between warmth, exercise, rest and appetite appeared to be the necessary requisite for continued existence. Whenever the little fellows got too cold or too tired or too hungry, cold feet and torpid livers marched them down the road to death. But when everything was just right they grew amazingly.

At the end of two weeks, when they looked for all the world like baby partridges, with yellowish-white breast and dark-brown stripes over head, shoulders and back, they got hoppers of whole wheat and oat groats; still later, yellow corn.

Three weeks was tail-feather time, and at eight they began to throw the red. Throwing the red is traditionally—like the second-summer scare about babies—a critical time for turkeys. After that they gave us little trouble—all that were left of them—going out on range and taking to grown-up roosts, sheltered from the hated wind, like old birds.

With the poults we raised a pearl guinea fowl as watchdog. If any danger, day or night, threatened the turkey pasture, that guinea fowl would raise a clamor that frightened the intruder away or brought one of the family running with a gun.

At the end of our first season we had, from our eight hens and two toms, forty-eight young birds. Of these, twenty were hens and the rest were potential Thanksgiving dinners. That seemed to me pretty good. Then one awful night we heard a terrible outery from the guinea hen, and rushed down to the pasture. But we were too late. Dead bodies lay strewn around the yard. A coyote had entered to steal a turkey, but, as sometimes happens, once he'd killed one, opportunity and confusion turned him mad with murder lust. He killed right and left, regardless of what he really wanted, and escaped with none at all, leaving the pasture littered with dead birds. Our spirits were nearly crushed by the tragedy.

"Oh, well," said my husband, somewhat gruffly. "Never mind. You might as well go ahead just the same."

The twenty birds we raised that season cost us nearly fifteen dollars apiece, and were worth about three

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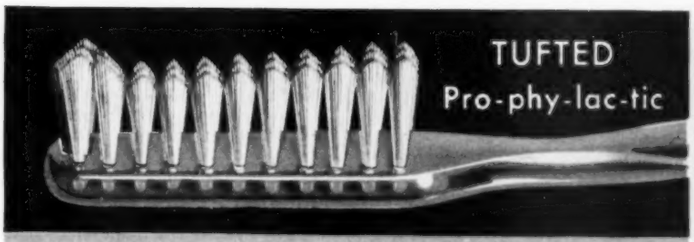
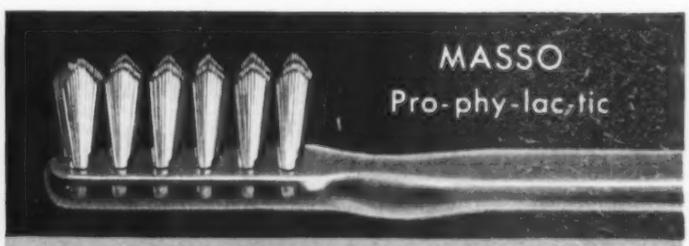


This brush fits the dental curve of more mouths than any other. Perhaps it is the one you should be using to reach and clean every part of every tooth. Especially if your molars (back teeth) are troublesome. Try it. See how the famous end tuft reaches back teeth; 50¢.



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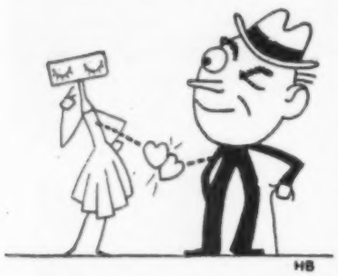
Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes

TO FACES SEARCHING FOR A MATE



Every now and then we pause in our job of filling up the inkwells and think about Nature. It is a wonderful thing to realize that Nature has provided every man with a face and every face has provided man with a set of whiskers.

Going further with this interesting train of reasoning, we come to the conclusion that every whisker-growing face has an inalienable right to a razor which is its natural mate. If your face is still searching for a mate, as so many of our best faces are, then we would like to whisper to it these soft words:

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New Enders Razor with 6 blades, $1.00. Blades 5 for 35c. If you cannot find an Enders locally, send purchase price to us.

(Continued from Page 54)

dollars! A loss for the year of around $250. But we still had our old birds and equipment.

We started the second spring with twenty birds. Then I had an idea. In the fall there would be the annual county fair thirty miles away; a blue ribbon in the poultry show there would be excellent advertising. I dug up a last-year's catalogue of the show to see what entries there were.

Five, it appeared, of the seven varieties of domestic turkey that have developed in America were represented, with more than 100 entries. Most numerous were the bronze, the result of crossing the North American wild turkey and the English black: a breed firmly established here since 1870. There were plenty of Narragansetts—the zebra turkeys—established in Rhode Island about 1875 from North American, black, and Mexican birds, and named after Rhode Island's own Indian tribe. Dapper birds they are, with a light-gray effect due to white wing bars and white-edged feathers on metallic black bodies. There were a number of Bourbon reds. The flashy Bourbon red is a much younger breed, established about 1909 in Bourbon County, Kentucky, from crossing a wild North American with an older, now almost unknown breed called buffs; they are handsome, deep-chestnut birds trimmed with white. Another breed called slates—ashy-blue, black-ticked birds, that originated some fifty years ago as sports of the other breeds—had a few sponsors.

Turkey Stuffed With Ice

Of the seventh and last breed—white Hollands—there were only four entries. White Hollands, evidently, were scarce in our vicinity. They are a pure-white bird, native American in spite of their name, and began as a sport of the bronze. I bought a clutch of high-grade white Holland eggs for eighteen dollars—$1.50 apiece—and set them under a bronze hen.

That year, in spite of snakes, chills, skunks, thieves, hawks and mother hens that would suddenly become frightened and protect their poults by tramping them to death, we raised 150 birds. That meant real marketing, and I had to learn a whole new chapter about turkeys.

The first thing to do was to prepare the special fattening mash given to birds like turkeys, which are raised not for eggs but for meat. I separated sixty of the best birds to keep for breeders. I culled twenty that weren't worth selling, for the home table. The remaining seventy birds I fed a crescendo of noble meals.

Various farmers have various ways of fattening turkeys. Many don't begin until October or even November, and try to hurry it through, which usually results in emaciation instead of obesity. One farmer last year dressed forty-two turkeys, pumped them full of water, tied string around their necks, set them where they'd freeze solid, and gained sixty pounds on the deal. However, an outraged produce market carried its sad story to the state bureau of foods and standards, who saw to it that the ingenious farmer lost twenty-five dollars and costs.

I began fattening the chosen of the flock the first of September with a complicated mash of yellow cornmeal, bran, meat, oats, middlings, and a few other ingredients; small meals at first, gradually increasing. I sold sixty-five of my turkeys at seventeen cents a pound to a huckster who was conscripting a herd, as they used to do in our state, and still do in Texas and Oklahoma, to drive to a concentration point. Off they started, gobbling in surprise, joining the huckster's flock; he started ahead in a wagon, throwing corn enticingly behind him as he drove. Already he had three lamed turkeys riding somewhat superciliously in the wagon with him. Seven or eight men rode on horseback behind the flock, urging them on. They were to camp overnight in a sheltered valley six miles farther on, and by the time they reached the railroad the whole flock, I learned later, numbered more than 1000. I never knew what the huckster got for my turkeys.

Feathers, I knew, sold for about ten cents a pound, for dusters and mattresses. But I got only $122 for the lot. I decided that was no way to sell my birds, if I wanted to make money.

The five turkeys I'd kept to market specially I wanted to sell dressed. I was able to get twenty-six cents a pound for them; $18.20 in all. That, though small, promised better profits. When I came to balance up, I found that my costs that season alone had been nearly $275, while all I got for the birds I sold was $140. But of course I had at last a really sizable breeding flock, and lots and lots of experience. That fall our white Hollands were ready for the state fair. They'd been specially fed, and were fine, well-built, pure-white birds, with faintly pinkish legs and toes, bright red head and dew bill, and weighed up to standard. With young Michael holding, I washed each pair of shanks and each head very clean. The birds lost a pound or two getting to the fair and suffered some ruffling of plumage, but they saw to themselves directly they arrived, smoothing down feathers, as fastidiously as cats.

When we reached the fair we saw our hunch had been a good one. Almost nobody was exhibiting white Hollands but us, and we walked away with several ribbons. The birds drew a little crowd of admirers; it was fine advertising. The surprise came, however, when one of the bronze toms we'd entered without much hope not only got a prize but brought an offer from a rival turkey raiser of seventy-five dollars. I really hadn't known I owned such an aristocrat!

Foiling a Premature Roasting

The next year I determined to perfect my own marketing scheme. To hotels, restaurants—any possibilities—I sent personal cards as a beginning toward building up a good private market. Selected birds for that market, as orders began to come in, were specially fed with acorns, celery, raisins and nuts from our own trees, to improve the flavor of the meat. During that fall we parcel-posted 100 of our best birds, getting about $680 for them; another 250 went alive for a little more than $500. In all, with sales of breeding stock, the year's income was $1290, and expenses had been less than $750. Profits were $540, and I felt I could take a long breath.

We came near losing all our first profits the very next week. My husband had dismissed a surly and lazy farm hand—a tramp, who had happened in and needed a job—who went off with the usual vicious threats of "coming back to fix us." One night, ten days later, there was a terrible outcry in the turkey pasture, and my husband rushed down with a gun. The farm hand stood near the center of the field, buffeted by the bodies of terrified turkey hens that were stampeding wildly. In one hand the man held a kerosene can; we decided he'd gone first into the turkey pens to make sure their various shelters and brooder houses would burn with the barns. He was given nice accommodations in the nearest jail.

When we had been in the business about five years, with desperately hard work showing a slightly larger profit every season, I began to realize that the whole industry was changing. In 1890 turkey raising had been still largely a New England project. When disease wiped it out, the center of production changed, and in 1900 almost 50 per cent of the 6,600,000 turkeys in the country were in the North Central States, with 1,000,000 in the South Central States; in 1906 a Kentucky turkey association was sending 4,000,000 pounds a year up to New England. By 1909 Missouri was the biggest producer, with Texas and Oklahoma stepping up. Later still, Texas became the producer of nearly 60 per cent of the turkeys marketed each year in the United States. In 1923, Brady, Texas, began its annual Turkey Parade, in which hundreds of fine birds, led by a float, proceed through the town to the refrigeration plant.

Trouble in the Nursery

About four years ago, however, turkey raising all over the United States took a sudden turn for the better. Perhaps it was due to the fact that the old blackhead scare was pretty well eradicated, or because of growing knowledge of how to raise turkeys in semiconfinement. At any rate, a boom began. Commercial hatcheries accepted turkey eggs, producing poults at something under ten cents apiece. Incubators and brooders were improved. In one state after another new flocks of turkeys began to appear; breeding stock from the best blood lines in each breed gradually spread all over the country.

Whether it was this new increase in national interest, or the incident of the stampede that may have saved his barns from burning, my husband suddenly began to show a real interest in what Michael and I were doing with turkeys. Once he took hold, we were able to try things I'd hesitated about alone. He introduced, first of all, a fine incubator in an improvised incubator room in one of our cellars.

We had our troubles with incubators at first. One time we ran the temperature too high and produced delicate, death-threatened little poults, weak as premature creatures always are. Seven-eighths of that batch passed on with one brief glimpse of an inhospitable world, and we learned about temperatures from them. Gradually we settled down to a fifty-fifty plan—half hen-hatched, half incubator-hatched poults. Both methods took, in their season, incessant care and vigilance; they were a long step from our early free-range, hatch-as-hatch-can ways.

Brooder-raised poults were much tamer than those raised on range. The most important things we had to watch for in the brooders were even, not-too-high temperature and ingeniously rounded corners that prevented the youngsters from huddling. Turkey poults are dangerously enthusiastic about going into a huddle in any likely spot and crushing two or three unfortunates at the bottom of the pile to

(Continued on Page 58)

MODERN INDUSTRY ROLLS ON TIMKENS

CONSTRUCTION...a battle of giants...grinding —grilling—*killing* weak machines.

You would expect Timken Bearings to hold dominion here . . . *and they do.* Check up. At the Road Show you find that 78% of the exhibiting machinery manufacturers use Timkens.

Turn your attention to motor trucks and the Timken-equipped total closely crowds the 100% mark. Why this unanimous and unswerving allegiance? Because Timken is right in principle and has been for 30 years. Timken first introduced the tapered principle of construction, based upon the twin-loads always present, thrust and radial.

Time has but served to emphasize the correctness of Timken design . . . in lathe spindles, in motor cars, in road building machinery, in huge rolling mills, in railroad cars—every mechanical movement in the world finds a Timken Bearing made with utmost precision to fill a particular requirement . . . Every advance Industry makes shows the Timken total grow more overwhelming, while the cost of power, maintenance and lubrication knocks the bottom out of all former low levels . . . The Timken Roller Bearing Company, Canton, Ohio.

© 1930, The Timken Roller Bearing Company

A man wants something to USE★

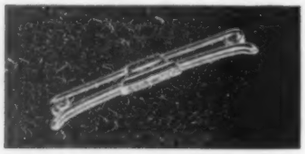
★20 or 30 times a day

—possibly more, because this *new* Carlton Automatic Lighter instills a feeling of pride in its owner. Graceful, fully enclosed, modern in design. "Snap the lever—there's your light." Slim as a fine watch, the *new* Carlton is welcomed by vest-pocket or lady's handbag. $5 and up.

★as he meets the public eye

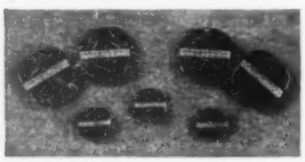
New Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons are genuinely smart, in both senses of the word. Slip them in—snap! They stay accurately in place, adding a noteworthy touch of refinement. When you want them open—*snip!* The snip-snap is guaranteed never to fail. 50c to $25.

★without personal injury



Soft collars tend to flap around like yachting pennants, but shrewd men tame them with Swank. The reference to injury introduces Swank's outstanding feature—*it looks like a pin, but isn't.* Your thumb will be thankful; your collars completely unpunctured. Gold-filled or solid gold. 50c to $5.

★when lights are low



—this set of Swank dress studs and cuff links gleams softly—reflecting distinction. A range of designs permits expression of individuality. All in most excellent taste. $3 to $6. Carlton dress sets, $5 to $20.

★

SWANK

and

Kum-A-Part Products

Jewelry Accessories for men

BAER & WILDE COMPANY, Attleboro, Mass.

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death. Once Michael left his empty coal scuttle standing in the brooder house all night. In the morning we found that eleven poults had chosen it to huddle in, but only the top seven were still alive to prove it.

We never got tired, busy as we might be, of stopping a minute to watch a turkey family advancing toward us across the pasture, mother hen surrounded by a dozen eager, serious little poults spread fan-wise about her, each marching with clocklike steps: Step, step, step—pick! Step, step, step—pick!

Bronze turkeys still lead the breeds in numbers raised. Some breeders, I know, believe that there is a great difference—that the bronze, for instance, is hardiest and biggest, the white Holland a better layer, the Bourbon red most domestic and easiest to handle. But that is mostly a matter of opinion.

I watched my figures carefully each year to see just what it cost to make a turkey poult mature profitably to proper Thanksgiving-dinner size. It's an item, of course, that varies enormously with locality, purpose and management. My cost averaged thirty cents a pound. I've heard Texas breeders estimate twenty, and a Missourian, with smaller birds and home-grown grain, ten. A Colorado breeder, going into details, reckons cost of poult one dollar; of feed, one dollar and a half; of labor and equipment, fifty cents; for loss, 25 per cent. For the last three years, however, we have been getting as high as fifty cents a pound for our own big, specially fattened and sweetened, properly killed and dressed birds. We've shipped breeding stock all over the United States and Canada, to South America, England, Australia, Africa, at prices ranging from fifteen dollars for pullets all the way up to $250 for one blue-ribbon tom. Eggs from championship matings we have sold for as much as $7.50 apiece. Last year we raised, in all, 1691 birds, for a profit of more than $4000.

A Taste for Diamonds

My flocks are great fun—tame and friendly, running to my private-code call, answering my whistle. I know them apart—believe it or not—by their faces, and know which ones will fly immediately to my shoulder when I enter the pen, and which will hang shyly back to wait for an invitation. When visitors come to the pens, buttons are nipped off, shoe laces untied, silk stockings ruined. One year a motion-picture company came to take a "gobblie" of my flocks for the news reel. The birds strutted and showed off like peacocks, but after the work was done a girl who came with the camera-man was horrified to discover that a valuable stone had disappeared from her ring. Nobody, of course, knew which one of about 1300 turkeys had swallowed it, but we made little tags reading "Lost: Diamond," and so on, that went out with every bird we marketed that fall. We hadn't much hope of the scheme, but to our surprise the little stone came back from a second assistant hotel chef in St. Louis!

Along with the recent increase in turkey raising, there has been a widespread and earnest effort to reestablish the original wild turkey in some of his native haunts. After allowing the great birds to be hunted to the very threshold of extinction, conservationists at last stepped in with plans of protection and artificial propagation.

Pennsylvania has had outstanding success with restocking; nearly 2000 wild turkeys have been released in roomy fields, to be fed during the winter. Now, with turkey whistles outlawed these twenty years, and open season only in November, Pennsylvania estimates that an annual take of 4000 birds is not hoping for too much. Maryland and Virginia, Wisconsin, Oregon and Minnesota have experimented with restocking. Florida has established refuges in pine woods and palm hummocks, and reports her turkeys enjoying, for the first time in twenty years, a slight increase. New Mexico, Tennessee and Louisiana are in need of drastic protective measures against wildcats, freshets and lawless hunters, if their birds are to be saved. It is too soon to judge most of the experiments; certainly the simon-pure wild North American turkey of the nervous, racy body and dark-chocolate-tipped tail is practically gone, and even his descendant hybrids, since run wild, are in imminent danger of belonging, like the buffalo and the passenger pigeon, to the ages.

Riding Range on Turkeys

Of his semidomestic, less gamey, more tractable descendants, there are now thousands of flocks, ranging in size from little troops of four or five breeding hens to great flocks of 10,000 or 15,000. They are raised by varying methods that run the gamut from complete confinement to almost free range. In Maryland one successful woman breeder owns an outstanding flock, whose 100-odd breeding hens and their offspring she values at $30,000, and raises entirely by incubator in grassy pens. In California is a flock of 20,000, shepherded on their wide range by trained dogs, and riders on saddle horses. New England's biggest flock—5000 birds—which ranges free on a 100-acre island in Massachusetts, belongs to a man who, twenty years ago, was selling groceries in Brooklyn, New York. A breeder of white Hollands, in New York state, who sends 2000 birds a year to market, raises his poults on wire screens. Probably the most expensive turkey ever sold was a prize Narragansett tom, sold in Minnesota last year for $750.

PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Near Rutland, Vermont

New England—where Thanksgiving Day traditions are still strongest—eats the most turkey, and in that section turkey raisers receive as high as sixty, seventy, or even eighty cents a pound for fancy, dressed birds. At the other end of the price ladder are the twelve to fifteen cents a pound common birds of the Southwest, sold on the foot to slaughterhouse packers. The New York market prefers plump toms of from twelve to sixteen pounds; Chicago uses still bigger birds.

During the past three years another development has helped to make turkey raising a profitable industry. This is the turkey-pool plan, operating by district, county or state. Breeders agree upon a pool date—usually two weeks before Thanksgiving—list the birds they'll have, and let the association send the story to farm magazines and newspapers. On pool day bidders arrive for the auction and contracts are signed. There are now sixty such groups all over the West and Northwest, able to get six or seven cents more a pound than individual farmers. In Minnesota, North and South Dakota, and Montana farmers pool to ship dressed turkeys to Chicago receivers, who repack and sell locally or ship East. Colorado has a coöperative turkey raisers' association of 700 members, with 4000 breeding hens under contract. New Englanders every year eat thousands of turkeys sent them by an Oklahoma pool, and the turkey growers of Texas are said to have received $10,000,000 for their turkeys in 1928.

Transequatorial Competition

Still another development the turkey business has lately seen is the entrance therein of our lusty competitor on the south—Argentina. Due to the initiative of American export firms and packing houses, turkeys began to be attempted, not long ago, all over the pampas; soon case after case of twelve-pound frozen Argentine turkeys were leaving Buenos Aires for their eighteen-day journey on mail steamers to the United States. In 1927 more than 2,000,000 pounds came up; in 1928, 2,500,000. Last year we imported 3,700,000 pounds of Argentine turkey, valued at $1,205,000. And the latest turkey-selling improvement of all is quick freezing. The meat is frozen instantly; no tiny crystals of ice sneak between tissues to influence the true taste of the flesh. Furthermore, quick-frozen meat can be packaged and sent far and wide, and turkeys can be retailed by sections. The modern one-room-and-kitchenette family, as it gathers around the Thanksgiving table today, no longer looks like a roll call on Judgment Day; any bird much more than ten pounds is too big for the average group. Nobody expects a housewife to buy a whole twenty-six-pound spring lamb; why not sell her half a turkey, or even less?

In all parts of the country you can still find today, as you could have found a dozen years ago, plenty of discouraged poultrymen willing to assure you: "There's no money in turkeys. Too delicate. Too big a gamble." But I, for one, am glad I didn't take the warning too seriously, and so became—if you wish—one of the lucky ones whose turkeys helped lift the old family mortgage.

SEE WHAT YOU BUY
BUY IN GLASS

GLASSED FOODS WILL MAKE THANKSGIVING EVEN BETTER

WIFE AND MOTHER! Is your fond family demanding "turkey and all the trimmings" for next Thursday? And, in spite of your good intentions to make them both full and thankful on that day, are those "trimmings" looming up a pretty trying task? You can win half this battle of the Thanksgiving menu right at the start, by buying most of your trimmings packed in glass, ready to serve with a minimum of trouble. Then, whatever other worries you may have on that busy day, you'll never have to give a second thought to "quality" . . . the real making or breaking point for most good things to eat. For foods that are packed in glass *must* be the best. The packer challenges your inspection *before* you buy, and he knows that there's no more exacting buyer than the woman who takes pride in her table. How simple it will be to empty from glistening glass jars the cranberries, the mayonnaise, the relish, some fruits glacé and the plum pudding, virtually ready to serve, with all their *original* luscious flavors preserved intact . . . prepared to win for you the plaudits of your most skeptical "in-laws." . . . Glass Container Association of America, 19 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

"The tab makes my milk bottle easy to open"

Send for free samples and see for yourself

JUST lift the tab and the cap lifts right out! That's how simple it is when the cap is a Sealright Liftright. The little patented groove at the tip of the tab makes it easy to whisk off the cap in a jiffy. No hunting for an opener. No splashing the rich top cream. Liftrights keep the goodness in and fingers out. You can use them over and over until the bottle is empty.

Sealright Liftright Caps are used by progressive dairies everywhere. If your dairy does not use them, send us the coupon below, giving the dairy's name and address, and we'll be glad to send you free samples for home use on your bottled milk.

SEALRIGHT Liftright MILK BOTTLE CAPS

FOR FREE SAMPLES

Sealright Co., Inc., Dept. SP-11, Fulton, N. Y.
Please send me free samples of Sealright Liftright Milk Bottle Caps.

Name .....
Address .....
Name of Dairy .....
Address .....

In Canada—Canadian Sealright Co., Ltd. Peterborough, Ontario.

MAIL THIS TODAY

THE SILVER JUPITER

(Continued from Page 17)

"At your convenience. I presume you do not carry about such sums as twenty-five thousand dollars, and will have to visit your bankers."

"Naturally."

"Then shall we say tomorrow morning? I will present myself at ten o'clock and drive you to the signor's house. But we must exercise caution. One hint of this to the authorities and the silver Jupiter never would leave Italy."

"I understand. I will consider. Call at ten tomorrow and I will be ready to accompany you, or I will decline the proposition."

"Very good, sir. I bid you all good morning."

They watched him as he minced across the garden and disappeared.

"Sounds fishy," said Caroline.

"These dickers always have a fishy angle," said Mr. Luce, frowning. "But that Jupiter would make them all open their eyes, eh?"

"One of twelve figures," said the professor, "to be used on the table of the French king as candlesticks. Six gods and six goddesses."

"Who was this Caterina?" asked Caroline.

"A common young person of Paris whose physique was such that Cellini used her as a model for Grecian goddesses."

"I wonder," she asked, "what her descendant is like?"

"An interesting speculation," said Erasmus Orson, "involving theories of heredity."

"Theories of fiddlesticks," said Caroline, wrinkling her nose. "I am going shopping, but not alone. There are few things I like to do alone. Therefore, Mr. Fox, you are elected. We will make merry among the doodads."

"Caroline!" exclaimed Mrs. Luce.

"What," asked the professor, "are doodads?"

"An essential part of your education," said Caroline. "Doodads involve fancy lipsticks and cunning compacts; they include silk articles invisible to the public eye; they embrace jewels and ice cream and shoe buckles and cough drops. Do you wear a hat or are the wild locks to wave in the breezes of Tuscany?"

"I am not accustomed," said Erasmus severely, "to appearing upon public thoroughfares hatless."

"In that case," said Caroline briskly, "you go without a hat. An entering wedge! Custom No. 1 gets banged to the bow-wows."

"Caroline!" said Mrs. Luce faintly.

"March," said the young woman, and the professor marched to the gate, hatless, and entered the car with a docility which rather surprised Caroline, but of which he himself was unconscious.

As they drove toward the town she chattered, and Erasmus followed her devious meanings as best he could. He did not know he was enjoying himself immensely, nor did he realize himself to be the victim of a deliberate campaign. He sat back with a feeling of complete contentment and watched her and listened.

"Dad," she said, "is a grand woggle, but he's a woggle just the same. Look at the way he fell for Oily Jim. Twenty-five thousand in his pocket and a silver god he's never seen! How he ever got rich I can't understand. Somebody should have taken his hide forty years ago."

"Ah," said Erasmus Orson.

"Ah what?" asked Caroline.

"I merely observed—ah," said the professor.

"Profound," retorted Caroline, "and witty. I must remember that crack. Ah! I think it must be the inflection."

"Ah," said Erasmus.

"I didn't ask for an encore. By the way, what are your ideas of marriage?"

"I must confess," he said gravely, "that I have few, if any. Marriage—ah!"

"That's three ahs. One more and you walk. You are going to marry some day, aren't you?"

He considered that point with some attention, and replied to it with a question. "Why? Why should I concern myself with marriage?"

"Because," she said, "you will inevitably go dotty about some fluff. You're the type. At a distance you look like a husband. From quite a ways away you look thus and so, and a woman who is a complete dumb-bell would fall for you on your looks. But looks, young man, are no good unless you use them. Like a dollar buried in the garden. No, you'll marry some frightful little brainless fluff."

"If," said Erasmus, "I marry, the woman must be my intellectual equal."

"With horn-rimmed glasses and cotton stockings," said Caroline. "Really, you're the most completely uneducated man I ever met, and you interest me." She paused and then said grimly: "Make love to me. Show samples. This is an entrance examination."

"But—er—I do not wish to make love to you. I have never engaged in such practices. They are foreign to my nature. I should be filled with embarrassment. Indeed, I would be at a loss how to initiate."

Caroline shook her head. "Too soon," she said. "I mustn't expect too much of you while you're in the primary grades. Besides, making love is spontaneous. It comes out on you like prickly heat, and when it comes it's either grand or wet as a wash rag. I'll bet this silver Jupiter thing is a gyp."

Her sudden veerings of conversation bewildered him, but he wrenched his mind into this new path. "You imply that dishonesty is involved?"

"Well, dad's asking for it, isn't he?"

"I have never overheard him do so," said Erasmus Orson.

"Anyhow, he isn't going alone," Caroline said firmly. "I'm in the party, and so are you. You might come in handy."

"In what manner?"

"Oh," she said airily, "you would overawe the ruffians, or if they started anything you could knock them out from under their hats."

"Knock! I! I assure you, Miss Luce, I should do no such thing. I have never engaged in physical altercation."

"Didn't you ever get mad?"

"I have been angry."

"But you didn't double up the old fist and throw it?"

"I am not," he said coldly, "a pugilist."

"Neither was Sir Galahad, but he knocked over a few just the same, and liked it."

"I shouldn't," said the professor firmly.

They shopped furiously and lunched pleasantly and were driven home, where Miss Luce announced to Erasmus that she had had all she could stand of him for a few hours and was going to take a nap with a swell story about a handsome Arab. Whereupon she disappeared and Erasmus engaged himself with an ancient and tattered book which he had picked up in a palace full of antiques operated by the brothers Volterra. It was a churchly volume, a missal or psalter, its aged pages crowded with the script of some long-dead learned monk. There were prayers, acathisti, psalms with enormous, dangling notes for the vocalization, all wrought painstakingly by that reverend hand and old when Lorenzo the Magnificent patronized the arts of Florence.

The brilliant sunlight fell upon the parchment and he touched it with fingers accustomed to such fabric. His brow wrinkled. Here was not such parchment as one would find even in the earliest days of the Renaissance. It was a wonderful parchment, thin, fine. He had seen its like before and recognized it as that rarer, older surface made from the skin of a stillborn Hibernian lamb centuries, perhaps, before the new learning commenced to cast its vague light upon the Dark Ages.

He was excited. Hastily he procured pumice and a sponge and deftly, meticulously, essayed to erase some lines of the churchly script. Gently, with infinite care, he rubbed, then smoothed with the cold blade of a knife, careful not to destroy or abrade the surface of the page. And then when the letters of the Latin psalm were rubbed away, he held the opened page between his eyes and the sun. There, underneath the monkish letters, were ghosts of other script—faint, not letters at all, but imprints where letters had been. His breath came more quickly. He had heard of this before, indeed had seen the thing!

Some ancient, pious monk possessed of a pagan volume performed a double duty of piety. First he had destroyed that which was written by the heathen hand, by the Antichrist; and second, he had made use of the precious parchment for the service of the Christian religion! He had erased the older script, made fair the page to receive the prayers and psalms and tunes of his profession.

But what lay underneath? Those ghostly letters were not Latin; they were Greek. But what, written by whose hand? A fragment, or a whole? What treasure of lost wisdom, written in the tongue of Aristotle, lay here concealed?

Again Erasmus Orson labored, not hastily, not rashly, for here was a task requiring patience and delicacy. Letter by letter, word by word vanished under his pumice and his sponge until three full lines lay exposed—wraiths of lines, spirits of letters, but legible to the sharp eye, legible to the glass. He held the page to the sun and read:

I, Sappho, hand in hand with Larichus,
my father's son,
Made cupbearer this day in Mytilene's
prytaneum,
Uplift my voice in ——

That was all, two lines and a fragment made visible, but it was enough. The hand of Erasmus Orson shook. If there were no more—if these few lines were all—yet the book was precious beyond purchase. Two lines from the lyre of Sappho of Lesbos, called the poetess as Homer was called the poet, ranked with him, deemed his equal in

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Ingram's Prize Contest is open to everybody! 328 Cash Awards!

"I've got my money on the tube," says J. M. Allen, Sales Promotion Manager.

"Regardless of what fellows around the South Pole may tell you, the tube is the real favorite. Northern men like their cool shaves, but they like them in a tube. Take this tip from me—back the tube and you back the winner."

"The Antipodes backs the jar," says D. B. Oxenham, Australian Branch Manager.

"Habit's the big thing. We know that down here. A million men have taken their cool shaves from the famous blue jar. They won't change overnight—they never do. Let the men up north back the tube. The jars will have it. You can count on that."

The Hot Fight about Cool Shaves

$5,000 in Cash Prizes

THE most hotly disputed contest in the country is about the *coolest* shaves any man has ever had!

It's started discussions from California to Maine—wherever men are using a razor. And the officers of the company can't agree on which will go over the better!

Yet this contest is simply a test of business judgment. No tricks. No catch phrases. No red tape of any kind. Here's the proposition:

Shortly before January 1st, Ingram's was introduced in a new tube. It's exactly the same *cool* shaving cream that first was brought out, five years ago, in the famous blue jar! And the price of the new tube is the same.

Of course, Ingram's was put on sale in the new tube because we know many men prefer a tube. But remember—this is important—that a million shaving men stand back of the little blue jar.

Here are Ingram's sales for the last four years:

1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929	1,992,998 Jars

Don't forget that this remarkable sales record was built with the jar. But remember that most men are accustomed to tubes.

Which will sell better? The new tube? The old jar? We don't know! But to those who submit the best opinions, we offer $5,000.00 in cash!

Consider the relative merits of the tube and the jar. Then write, *in 75 words or less*, how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have on the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give $5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	$1,000.00
Second prize	$500.00
Third prize	$250.00
Next 325 prizes	each $10.00

Have you ever tried Ingram's? Its three special cooling and soothing ingredients tighten and tone the skin *while you shave*. You can get either tube or jar from your druggist. Or send in the coupon for a 10-day supply free. But—whether you use Ingram's or not—enter the contest! Do it today!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.

2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.

3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest, but none must exceed 75 words in length. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.

4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.

5. Address contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 233, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

Clip Coupon for 10 COOL SHAVES

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 233, General Post Office
New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.)

THE BEST OF MILK FOR TEN CENTS A QUART

Where Every

THE few cents saved on the things you buy every day run into money before the year is done. Suppose you save 30 to 50 per cent on the present cost of your daily milk purchase. A worth-while saving in a year's time, isn't it?

Here's how it can be done. The tall can of Pet Milk, equal to more than a quart of ordinary milk, can be bought generally for ten cents—never more than eleven. Rich enough to use in place of cream, it costs only about one-third as much as cream. What would that save you in the course of a year on your milk and cream bill?

But on festive fall dinners you don't want to think of saving money? Of course not, if it makes the dinners less festive! Suppose it made them better?

Pet Milk will give to all your dinners—to every meal of the day—on festive occasions and through all the year, dishes that are better in texture and taste—food that's richer in the substances that build and maintain sturdy bodies and vigorous health.

"More Milk in the Diet"

That's the universally approved prescription, by every authority, for better health for everybody. Because Pet Milk is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk, it enables you to use more milk. Most people don't like to *drink* milk. With Pet Milk you can let your family *eat* their milk—and they'll like it. In the cream soup, where you can use Pet Milk undiluted, through to the dessert, where you use it undiluted *in place of cream*, you can make each course of the meal contain more milk.

Where You'd Use Cream

Pet Milk is as rich as cream in food substance—but it's better richness. Cream is rich only in fat. Pet Milk is rich in all the milk-food substances—the substances that build and maintain bone and tissue—the substances that make milk—*not* cream—the most nearly perfect of all food. You'll put more milk in the food—have the best of texture and taste—and save about two-thirds of your cream bill.

What Is It?

Pet Milk is pure milk, concentrated by removing part of the water, homogenized so that the cream stays in the milk, and sterilized in sealed cans. It comes to you as fresh and sweet as when it left the farms in the best dairying sections of America. It is always pure, always rich and always *safe* milk.

Cent Counts

JUST once try creaming your spinach with Pet Milk. You use it undiluted—just as it comes from the can, and you'll be doing two very useful things—putting more milk in your family's food, and giving them such delicious creamed spinach as they've never had before. They'll *like* spinach prepared that way. And do try this recipe for Pineapple Sweet Potatoes. You will notice that although neither cream nor butter is required, they'll have a rich cream and butter flavor. It is the result of using Pet Milk undiluted.

PINEAPPLE SWEET POTATOES

- 5 medium-sized sweet potatoes or 2 cups canned sweet potatoes
- ½ teaspoon cream of tartar
- ½ cup brown sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup Pet Milk
- 6 slices canned pineapple
- 6 marshmallows

Boil sweet potatoes until tender. Peel; mash fine. Add remaining ingredients; beat well. Pile on pineapple slices, top each with a marshmallow; bake in hot oven (450° F.) until slightly browned. Serves 6.

Or where you'd use cream—in Banana Charlotte Russe, for example—whip and use Pet Milk. You'll have better food than cream can make—food that's rich in all the milk-food substances—not rich in fat alone. And you'll have as delicate texture—as delicious taste—as you ever found in any food.

BANANA CHARLOTTE RUSSE

- 1 package lemon gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup orange juice
- ½ cup Pet Milk
- 3 bananas, cut in small pieces
- 1 dozen lady fingers or strips of sponge cake

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add orange juice. When slightly thickened, whip until light and fluffy. Fold in milk that has been properly chilled and whipped until stiff. Add bananas just as mixture begins to set. Line individual molds with lady fingers or strips of sponge cake and fill center with mixture. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serves 6.

How to Whip Pet Milk

Place the unopened can of milk in a pan and cover with cold water. Heat to the boiling point. Remove can and chill thoroughly. Whip in a shallow enamel or china bowl 4 to 4½ inches in diameter across the base, with a rotary egg beater. Surround the bowl with an ice and salt mixture—have the whipper and bowl ice-cold.

Specialists Have Discovered

Leading specialists in the care of babies have discovered—and proved by extensive experiments—that Pet Milk is the best of milk for babies. It's easier to digest than ordinary milk. It is as safe as if there were no germ of disease in the universe. And it is always of the same, constant richness in food substance. Good for babies, it is, of course, the best of milk for children to drink.

Let Us Prove It To You

We've published two books. We'll send them to you free of charge—a loose-leaf book that has three hundred recipes for Pet Milk dishes, and our baby book "When Baby Needs Milk from a Bottle." Check the coupon below.

This offer is limited to residents of Continental U. S.

PET MILK COMPANY
1421-K Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

I would like to have your new free ☐ Loose-leaf cookbook ☐ Baby Book "When Baby Needs Milk from a Bottle"

Name _____
(Please print name and address)

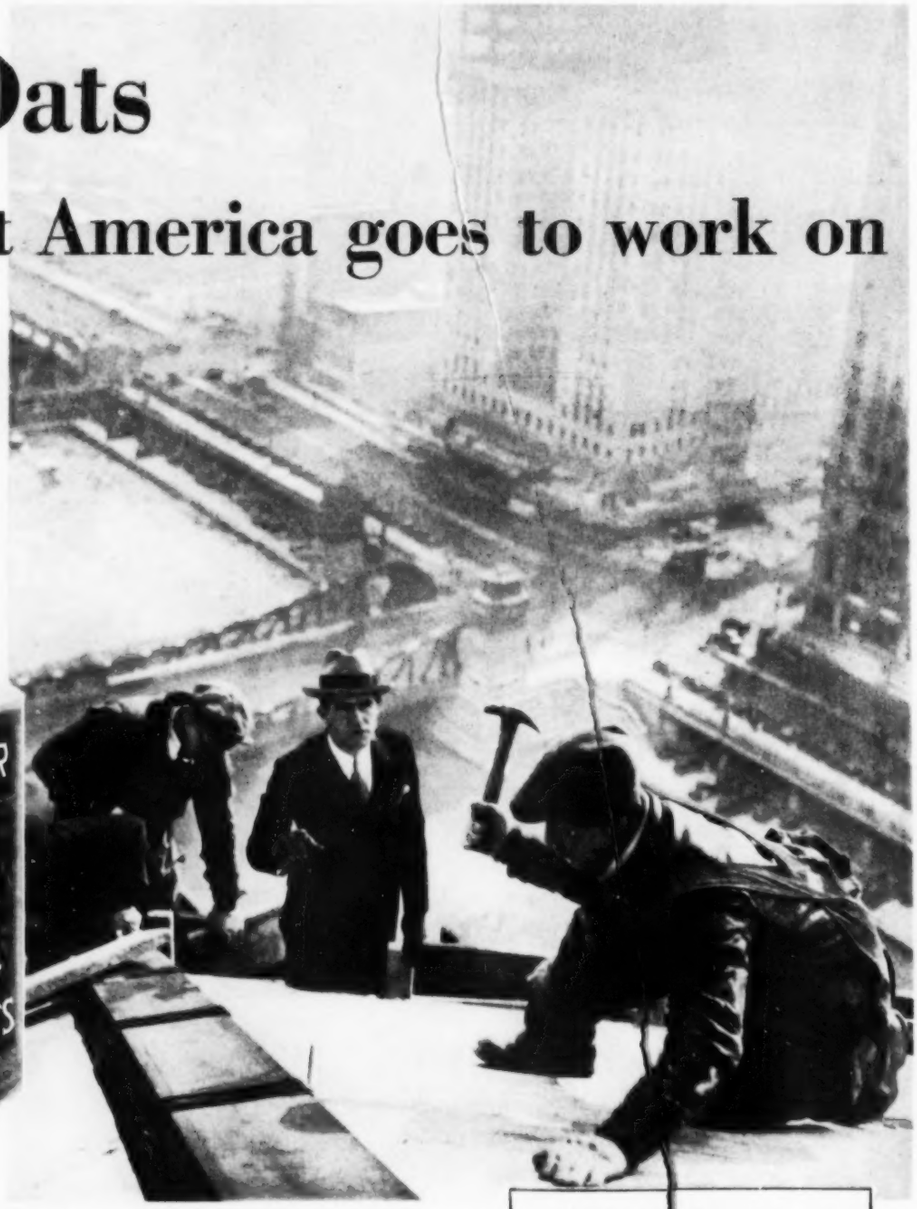
Address _____

City _____ State _____

Quaker Oats

The breakfast America goes to work on

With 70% of the world's work scheduled for the morning, breakfast is your most important meal, say nutritionists. It should provide "energy that lasts."



"Clear heads and steady nerves such as Quaker Oats breakfasts provide for are necessary for skyworkers," says Supt. C. P. Perry as he directs John Vykruta and Viggo Jensen at work on Chicago's newest skyscraper, high above the Chicago river.

MORNING . . . when busy America does two-thirds of the entire day's work! Children in school bent over their hardest studies . . . men in business making their most important decisions . . . women in homes accomplishing more than 70% of the day's housework in the few crowded hours before noon!

No wonder nutritionists warn that breakfast is the most important meal of the day. No wonder America, the most energetic of nations, chooses above all others that greatest of energy breakfasts, Quaker Oats.

Finer flavored than ordinary oats

Quaker Oats are known to have a rich savoriness, a zestful lusciousness that sets them apart from all ordinary rolled oats. That's because Quaker not only "heat seasons" the oats in closed containers for 36 hours, but, in addition, *and this is important,* Quaker roasts these selected whole oats in open ovens to a succulent, flaky tenderness. This roasting pre-cooks Quaker so that it cooks deliciously done in 2½ minutes . . . faster than any other quick oat. It is this special process which gives Quaker that luscious nut-sweet flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Most important of all, Quaker retains every bit of the vital part of the oat, where Nature stores her rich minerals, her health protecting vitamins, her fine proteins. Thus Quaker provides 65% energy food to "go on." It offers twice as much protein as ordinary milled cereals. And protein is the great repair food that is continually being used up by every living cell in the body for the repair of worn-out nerves and muscles. It provides, too, the richest cereal source of minerals to build good blood, firm teeth.

Quaker gives ⅓ more oats

Quaker packages contain one-third more oats than most millers pack. Tomorrow morning, every morning, protect your 4 hardest hours with this energy breakfast. Your grocer has both the Regular and the Quick Quaker Oats. Look for the Quaker name and the Quaker figure on the box. They are your guarantee of finer quality.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Quaker is the supreme fast-cooking oat

1 ***Fastest*** of all quick-cooking oats. Done 2½ minutes after the water boils.

2 ***"Most nutritious"*** of all hot cereals," according to doctors, dieticians and practically every leading book on nutrition.

3 ***Health qualities unsurpassed***— 16% protein for growth — richer minerals for bone building—abundant vitamin B to protect health.

4 ***Richer flavor.*** Quaker's exclusive oven-roasting process gives a savory, zestful flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Here's a delicious treat—*Aunt Jemima's Pancakes!* And *Quaker Egg Noodles* —made with real eggs. Just as Quaker Oats are richer, finer flavored— so all Quaker products are superior. If you do not agree—we will gladly remit the cost of the package. This is your guarantee of superior quality whenever you buy a Quaker product.

QUAKER OATS . . . *two kinds . . . at your grocer's*

(Continued from Page 60)

the Periclean age! Lines from the heart of this fabled woman, of whose works remain but an ode and a fragment or two! Sappho and Larichus—Larichus, her brother who history tells us was cupbearer in the prytaneum of Mytilene, a post reserved for youths of rare beauty and lofty birth! And here, under his hand, appearing beneath the labor of his fingers, was a poem in celebration of his elevation!

One poem of Sappho! And here lay a whole volume! Might not each succeeding page when cleared of monkish script reveal another ode? Might not the world be enriched by an entire volume of the songs of this divine woman? What other discovery could rank beside this? He grasped the book tightly in his hands, as if he feared covetous fingers might snatch it away.

He carried the precious volume to his room, nor did he appear for dinner, but labored into the night. When he slept his pillow protected the book, and when, in the morning, he descended to breakfast, it rested in his coat pocket.

The Luce family sat at table when Erasmus Orson entered the dining room, and Caroline fixed him with accusing eye.

"Why the sulking in the tent, Achilles?" she demanded.

"I was engaged," he said, "upon a matter of importance."

"Mr. Fox," retorted Caroline, "when I am in the offing there is no other matter of importance. That is the golden text for today. Now repeat it clearly so the other scholars can hear."

"I—er—I must confess I quite forgot your existence," said Erasmus with rare tact.

"And that," said Mr. Luce with a broad grin, "is worth traveling to Europe to hear. Daughter, dear, nibble on that when vanity attacks you next."

"He can't help it, dad. Wait till I'm through with him, and he won't be able to forget me in the middle of an earthquake crossed with a hurricane. It's a promise."

"Caroline!" said Mrs. Luce.

"I suppose," said the young woman to her father, "you are simply stuffed with *lire*. You look bulgy. How many million *lire* is twenty-five thousand dollars?"

"About forty pounds Fahrenheit," said Mr. Luce.

"Then you're going off on this expedition?"

"You bet."

She sighed. "If you keep on teasing for it, you're going to get it," she said. "Well, I like excitement. The professor and I are going along."

"You're not asked," said Mr. Luce.

"Nevertheless the lady will sing God Save the King," said Caroline. "Won't she, Mr. Fox?"

"I shall be occupied," said the young man.

"You didn't listen carefully. I said we were going along. Try to fix your attention. Concentrate. Now, having done so, what are you going to do this morning?"

Erasmus Orson swallowed and looked about him a trifle wildly.

"Go to the blackboard and write the answer plainly," said Caroline.

"I—er—if you wish, I fancy I can manage to accompany you," said Erasmus.

"Armed to the teeth," said Caroline, "and ready for come what may."

Consequently, when Mr. Potter, complete with spats and stick, arrived at ten o'clock he found three passengers awaiting him instead of one, and was patently disgruntled.

"I should prefer you to go alone, sir," he said. "Signor Beltraffio is, as I said, eccentric."

"I dote on eccentricity," said Caroline. "It's a family party or none."

Mr. Potter shrugged his little shoulders and waved them into the car, which headed toward Fiesole at the normal pace of an Italian chauffeur, which would drive to frenzy a New York taxi driver. They crossed the valley and ascended the eminence to the little town, a ride of delight through peaceful farm lands, between garden walls and Tuscan peace and serenity. As they approached the town Erasmus quickened to interest.

"It was here," he said, "that Pico della Mirandola worked upon his learned exposition of Genesis. An ancient Etruscan town rich in relics of that vanished race."

"Well," Caroline said practically, "Pico isn't here now, so we can't take tea with him. Where's your silver Jupiter?"

"The signor," said Mr. Potter, "lives just beyond the town."

Presently the car turned in through a gateway in a high garden wall and came to a stop in the courtyard of a structure not in the best of repair.

"Of course," said Mr. Potter, "you brought the money as I suggested."

"I did," said Mr. Luce.

"Excellent. We are expected. Follow me."

They entered a shadowy hallway, dusty and reëchoing to their footsteps; this they traversed until Mr. Potter stopped before a great, carved door, which he pushed open with an effort.

"If you will make yourselves quite at home in here," he said, "I will fetch Signor Beltraffio."

They stepped within and Caroline sniffed. "Make yourself at home!" she exclaimed.

The exclamation was apt, for the room, large, lofty, gloomy, might be said to be unfurnished.

"I suppose we curl up on the floor and be cozy," she said, turning to Mr. Potter; but Mr. Potter was not there and the door was closed. Caroline made a little grimace, lifted her brows and bobbed her head to her father. "You've got an answer to your maiden's prayer," she said coolly.

"Eh? What? Where's Potter?"

"I suggest you try the door," said Caroline.

"Locked," said Mr. Luce, his face setting and his chin jutting grimly. "What does this mean?"

"Nothing much," said Caroline, "only that you've stepped into a fast one."

"Is—er—do I understand the door to be locked?" asked Erasmus Orson. "How extremely odd."

"But," snorted Mr. Luce, "this is absurd. What does the man mean by it?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars and no one-hundredths," said Caroline.

"Is it," asked Erasmus, "your meaning that we have been entrapped for the purpose of robbery?"

"If you don't like that guess," said Caroline, "make one yourself."

"But it's absurd. It's so bald-faced. The door probably is only stuck."

"It's stuck with an iron bolt," said Caroline crisply. "And now what?"

"Do not be alarmed," said Erasmus.

"Do I look alarmed?" she countered. "Besides, you're here to protect me, Sir Lancelot."

Erasmus blinked and concentrated upon the matter. "At the worst," he said presently, "robbery is the motive. I understand Mr. Luce carries a considerable sum of money. That, undoubtedly, is the objective, so we need give ourselves little concern."

"Eh? Little concern. What in tunket are you talking about?"

"Why," said Erasmus, "you have only to give them the money and they will permit us to go. The situation presents no difficulties whatever."

"It presents twenty-five thousand bucks' worth of difficulties," growled Mr. Luce.

That phase of the matter seemed not to interest the professor. "I am informed," he said, "that you are a multimillionaire. In which case so comparatively small a sum is of slight moment."

"And you," said Caroline crisply, "are what I've been trying to hatch out! Well, everybody makes mistakes."

"I beg your pardon?" said Erasmus.

"What makes him stand up straight, dad? It isn't a backbone."

"Hush your noise," said Mr. Luce. "I'm not going to take this lying down."

"Don't worry, dad. The professor will come to the rescue."

Erasmus frowned. "My conduct," he said, "or my mental attitude toward this—er—emergency seems to be displeasing to you."

"You're a rabbit," she said bitterly, "with university degrees for ears."

"You are impertinent," said Erasmus in his best classroom voice.

"Oh, go stand in a corner," said Caroline. "Let's look-see, dad. Your dressy friend will be coming back in a minute, and we should have something to offer."

Erasmus Orson, offended, withdrew to the other end of the room, where a somewhat grimy light filtered through a window far above his head. He took the precious book from his pocket and pored over those ghostly lines which his diligence had recovered, and, presently, his surroundings were forgotten, the passage of time went unnoticed.

It may have been half an hour before the huge door opened gratingly and Mr. Potter stood upon the threshold, not alone but accompanied by two friends of unprepossessing aspect. They were in assorted sizes—one small, pinched of face, with glittering eyes and tense, jerky, nervous movements; the other almost as tall as Erasmus himself, with a heavy, scowling face and unkempt hair. Caroline clasped her father's arm. Erasmus, disturbed, put his finger in the book and walked toward father and daughter.

"What does this mean?" demanded Mr. Luce.

Mr. Potter smiled ingratiatingly. "Just a business expedient," he said.

"You don't think you can get away with this sort of thing!"

"We have so far," said Mr. Potter. "And now if you will be so good as to hand me the currency that bulges your pocket, we will call it a day."

"Come and get it," Mr. Luce said belligerently.

Mr. Potter shook his head chidingly. "Gently, gently," he said. "We'll come and get it if we have to. But why get mussy? Hand it over and we will run along and play. No inconvenience to you but a few hours shut in an interesting room. But I really wouldn't start anything. The boys here, Mr. Luce, are the real thing. The weather in New York got too stormy for them, so they came over here for a rest. But they're real. And Pat the Rabbit here is jumpy. He loses his temper. Snow, of course. It releases one from inhibitions, but makes one uncertain of action. He

(Continued on Page 68)

ARE YOU ONE OF THE 1,403,211 MEN ?

Who sent flowers by wire last year under the BONDED *protection of F. T. D. Florists*

? EVERY seven seconds of every business day, somebody sends flowers by wire, the guaranteed F. T. D. "MERCURY" way . . . totaling nearly a million and a half orders a year.

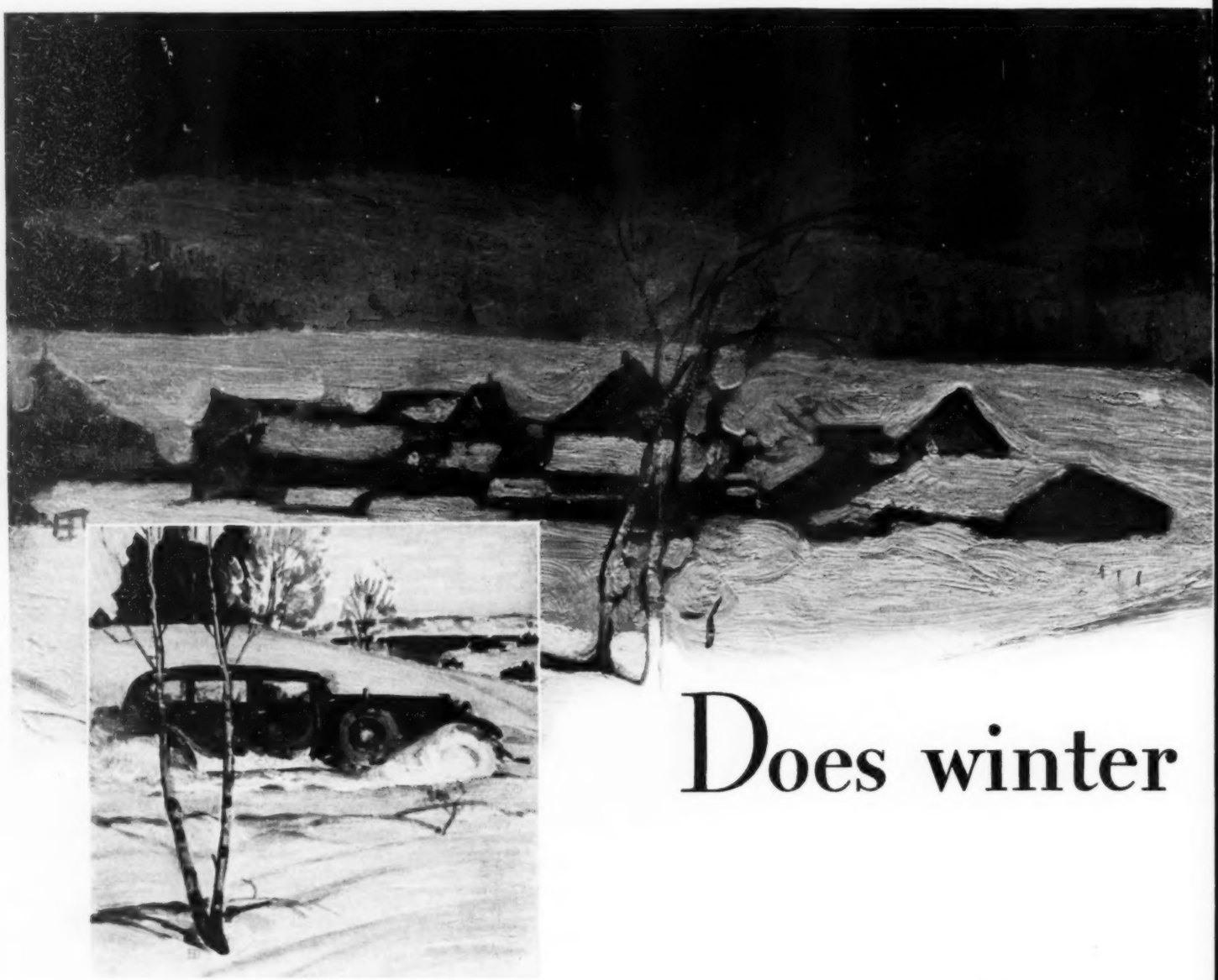
When you wish flowers delivered in another town, you can be certain that they will be delivered promptly and satisfactorily when you make sure that you place the order with a florist displaying the familiar F. T. D. "MERCURY" emblem.

Say it with FLOWERS *for Thanksgiving*

Though you may be far from loved ones at Thanksgiving, send a fragrant bouquet or plant . . . wherever you are you'll find a bonded F. T. D. Florist nearby to serve you.

For Distant Flower Deliveries

THE F. T. D. "MERCURY" WAY IS GUARANTEED



Does winter

You can make this winter test

Take a bottle of the new Texaco Golden Motor Oil and let it stand in a snow bank some cold night. In the morning invert the bottle and see how freely Texaco flows at this low temperature. It is the same in your engine. The new Texaco flows at zero. Try other oils the same way.

THE NEW TEXACO

© 1930 The Texas Company

strike terror in the engine of your car?

NOT if the bearings feel the quick flow of oily smoothness at the first stroke of cold pistons. Not if the oil jumps instantly to its protective task on cylinder walls and rings. Not if the oil you're using is the clean, golden, new Texaco Motor Oil!

Many other motor oils are thickened hard as grease by cold. They cannot flow through the channels of lubrication, or reach the cylinder walls, until too late. Then engine wear occurs. It actually takes years out of a car—actually shortens the smooth, quiet-running life of any engine.

Try the snow bank test with Texaco—free from all cold-sensitive impurities. Texaco flows! Its longer-lasting, crack-proof body is as immune to cold as it is to heat.

Don't wait for the extremes of weather you know are "just around the corner." Drain now and refill with the correct winter grade of the new Texaco Motor Oil. It's just as essential for your engine as anti-freeze solution for your radiator. Drive in at the Texaco Red Star with the Green T.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products, including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial, Railroad, Marine and Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing

MOTOR OIL

"CRACK-PROOF," LONGER-LASTING

believe it or not

YOU CAN'T GET A DRINK from a

No. 29 Smooth $3.50

Drinkless KAYWOODIE

Until you smoke Drinkless* Kaywoodie, you don't know the real pleasure of pipe smoking!

100 Shapes and Styles—Smooth $3.50 Thorn $4. Premier $5. Relief $7.00

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC. 120 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. Est. 1851

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 65)

rather likes to shoot people, if you gather what I mean."

The professor spoke, staring with some interest. "Ah—am I to understand these two are veritable gunmen, of the sort described in the daily papers?"

"And how!" exclaimed Mr. Potter.

"Unpleasant types," said Erasmus impersonally. "Subnormal mentally."

"Close the trap," snarled the white-faced little man described as Pat the Rabbit.

Erasmus regarded him curiously. "Undernourished. Um. A neurotic type. Criminal ears. Quite disgusting."

The lips of Pat the Rabbit twitched; with a curious yet swift crablike motion he darted across the floor and stood crouched and twitching close to Erasmus Orson. With a vicious snap of his left hand he slapped the ancient book from Erasmus Orson's hand so that it sailed through the air and fell sprawling upon the dirty floor.

"You talk too much," he said venomously, "so you get yours."

Caroline uttered a cry which Erasmus Orson did not hear. He was semiconscious of a strange phenomenon. Something was happening to him. The room seemed lighter and of a reddish tinge. Sappho! This regrettable specimen had slapped Sappho from his hands. And then he was no longer semiconscious; no longer himself, indeed, but someone quite strange and different and violent. Quite ignoring the automatic, half drawn from the gunman's pocket, his unaccustomed fist, driven by outraged frenzy, cracked against the jaw of Pat the Rabbit, and Pat ceased to stand upright. Then frenzy became a sort of savage joy. The professor's head cleared, but he did not revert to his own identity. He regarded this as astonishing, but had no time to reason about it. He kicked the automatic from the sprawling gunman's hand, and as he struggled to his knees gave him the other fist under the ear.

"Look out! The gun," screamed Caroline.

The second of the gangsters, recovering from his astonishment, was drawing his weapon. Erasmus Orson grasped the situation with astonishing promptness, and, snatching the light form of Pat the Rabbit from the floor, hurled it into the midst of his larger companion. After that things were rather confused. Dimly he was aware that Mr. Luce had Potter by the throat and was bumping his head against the wall, but he himself was occupied with the not disabled gunman, who, fortunately, at the impact of his companion against his stomach had dropped his weapon. The professor was familiar with no Queensberry rules, which, perhaps, was to his advantage in a rough and tumble; but he was thoroughly berserk.

Caroline stood with clasped hands and white cheeks watching, but there was something in her eyes besides fear—if fear were present at all. She saw a very strong if somewhat clumsy young man, who knew by instinct how to hit. Which is a pleasing and uplifting sight. She saw a young man who in his present mood possessed the much valued killer instinct. For Erasmus Orson waded in with enthusiasm and intention. And, as she said later, he could take it.

Presently she walked over and shook him by the shoulder. "That will be sufficient," she said. "You don't have to pull him apart."

For Erasmus was, apparently, trying to do that very thing. One gangster lay limp on the floor; the second, with bulging eyes and distorted face, was being knelt on by a crazy young man who sought at one and the same time to choke him and to bash his head to pieces against the floor.

Caroline tugged at his hands. "Let him be," she said. "He's out." She turned to eye her father, who was dragging Potter across the floor by the scruff of the neck, face downward with legs dangling comically. Then, in spite of her excitement and the shock of the sudden tumult, she chuckled.

"Gosh," she said, "you folks are thorough." And then, "Get up, professor, you're finished for the day."

Erasmus Orson did not want to desist. "He knocked it on the floor," he snarled. "He knocked Sappho on the floor."

"Well, you've knocked him on the floor plenty. That makes it even."

Erasmus got to his feet and stood quivering; he blinked, he swallowed; he surveyed the scene of carnage.

"Did—er—did I do that?" he asked.

"Practically all of it," she said.

He waggled his head in bewilderment. "I—it is incomprehensible. I—would you believe me?—I enjoyed it. Positively."

"And I," said Caroline, "called you a rabbit. Wrong term!"

"I—er—I apologize. I am not accustomed to forget myself. I assure you, Miss Luce, such a thing never happened before. I am humiliated."

"Then," she said tersely, "Wellington ought to blush with shame over Waterloo. Wasn't he a wow, dad! Didn't I tell you! All he needs is educating."

Mr. Luce grinned. "He's half a man now, anyhow. He's socked his man."

"When does he get to be the other half?"

"When he's kissed his girl."

Caroline regarded the embarrassed warrior. "You never can tell," she said. "He may get up gumption for that too. I'll guarantee him the opportunity."

"We'd better get out of this," said Mr. Luce. "Collect the arsenal. We'll swipe their car. I guess the door that held us in will keep them for a spell."

"But really," said Erasmus, "I am astounded. I am aghast. I had no idea I harbored such regrettable potentialities."

"You drive, dad," said Caroline. "I wish to proceed with this young man's education while he's in a plastic state. You've passed the course in swatting. With honors. Now we'll take up some of the gentler subjects."

"I am all," said Erasmus Orson, "of a quiver."

"Before I'm done with you," said Caroline with determination, "you'll quiver like an expert."

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of stories by Mr. Kelland. The next will appear December sixth.

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 24)

run in. Purchase of this stock at its present prices should yield handsome returns, always provided that the recent selling of this stock was not due to the shorts, but represented genuine liquidation resulting from knowledge that the company's recent expansion program had materially weakened its cash position, making new financing a necessity.

Summarizing, we would say that investors who buy on the dips and sell on the bulges stand an excellent chance of cashing in.

—Herbert Byer.

DRAWN BY KEMP STARRETT

"Do You Carry Pianos?"

Culinary Note

LADIES sat all summer
Beneath the smiling skies
And spoke of stews, of meat ragouts,
Of puddings, pastries, pies,
Recipes exchanging
For cakes and cookies brown
That none of them, not one of them,
Will ever use in town!
—*A. L. L.*

Nature Note

THE Mink is seen to gloat
And his smile is comprehensive,
Because his furry coat
Is so frightfully expensive.
—*A. Guiterman.*

THE *New* NASH

Appearance and comfort are notably advanced
Performance is smoother, more thrilling than ever

Lowest Priced *Six* in All Nash History $795
(*The 6-63 Sedan*)

World's Lowest Priced *Eight* 4-Door Sedan $955
(*The 8-77 Sedan*)

Only Twin-Ignition *Eight* at Its Price $1295
(*The 8-80 Sedan*)

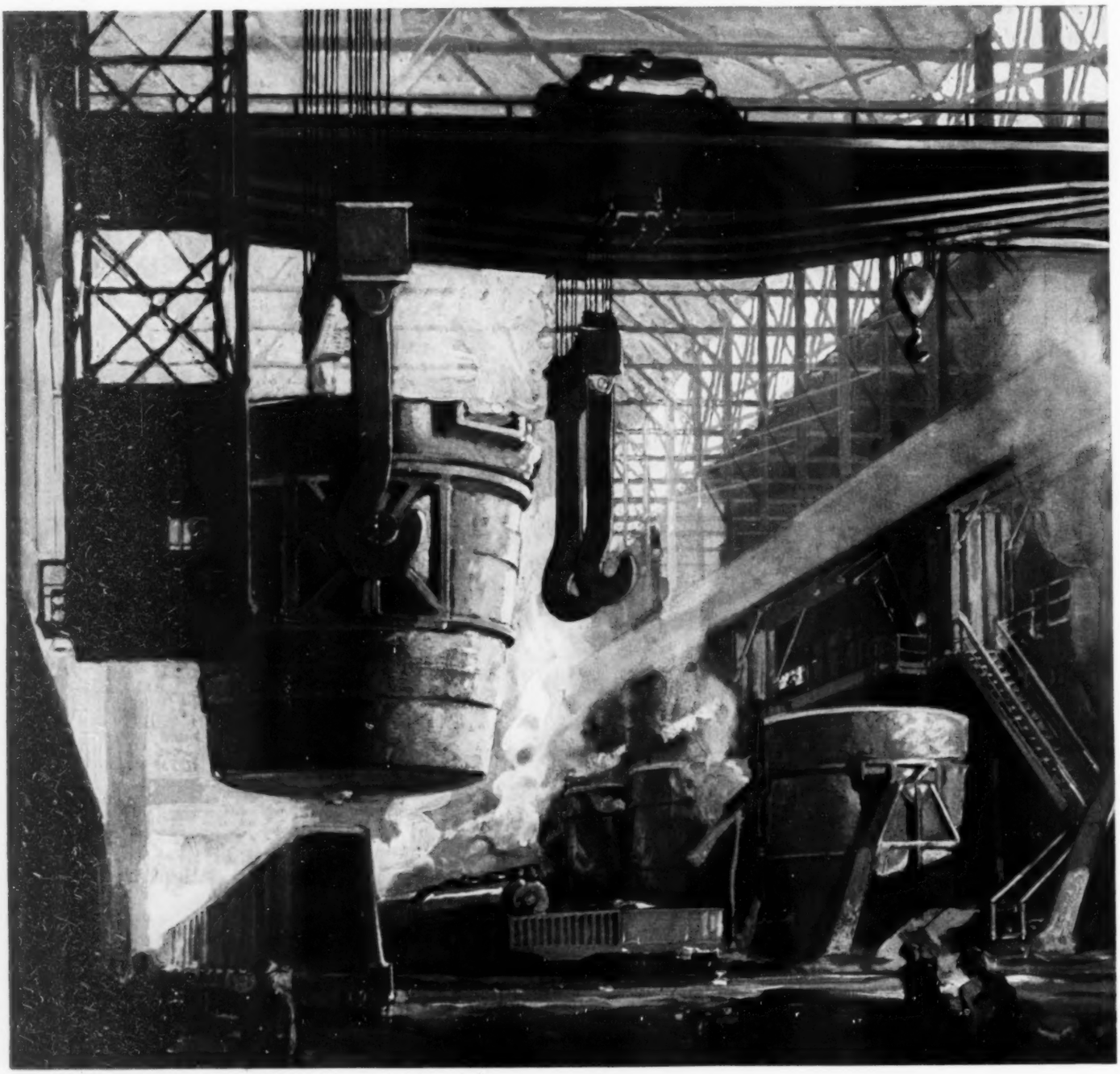
Finest *Eight* Motoring Money Can Buy $1565
(*The 8-90 Sedan*)

Never in the history of the motor car business has quality been priced so low as in the four new Nash series. These new models are finer, most of them are larger, and all are greatly advanced in comfort, luxury, power and performance. Yet, prices are as much as $360 less.

A NEW DEAL FOR TODAY'S DOLLAR

Prices quoted f. o. b. factory

(2359)

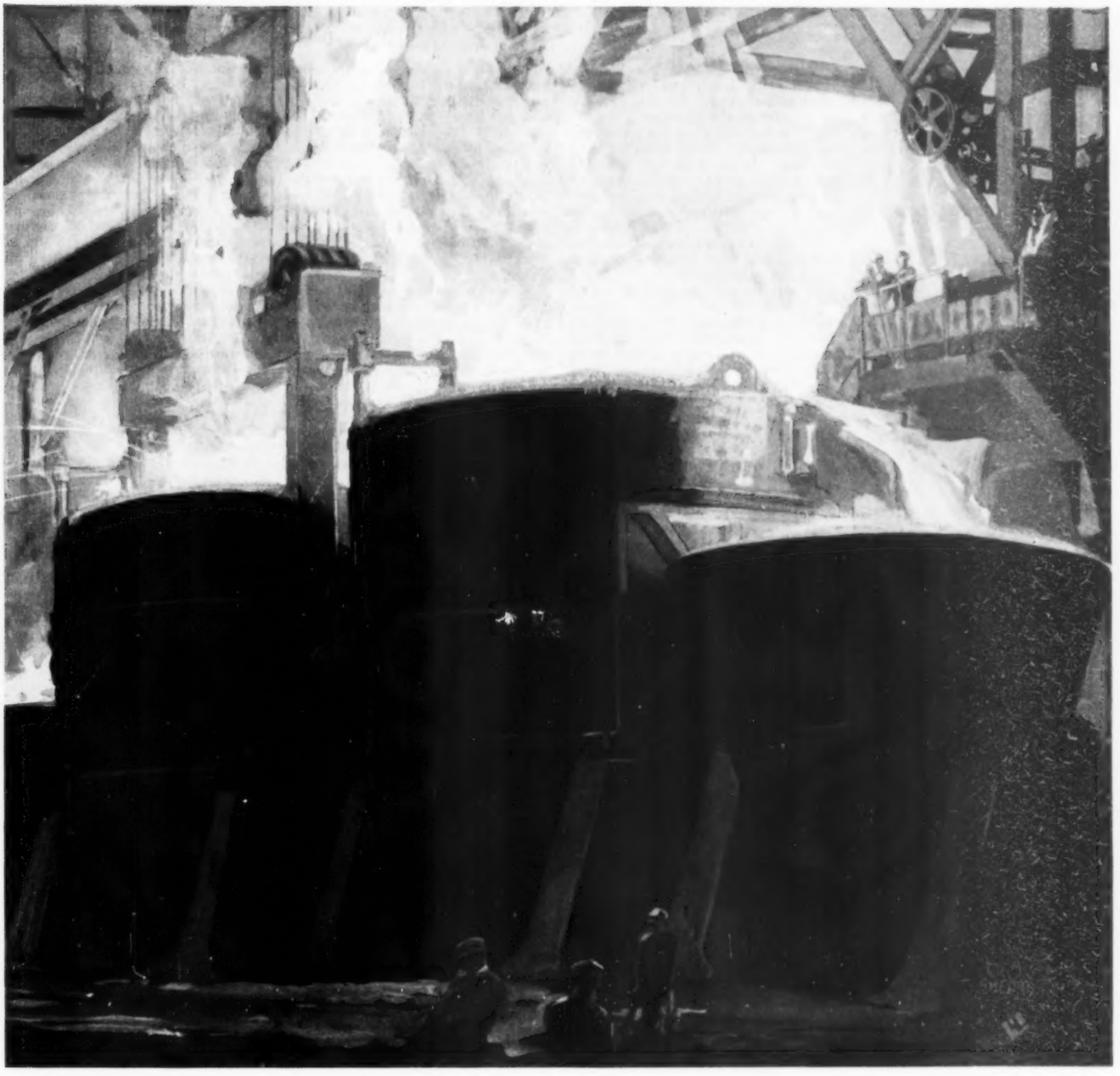


Tapping a 225-ton furnace in one of Republic's open hearth plants . . . Republic is the world's largest producer of alloy steels and possesses the greatest capacity for making Enduro Nirosta KA2, the new perfected stainless steel.

NEW STEELS . . AND BETTER STEELS

Out of the grime and sweat and bustle of Republic's modern plants come the new and revolutionary steels that play so important a part in our rapidly changing industrial world. ✓ ✓ Lustrous stainless steels, developed in Germany and brought to this country by Republic for the benefit of American industry . . . harder steels like Agathon . . . rust-resisting alloys like Toncan . . . tougher steels . . . lighter steels . . . special steels for special purposes. ✓ ✓ Republic's research division, possessing the most complete metallurgical

ALLOY AND CARBON STEELS . TONCAN IRON . STAINLESS STEEL . PIPE AND TUBULAR PRODUCTS . BARS AND SHAPES . HOT AND COLD ROLLED STRIP



laboratories known to this country, already has become the nation's proving ground for steel. It has been established as a separate corporation to enable its scientists to devote their entire time to helping manufacturers conquer perplexing metallurgical problems and to working out new developments in steel. ✓ ✓ This unique step—entirely new in the steel industry—indicates the enthusiastic spirit of progress that animates the entire Republic organization.

REPUBLIC STEEL CORPORATION

HEADQUARTERS: YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

PLATES . BLACK, BLUE ANNEALED AND GALVANIZED SHEETS . SPECIAL FINISH SHEETS . TIN PLATE . NUTS, BOLTS, RIVETS, ETC. . DIE ROLLED PRODUCTS

Like Action?
... then here's your sweater

CHOPPING wood for your winter exercise, driving stakes for an outdoor camp, guiding a nimble motor car through the maze of modern traffic, all require plenty of arm freedom. And that's just what you get in Tom Wye sweaters, for these famous garments are made for men who like action. Play or work as hard as you want – there's no gripping at armpits or bagging at elbows.

But freedom isn't all! Warmth and comfort; ease and long wear; style and fit . . . these all-important qualities are woven into Tom Wye Sweaters *thread by thread* by a company long famous for its faithful workmanship. Don't – by any means – buy a sweater until you've tried on a Tom Wye. At better stores everywhere in a smart variety of styles.

Knit Jackets, Fancy Coats, Shakers, Polo Shirts and Slip-Ons.

Tom Wye SWEATERS

Tom Wye, Inc., Winchendon, Mass.

CUSTOMERS' MAN

(Continued from Page 33)

"They never leave when they are making money, do they?" There was a mischievous glint in his eyes.

I confessed this was true.

"You fellows try to know too much," he said sagely. "You take in too much territory. In our shop each of us who corresponds to what other houses call customers' men specializes in the study of one, two or three stocks. We are valuable to the firm and its customers because of what we know about those stocks rather than because of our ability to be good fellows."

It was Jimmy who gave me the inside of the big play in Hanover, Lumberton and Company. Seven relatively small customers were transformed into millionaires by trading in that stock. Three men who had some inside knowledge of the business came to Jimmy's firm in the summer of 1927.

"A year ago," said one of them, "Hanover, Lumberton and Company opened a display store in a town in the Middle West as an experiment designed to capture the interest of farmers when they came to town to trade. Right there the house sailed for India and found America. The farmers who entered that display store were not content to look and learn prices. They insisted on buying the samples. The company has discovered that there is big money to be made through the development of a chain of retail stores throughout the country."

Jimmy was the one who correlated all the information. He studied the company's reports to stockholders. He studied the reports of a couple of rival concerns. Then he put on his hat and started out as a kind of reporter. He talked with the officers of the company, with executives of other houses and those of successful chain-store systems. In a month or so he was primed with information and definitely persuaded that Hanover, Lumberton and Company were due to make a lot of money out of the new stores. As far as I could tell, there was never any attempt to manipulate the stock. Half a dozen men with a common reservoir of information and a united belief set out to buy as much of the stock of Hanover, Lumberton and Company as they could get. Besides the first three, four others were included. One was a man who had been interested in the stock for years. These seven, Jimmy included, kept their discovery to themselves—for a while. Each bought to the limit of his resources. One of the group had thirty thousand dollars; the others were able to command from seventy-five thousand to one hundred thousand dollars each.

When they had bought all the stock they could absorb, it became to their advantage to spread the word. About four hundred other and less important customers of Jimmy's firm began to buy the stock of the company. The result of Jimmy's study was printed in pamphlet form and distributed by his firm. All of this created buying strength that lifted the price of the stock, and the originals in the pool bought more on the credit of their first holdings. They had begun to buy in August, 1927. A month later the house had a dozen retail stores. In January, 1928, there were fifty stores and many more were projected.

That play was soundly conceived and executed. Jimmy told me:

"Three of the group have gotten out with slightly less than a million dollars each; one an even million; one made two millions; another two and a half millions; and the biggest winner, who began with three hundred thousand, now has three million dollars. That was about the average ratio of the gains, ten for one. One man pyramided and took risks almost constantly, but all the others played on a conservative basis. The biggest winner was almost constantly in a position to pay outright for every share he owned; but he never had to do it."

"That don't sound like gambling," I said.

"Nevertheless, we gambled," said Jimmy. "You see, this play lasted two years, but we had made all that we had hoped to make last spring, after eighteen months. One hundred shares bought in August, 1927, cost an average of seventy dollars a share. In December, 1928, the company gave stockholders the right to exchange that hundred shares and thirty-five hundred dollars for three hundred shares of new stock. We were all ready to sell out in the spring, but we would have had to give the Government 25 per cent of our winnings as income tax. By holding on until the end of last month we could cross a tax frontier. That is, we would be allowed to treat our winnings as a capital gain. The tax after two years was 12½ per cent instead of 25 per cent. All of us decided to stick, risking a decline in the price of the stock in order to take advantage of a more favorable tax basis. You know the result. The company split up its stock again. For each hundred shares with which we began, we ended with four hundred shares that had cost fifteen thousand five hundred dollars. This made the cost to us of our holdings about thirty-nine dollars a share, and we sold at a final price that represented about one hundred and sixty-seven a share. Each of us who played for that tax saving made an extra hundred points on our stock."

Other fortunes had been made in that period. Huge ones. There were vast profits reaped from play in General Motors, from Radio, International Nickel, American Can and other stocks. All such deals were helping me and the other customers' men. It was the most persuasive kind of advertising for the stock market. At parties the people I encountered talked of little else. Every new millionaire was an advertisement for my business. Every new automobile, every new home, every jewel bought with stock-market winnings was creating new customers—and new customers' men. Good mixers! We had enlisted them from the cloak-and-suit trade; from the theatrical business; from publishing houses. A hundred and fifty thousand miles of wires had reached out and netted—through the coöperation of good mixers—business from every city in the country. There was hardly a golf course of any pretensions whatever that was not the hunting ground of at least one of our species. Every other kind of club, every sort of industry, was combed systematically. The word spread, new wires were leased, and orders, buying orders, kept flooding in. Everybody sang hymns of praise to Mr. Coolidge, and almost none seemed to realize that the customers' man was the great fermenting agent that was making the market work.

For all of us who were engaged in producing business such stories as Jimmy had confided to me were raw materials to be worked up into new accounts. How many homes were mortgaged, how many comfortable little business concerns were starved of capital so that men and women might try to get some easy money, I cannot say. What I do know is that there were some things none of us told. For instance, I did not see any reason for telling about my own transactions.

During 1928 I had traded heavily with other people's money. In discretionary accounts I had control of nearly three hundred thousand dollars. With this money I bought and sold a fabulous amount of stock. There was one account of three young fellows of my acquaintance which worked overtime for the firm of Dayton, Hamilton and Maxwell. They had chipped in a total of $1800, which they handed to me with instructions to play it hard. "Play it," they said, "as if you were trying to make a killing at the races. Give us a fast ride."

Well, I gave them plenty of action. In the course of twelve months they became the owners of more than one million, seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of various kinds of stocks. Naturally that was only possible because of a frequent turnover of their holdings. This meant that they not only bought one million seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock but they sold as much. Their profit on the year was about two hundred dollars, but Dayton, Hamilton and Maxwell collected in commissions from that one piddling little account nearly ten thousand dollars. In view of the odds against them those three gambling customers were mighty lucky. Each time I bought stock for them I was, in a manner of speaking, betting that the seller of that stock was wrong. Sometimes I sold the stock I bought for them on the same day that it was bought. That meant I was betting that the man who bought it was wrong. If you figure the odds against them on that basis you will see that they were extraordinarily fortunate to get out with their original stake and a small gain. With my other discretionary accounts I was not so deliberately reckless.

In the first six months of 1929 I increased the number of my discretionary accounts. Naturally I increased the proportion of my commissions from this source. Then, in June, I got an excuse to work even harder. It came about as result of a housewarming at Frog's new place in Westbury. All the partners were there with their wives. Mrs. Post came, escorted by the executive vice president of the Agricultural National Bank, and I brought Charlotte. Believe me, she made some of the older women look like things to be hung in the attic.

Frog's wife, a thin woman with an unbecoming haircut, was having a hard time enjoying herself. Her eyes kept flashing from the jewels and clothes of the other women to the cigarette ashes that were dropping on her new rugs and floors. But she was sweet to Charlotte and showed her all over the house, even in the closets and other places that women like to explore. I couldn't understand at first why Charlotte was depressed, although I knew the symptoms of her depression. She became monosyllabic and behaved as if she was just waiting for the party to break up. This time her attitude puzzled me.

(Continued on Page 75)

The INVISIBLE *Hired Man*

ELECTRIC POWER on the farm is a gigantic man of all work—a skilled jack-of-all-trades who never tires nor sleeps. The new hired man can work everywhere at once, and illuminates the jobs at dawn, dusk or dark.

Electric light on the farm gives man or boy another arm by banishing the lantern.

It is at once a farmyard tool and an accessory of better homes.

More than two hundred different farm tasks are now performed by electric power, and other jobs are being found for the new hired man by the concerted efforts of farmers, rural service executives of power companies and agricultural engineers of state colleges and universities—teachers who know more of overalls than of academic gowns.

The invisible hired man is of even greater assistance to the farm wife and mother than to the farmer and his boy. Over half the current used is applied to kitchen, laundry and household cleaning—essential functions of the farm business: a business which remains a household enterprise at the core, no matter how great the acreage about the farmstead.

The farmer knows nothing of those sharp distinctions of production and consumption and income and expenditures which divide the office, shop and mill from the home in the city man's thinking. On the farm the kitchen range is productive capital, quite as much as a team of horses or a hayrake.

Notwithstanding the expense of building and maintaining distribution lines to scattered farms, the electric hired man works cheaply, once he is on the job and the motors and appliances are provided.

A nickel's worth of current on some farms will milk ten cows; separate 1,400 pounds of milk and cream; churn 20 pounds of butter; sharpen an ax on the grindstone six times; pump two days' supply of water; run an electric sewing-machine five hours or do two big family washings.

Although the American farm is highly powered in the field, modern engineering did little for the women of the farm until electric power came into farm life. For every hour of work performed on farms by engines or horses, even now three hours of man and woman power are required. It is in that two-thirds of farm work that electric power can be used to substitute for human labor.

* * * *

Provision of power supply to small communities and to rural America on a scale equivalent to the service available in the great metropolitan centers is the achievement and responsibility of the Middle West Utilities System, a group of electric companies furnishing service to more than four thousand communities and to more than fifty thousand farms in thirty states.

The history of empowered agriculture in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "HARVESTS AND HIGHLINES," *which the Middle West Utilities Company (20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.*

MIDDLE WEST UTILITIES COMPANY

WHEN NATURE INSULATED THIS TREE

she showed us how to insulate BUILDINGS

IN Spain, Portugal, Southern France, and Northern Africa are heavily wooded areas which are subjected to a scorching sun and hot, parching winds. During the summer, when practically all other vegetation is dried up, you see certain flourishing trees unaffected by the heat.

These are cork oak trees. They survive because they are heavily sheathed with an outer bark of such peculiar structure that it insulates the living cork tree from the heat and from the drying wind.

This outer bark is cork. In the form of Armstrong's Corkboard, it insulates homes, apartments, office buildings, industrial plants, and storage rooms of all kinds, in every climate, against heat and cold. And no matter what the difference in temperature between the inside and the outside air, the nonconductive character of Armstrong's Corkboard prevents condensation of moisture on ceilings and walls.

Insulating buildings is only one of the many things cork does better than other substances. This same corkboard keeps our food fresh in packing houses, refrigerator cars, and household refrigerators. It helps also in bakeries, candy factories, ice-cream plants, and in ice manufacture and storage. Armstrong's Cork Gaskets seal the liquids in our automobiles, trucks, tractors, washing machines, and other machines, and perform important duties in electric power transmission. As isolation under machinery, cork reduces noise.

The Armstrong Cork Company, with ten thousand employees at home and abroad, plays an important part in the cork industry, from the stripping of the trees to the manufacture of finished cork products.

For free booklet, "Cork," write to the Armstrong Cork Company, Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's (A)

Identify Armstrong's Products by the Name and the Mark

Engineers, Manufacturers, Business Men:

You are seeking ways to improve your product, more efficient ways to produce it. You want to reduce its cost to the user. If in your products or processes you need a material other than metal, consider the properties of the many forms of Armstrong's Cork. With its microscopic air-cell structure, cork is buoyant, elastic, resilient, compressible, and sound-absorbent. It resists the passage of heat, moisture, and liquids. It presents a gripping frictional surface, and stands up in service without progressive deterioration. Our Industrial Service Section, with ample research facilities, will gladly study your problems with you. Address Industrial Service Section, *Armstrong Cork Company, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.*

Makers of Armstrong's Corkboard Insulation, Cork Pipe Covering and Insulating Brick, Armstrong's Machinery Isolation to reduce vibration, Corkoustic to absorb sound, Armstrong's Bottle Corks and Crown Bottle Caps, Armstrong's Cork Gaskets and Mechanical Specialties, and cork products of all kinds. Also makers of Armstrong's Linoleum Floors and Armstrong's Quaker Rugs.

Hear the Armstrong Quakers on the air every Friday at 10 P. M., E. S. T., WJZ, coast-to-coast network.

Armstrong's CORK

(Continued from Page 72)

It was a slick house set in the middle of what had been an orchard. Frog had three acres of land and the richest kind of neighbors. He told me it had cost him ninety thousand dollars before he began to buy the furnishings. Well, I figured he could afford it. We had a new branch that had been shooting in business from Chicago for several months, and since the first of the year the total commissions of the firm had averaged one hundred and eight thousand dollars a month and the trend was upward.

The real evidence of success that night was the presence at the table of one of the younger partners in a great banking house. I don't know how Frog had landed him, but he was more proud of the partner than anything else.

"I'm going to get some of that business, too," he boasted when Flicker and I were alone with him at the bar in the basement.

"Yeah," said Flicker, winking in my direction. "I can remember ——"

"Go on," protested Frog; "can that 'I-knew-him-when' stuff. You don't think I came out here just because I like the country air of Long Island, do you? The richest men in the world are my neighbors now. I'm going to play golf with them, pay compliments to their wives and when they begin to call me Frog I'm going to call them Otto, Walter, as the case may be, and I'm going to get some fat accounts and I don't mean maybe."

"Nix," chided Flicker. "You're beginning to talk loud, fellow. Your tone does not become the proprietor of a landed estate." Flicker spoke lightly, but I could see that he was nervous for fear Frog would make an ass of himself in the hearing of some of his guests. Right after that Mrs. Hamilton asked me to sing, so I sat down at the piano and began to play Little Gray Home in the West. Charlotte sat with me and I saw as she reached to turn the music that her eyes were moist. Afterward I had a try at Duna, and Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes.

It was the kind of party that breaks up early. Those boys in the great banking houses don't risk their connection by coming to work bleary-eyed. Well, it was a gorgeous night and instead of whooping it back to town at sixty-five miles an hour I eased along and tried to talk Charlotte out of the dumps, but she did not have much to say. I'm kind of thick about such matters, but by empirical methods I finally got a hint that she was blue because she did not have such a house as we had just left.

That made me go cold all over. "Gee," I said, "it will be four or five years before I could plank down the first payment on a place like that."

"Goose!" she said. "I don't mean a place as expensive as their house. I mean a little one that I could fix up just as I like."

Well, it was not more than three miles farther on that I stopped the car and we fixed the whole thing—even the date, December tenth. I don't mind admitting now that while I liked keeping a tether on Charlotte, liked keeping other men away from her, I had been a little scary of marriage. I think most men are; but after the idea seized hold of me I went kind of nuts about the scheme. I wanted to look up a preacher right then and there, but Charlotte had her own idea and that was for an early winter wedding.

"We need not go away at first," she said. "When you go to Florida in January will be time enough for a trip."

The girl certainly had things worked out sensibly and her depression had vanished all right. She was more than ever like the girl she had been when I first met her up in Connecticut, and she was not at all timid about getting married. I was the timid one. She was entirely practical.

"You are making plenty of money," she said. "Lots and lots more than dad had when he married mother."

Even so, after that I tried harder than ever to make money. Try as I may, it is difficult for me to remember that anyone suggested there would come a time when prices would cease to mount. I knew, of course, that there was some bearish sentiment in the Street. I had heard of Dangerfield, a former Boston bond salesman who believed the market was overbought, and I knew there were other bears; but no one I talked with seemed to suppose these fellows would ever try to buck the market in another direction.

"Bears die poor," was a favorite saying around our shop. Even so, Dangerfield was a big trader any way you figured him. Somewhere I heard that he had an office in the brokerage house that got most of his business. There he was served by a partner who had known him in Boston.

Frog talked to me about Dangerfield one time. He said I ought to try to line up with some big trader of Dangerfield's class.

"That's the kind we need," he said. "You dig up somebody like Dangerfield and bring 'em into camp," he suggested. "Maybe you can't get any of those fellows now. But remember that each one of them has some customers' man that he trusts, and the business they pass out is rich in commissions. You want to watch out for a chance to make friends with some big trader who is just starting to plunge.

"This fellow who looks after Dangerfield is a full partner in the firm. If you ask me I'll bet he got his partnership just because of his ability to deliver Dangerfield."

A full partnership sounded pretty sweet to me, and then one day when I was making the rounds of the banks in the late afternoon I was introduced to Harrison Welch, a tall, raw-boned fellow.

He took to me right off. We rode uptown in his car and stopped off at his club. We had a few drinks and I did a little singing so that when dinnertime came we were like old friends. Welch told me he did a lot of trading and aroused my interest to fever pitch when he said he was not entirely satisfied with the way his business was being handled.

I kept after Welch and he was by no means coy. He let me know he had a special interest in a stock which I'll call Plymouth Supply. For a couple of weeks I used to pass on to him everything I heard about Plymouth Supply. He would listen and grunt. Finally, one afternoon, he said:

"Look here, Bob, I appreciate the trouble you are taking, but I know what those prices on Plymouth Supply are going to be before they come out on the tape. I'm running a little pool in that stock."

"Why not give me a slice of your business, big boy?"

"Fair enough. Maybe you can do something for me."

"Anything you say."

We had a few drinks before he said anything more.

"Listen," he began finally, "any time you can sell some Plymouth

(Continued on Page 77)

Year after year SIMONIZ keeps CARS BEAUTIFUL

"LET Simoniz guard the appearance of your car and you need never worry about the finish losing its beauty and value," say the millions of motorists who keep their cars looking bright and new for years with the world-famous Simoniz.

Nothing takes the place of Simoniz for protecting the finish of a car. It is most durable and an application lasts for months. In all weather Simoniz guards the finish from the elements that otherwise dull, age and eventually destroy the lustre. It makes the finish last longer and keeps the colors from fading.

Dullness and discoloration are warnings that the beauty of the finish is in danger and needs Simonizing—so the sooner you Simoniz your car the better.

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

Anyone can SIMONIZ a car

EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH

Simonizing is the modern and safe way of cleaning and protecting all fine finishes.

If your car is dulled and discolored Simonizing will make it look new again. The wonderful Simoniz Kleener quickly restores the lustre. And, Simoniz provides that long-lasting surface of sparkling protection.

You can save yourself needless expense and disappointment by always insisting on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
2101 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, U. S. A.

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A Royal Portable "I hope it's mine!"

LET this Christmas bring to your family the same joy and never-ending delight it brought into so many thousands of homes last year. Select a Royal Portable Typewriter, the one gift certain to please them all!

Eagerly its lively keys will give a lifetime of service, and banish the handicaps of handwriting. New pleasures await everyone who writes. For the young folks, in particular, the Royal Portable is a treasure chest of inspiration—an unfailing source of high school themes and essays neatly and quickly typed, of home work well done.

The Royal Portable is finished in cheerful Duotones which now include lovely Pastel tints. Equipped with "Vogue," a style of type exclusively Royal and designed expressly for personal correspondence, it is everywhere recognized as the finest of home-sized writing machines. Yet the price is only $60 complete with standard 4-bank keyboard, attractive carrying case and a strikingly beautiful Christmas carton. Convenient monthly payments, if desired.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK

MORE THAN 2000 ROYAL PORTABLE DEALERS IN UNITED STATES

Royal returns to the Air over an International Network of Radio Stations on November 30th. Listen to Jesse Crawford, "Royal's Poet of the Organ," every Sunday night at 10 o'clock (Eastern Standard Time) over Columbia Broadcasting System.

Royal Portable TYPEWRITERS

(Continued from Page 75)

Supply, I can get it for you at a point under the market. That will be a hundred dollars to you for every hundred shares you sell."

"How about your own trading?"

"I'm going to give you some of that. But don't hesitate to pass out the word on Plymouth Supply. Take my word for it. The stock is going to pass ninety this year."

"Why?"

"Listen, Bob. I'm on the inside of this deal. I know what the company is going to do; I know about its new contracts. It is making eight dollars a share right now. At thirty-four it's a bargain."

I talked him over with Frog and Flicker.

"I'm leery of him," said Flicker.

"We might as well have him as some other commission house."

"He smells rank, Frog. A suspension would not be so hot."

"How can he hurt us if we watch him?"

Flicker continued to grumble and Frog wound up the discussion by charging that he lacked guts. Harrison Welch opened an account with us that same week.

I took his business cheerfully enough, but I am glad to say I never pushed Plymouth Supply.

Flicker asked me about it some weeks later.

"I have taken his orders, Flicker," I said, "but I have never sold any of it to my customers. I haven't even mentioned it to them. I got to draw the line somewhere."

Flicker gave me an affectionate slap on the back and said nothing. Not long after that Welch came into the offices and reminded me that I was letting some good, green money get away from me.

"Suppose one of the big banks made an offer to Dayton, Hamilton and Maxwell to let them have some newly issued stock at a point under the market. Wouldn't they get behind the stock? Banks make such deals and brokerage houses snap them up. It's done all the time."

I had to admit he was right; but I stood by my guns and in about a week Harrison Welch suggested, ever so politely, that he thought I had too many accounts to take proper care of his business.

"I like this young Glaser," he said. "I've met him a few times and if you don't mind, Bob, I'd like him to handle my account."

I sent for Glaser. We were paying him seventy-five dollars a week. His father, secretary of an association, steered a lot of business his way. Glaser was a flip kind of kid with ash-blond hair plastered smooth as leather on his round skull.

"Hello, Harrison," he said gayly. I had not known they were so well acquainted. We arranged then and there for young Glaser to handle Welch's account. Not long afterward, when I went into the garage where I kept my car during the day, I saw young Glaser mounting the ramp ahead of me. He climbed into a brand-new bus, one that cost twenty-eight hundred dollars with wire wheels. His had wire wheels.

"New?" I asked.

"Yesterday," he said proudly. I wondered where he had got the money. He was eternally trying to get Marty O'Donnell, the cashier, to anticipate pay day for him. I had a hunch that Harrison Welch had something to do with the new car, but I had other things to worry about.

Doc Henderson was in the market heavy. This was in early October. Doc was nobody's fool ordinarily. He never bought anything without a reason, and having bought a stock it was his disposition to hang onto it until he had a good profit. We had three hundred thousand dollars' worth of his securities with which he was carrying a line of nearly six hundred thousand dollars' worth of stocks. I knew he had another one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of bonds in his deposit box.

"I've earned it," he said to me one time. "I've got fifty or sixty people with defective hearts that live only because they follow my advice. I've got the worst heart in the lot. Occasionally I play the fool, but most of the time I'm my own best patient. That's one reason why you don't find me out on a limb in the market. I don't want any excitement of that kind. All this is under your hat, eh, Bob?"

Frog had jumped me several times about Doc's account. He felt we ought to be making fifteen thousand dollars a year in commissions out of such a customer. Instead we were getting about three thousand dollars.

"Make him trade," insisted Frog.

"It's his money," I protested.

"He's your customer," asserted Frog. "You can at least inform him about some of the good things that are lying around. Hell's bells! This country's manufacturers are just discovering how to make money. Have you said anything to him about the tip I gave you on City Stations?"

"Frog," I said, "Doc doesn't want to be worrying about margin. He says he likes to have his account in such shape that he doesn't have to think about it."

"And we are in the commission business," Frog reminded me. "We're paying twenty-four dollars a mile for our wire to Washington. You want to think about overhead. Doc Henderson don't have to worry about margin with all his jack. Make a trader out of him. First thing you know he'll be a millionaire."

I did not repeat any of Frog's conversation to Doc, except that I told him what he had said about City Stations.

"City Stations has a good record," said Doc. "Buy me two thousand shares. I'll be selling some other stuff in a week or so."

It was about a week later when the blow-up came. I was talking before the market opened with Bill Ferguson, the manager of one of our branches, who had run over to New York for a conference.

"Politicians?" he repeated when I asked him a question. "Look over the list of our customers sometime."

I interrupted him then. "They're off again," I said. "Market's open."

It began to look bad in the first five minutes. Within an hour our shop was a madhouse. Frog called Flicker from the floor.

"You'd better send out margin calls to everybody," he said. "By the time they are delivered the margin will be needed. The whole thing is coming down like a circus tent."

I don't know how Charlotte managed to get a call through to me in the confusion of that morning, but when she heard my voice she knew something was wrong.

"I just wanted to ask you about the house in Great Neck," she said.

"The way things look down here this morning," I told her, "we better begin to look for something in Third Avenue or down in Avenue A."

She's a smart girl. She had the sense to hang up quickly.

That was the first day of the national headache.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

PHOTO. BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

A Harbor Scene, New York City

BRISTOL DICED MINTS

Are a full flavored benediction to the successful dinner party.

Mellow lights . . . with smoke curling . . . after dinner coffee —a setting intime for dainty sparkling Bristol Diced Mints.

Concentrated cubes of cooling full mint flavor . . . throat soothing and tongue tingling...served wherever smart people gather.

From Park Avenue to Berkeley, Bristol Diced Mints are winning favor through flavor as the added detail that lends finesse to the smart table.

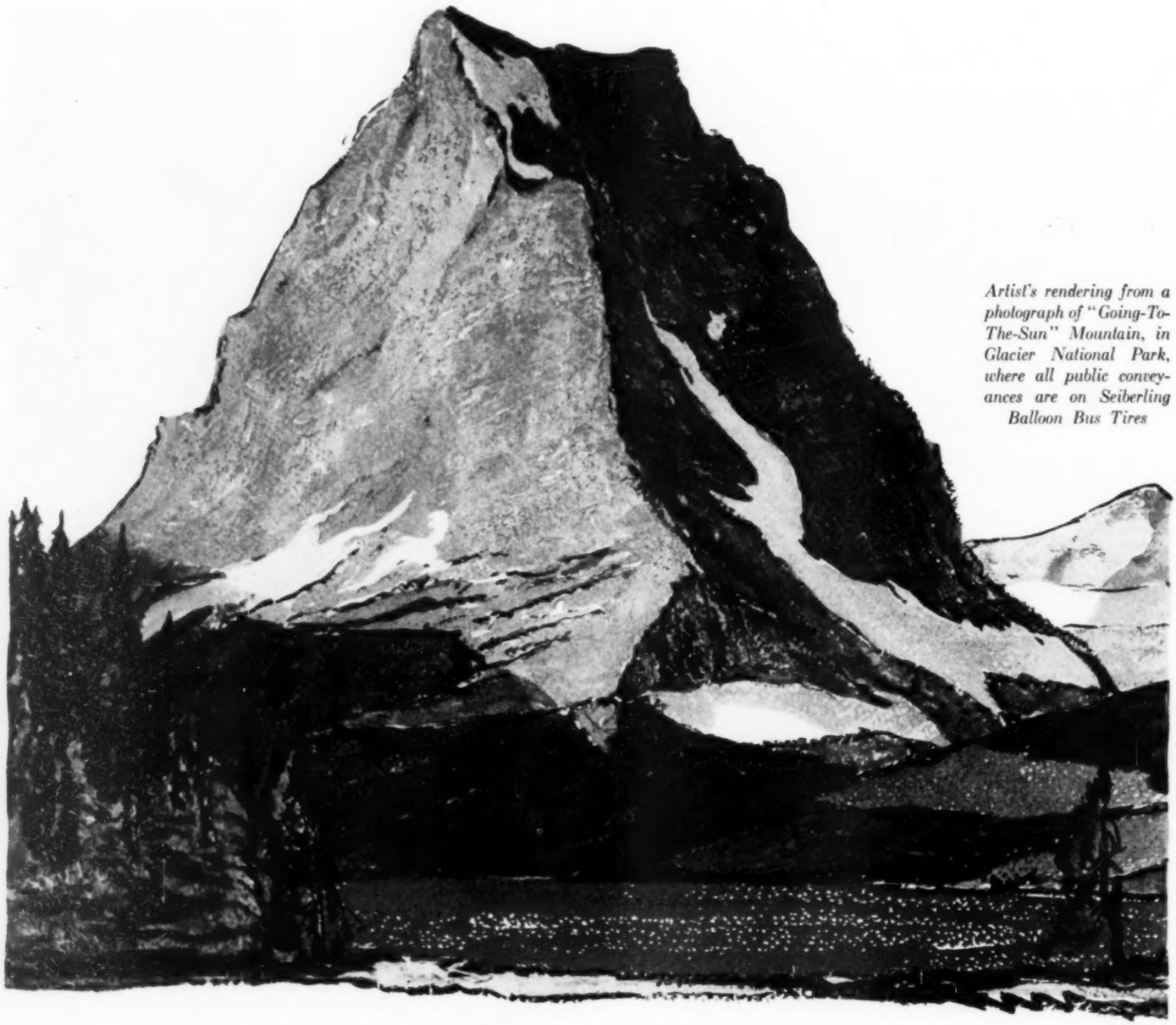
To be had at better stores.

If your dealer hasn't Bristol Diced Mints, write us his name and we will see that he gets them for you or we will send you a supply upon receipt of thirty-five cents in stamps.

BRANDLE & SMITH COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.
Manufacturers of Satin Finish Candies

AFTER SMOKING soothing, refreshing Bristol Diced Mints relieve the throat . . . take the sting off the tongue.

A BRANDLE & SMITH CONFECTION



Artist's rendering from a photograph of "Going-To-The-Sun" Mountain, in Glacier National Park, where all public conveyances are on Seiberling Balloon Bus Tires

The best tire dealers in the country are flocking to Seiberling . . . .

The most significant thing that is happening in the tire industry today is that experienced tire dealers are flocking to Seiberling at the rate of four hundred a month.

The reason for this concerns every buyer and user of tires.

At a time when new competitive methods have arisen to perplex consumer, dealer, and industry, Seiberling places in the hands of independent, local merchants everywhere a product equal to any in quality, at prices which, with the dealer's more complete service, constitute unequalled tire values.

Seiberling prices are as low as the lowest—ranging from the identical prices and quality quoted by nation-wide store systems which specialize in low priced tires, up to the superb *Seiberling Special Service Balloon*, which knows no peer.

The discriminating consumer, seeking for the highest quality, is purchasing overwhelmingly of the de luxe Seiberling line.

This entire trend in tire buying and tire dealing is arrived at on a standard of quality which is attended by a lower percentage of adjustments than was ever thought possible in the tire industry.

You can *trust* a Seiberling Dealer—

Seiberling

• • • •

trust to his *responsibility* as a local, independent merchant and your fellow townsman whose prosperity is bound up in your satisfaction and good will—and trust to his *experience* to give you the tire value of highest quality and service at lowest price.

F. A. Seiberling

President
Seiberling Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Discriminating Buyers insisted . . . so, TODAY, *there is a* DIFFERENCE *in Diamonds.*

ANY reputable Jeweler can offer you diamonds of assured beauty and quality—but few can distinguish those which have passed from hand to hand, of unsavory past and undesirable associations. It is only natural that discriminating buyers have a distaste for second-hand stones of a dubious history, preferring to be the first to own and to wear the diamond they purchase. To these do Virgin Diamonds appeal.

When you buy a diamond, be sure that it is a Virgin Diamond, a genuine diamond, backed by a Certificate of Title guaranteeing that it is direct from the mine. Virgin Diamonds, of guaranteed quality, at standard prices from $25 to $2,500, are sold only through Authorized Virgin Diamond Jewelers.*

VIRGIN DIAMOND SYNDICATE

Holland Office:
47 Sarphatistraat,
AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND

Boston — Minneapolis
Pittsburgh — Philadelphia
Kansas City — Milwaukee
Cincinnati — Portland

*A letter addressed to the Virgin Diamond Syndicate at any of its American branch offices in the cities above listed will bring you the name of your nearest Virgin Diamond Jeweler.

Reg. U. S. Patent Office.

VIRGIN DIAMONDS

DEVIL'S GULCH

(Continued from Page 15)

"It seems a shame," I said, "to give up so easy."

"But what can one do?" said Monsieur Grognard. "And what is man but a mere insect tossed about on the sea of life by forces which he is powerless to resist?"

"I don't know about you," I said, "but certainly I am no helpless insect tossed about on the sea of life."

"When the fates are against us it is useless to struggle. What frail, impotent creatures we are. Today we are here. Tomorrow—*pouf*—we are gone."

"Don't be a boob," I said. "If you don't like the way things are going you ought to get busy and do something about it. Suppose this is a tough proposition. That is no excuse for laying down and moaning about insects on the sea of life."

Monsieur Grognard looked a little hurt. "I was merely trying to view my troubles from the point of view of a philosopher," he said.

"What you need to do," I remarked, "is to view them from the point of view of a practical man like me." All this conversation, of course, moved rather slowly, as Gadget had to interpret almost all of what Monsieur Grognard and I said to each other. "It just happens," I continued, "that your problem here interests me very much. I am a tractor salesman, and I have just been inspired by a great idea. I am going to bring one of my machines up here and I am going to clean up your field. I am going to invite the government officials to watch me do it, and then I am going to sell them a whole lot of machines to do similar work elsewhere. Isn't it marvelous?"

"It would be," said Monsieur Grognard, "if you could do it."

We all went into the house, and I had a long conference with Gadget. At first she was all against my idea. She was afraid I might get myself blown up. But I finally convinced her that the danger would not be excessive, and she agreed that we might as well go ahead and see what we could do. Monsieur Grognard very kindly invited us to lunch, and I have been spending the early part of the afternoon writing this report. It is now four o'clock, and Grognard *fils* has just returned with the fan belt, which we have installed on the automobile. Gadget and I are leaving at once for Château-Thierry, where we trust the two tractors have already arrived. We plan to drive one of them up here tomorrow, and within two or three days we expect to be all set for one of the most interesting and sensational tractor demonstrations in the entire history of the business. I will keep you informed as to our progress. Most sincerely,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

AT THE FARM OF
MONSIEUR PIERRE GROGNARD,
ST. JACQUES-EN-CHAMPAGNE,
MARNE, FRANCE,
Friday, July 13, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: Since my last report we have put in several days of intense activity. Late Tuesday afternoon Gadget and I drove our little rented car to Château-Thierry. On Wednesday I drove one of the tractors up here to old man Grognard's farm, while Gadget brought the car. On Thursday — yesterday — we scouted around over the near-by battlefields and picked up a lot of the old elephant iron which was used during the war to make the roofs of dugouts and bomb-proof shelters. With this iron we built a rough armored box, completely inclosing the driver's seat and the motor and radiator of the tractor. This morning we went to Rheims, where I purchased several cases of champagne, a box of dynamite with caps and fuse, a hundred feet of heavy wire cable, and a couple of big subsoil plows with hooks that go down about a meter—more than three feet—into the ground. When we got back to the farm with this apparatus we found that Monsieur Grognard—following our instructions—had invited various contractors and officials to a grand demonstration which we are planning to put on tomorrow.

I had intended to have the big show today. But Monsieur Grognard would not hear of it. Apparently he still thinks of himself as an insect floating on the sea of life, and as this is Friday the thirteenth, he is afraid to tempt the fates by starting any enterprise on such an inauspicious date. We therefore decided to humor him. Furthermore, tomorrow is the glorious Fourteenth, the day that Napoleon captured the Bastille or something, and the chief national holiday of France. It will be most fitting for us to give our splendid performance on this notable day.

And in my next letter I hope to write you of the success of our demonstration and of the purchase by the French Government of an adequate fleet of Earthworm tractors to be used in the great humanitarian work of cleaning up the pernicious remains of war and restoring to the sweet uses of peace even the more lousy portions of *Champagne Pouilleuse.*

Yours hopefully,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

AT THE FARM OF
MONSIEUR PIERRE GROGNARD,
ST. JACQUES-EN-CHAMPAGNE,
MARNE, FRANCE,
Saturday, July 14, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: We haven't sold any tractors yet, but we still have high hopes. The various contractors and government officials arrived about eleven o'clock this morning, and Gadget made them a long and eloquent address. After flattering them by graceful references to the glorious holiday which we were celebrating, and by complimentary remarks about the French nation, she gave them a history of the little valley which we were going to clean up, and explained how amazingly full of unexploded shells it was. She then told them exactly what we purposed to do.

"Our plan," she said, "is simple but effective. We are going to plow the entire surface of this field with a large subsoil plow which will bring to the surface all shells which are buried to a depth of three feet or less. Shells deeper than that do not matter; they are entirely harmless because no ordinary plowing or cultivating would ever touch them. We would not dare to plow this field in the usual way, because occasionally these unexploded shells go off at a mere touch and plow, plowman and horses would be blown to atoms. It is our plan to pull our plow at the end of a thirty-meter cable. If we strike a shell and it explodes, the plow may perhaps be damaged, but the tractor will be at a safe distance. And the tractor operator will be protected from flying fragments by the armor plate which we have put on the machine. The plow is of the wheel type, which requires no plowman to steer. You will note that a tractor is absolutely essential. You must have a heavy plow that goes deep. Such a plow would require at least a dozen horses—so many that it would be almost impossible to protect them from the deadly, whizzing fragments. With our tractor this matter of protection is very simple. We will now start the demonstration."

Gadget led the officials around to the little terrace overlooking the valley and began to put them in a good humor by serving them the refreshments we had brought from Rheims. In the meantime I rushed down to the tractor and plow, which I had previously parked at one end of the valley. Monsieur Grognard's son—the one that owns the motorcycle—is a very good mechanic. He had become much interested in the tractor and insisted upon accompanying me. We took our places on the seat inside the armor, and I drove bravely out and straight across the field which was reputed to be so full of deadly explosives. I will cheerfully admit that I was a bit scared, and I was much relieved when we got across to the far side safe and sound.

As we were pulling the plow on the end of a thirty-meter cable, I had to drive the tractor thirty meters into the woods in order to bring the plow to the edge of the field. I then turned the tractor around and young Grognard and I got out and walked back over the furrow. We found that, in addition to several helmets and other souvenirs, we had turned up four small shells and one large one. Gently and with infinite care we gathered up the four little ones and piled them beside the one large one. Then I put a half stick of dynamite right opposite the nose of the big baby, inserted a cap and one end of the fuse, and lit the other end. Young Grognard and I retreated to the other side of the tractor, and half a minute later the dynamite and the entire heap of shells went off with a louder noise than anything I have heard since 1918.

We then drove back, making a second furrow, and this time we turned up six shells, which we duly exploded with another half stick of dynamite. After that we continued plowing back and forth, exploding shells after each trip, until three in the afternoon. We were so excited that we forgot all about lunch. As young Grognard was greatly interested in the tractor, I let him do most of the driving. This pleased him and it also gave me an opportunity to take some photographs of the work.

At three o'clock we knocked off and had the spectators come down to look

(Continued on Page 83)

INTERNATIONAL Canada, like the U.S.A., Uses Internationals Everywhere

ON the eastern coast, on the Pacific slopes, throughout the provinces of the Dominion, International Trucks play an important role in the prosperity of Canada. These trucks are at work not only for the Dominion and Provincial Governments but for their many industries as well. You will meet Internationals on the roads through the beautiful Canadian Rockies, you will find them building roads through the virgin wilds of the Gaspé Peninsula. In the thriving cities; in the great grain fields of Saskatchewan; operating steadily for the northernmost inland fisheries on the North American Continent . . . everywhere you will see International Trucks, and always at work! Nineteen branches of the International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd., and many dealers, are at the service of Canada's Internationals—just as our 161 branches, and active dealers everywhere, serve Internationals in the United States.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 So. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois

A few Canadian International Users:

Bell Telephone Company
Canadian Pacific Express
Canadian Pacific Railway
Canadian National Express
Canadian National Railway
Canada Steamship Co.
Dominion Government
Hendrie and Company
Imperial Oil Limited
National Biscuit Co.
Swift Canadian Co.
Brackman-Ker Milling Company
Consolidated Fruit Co., Ltd.
British American Oil Co., Ltd.
Dominion Bakeries
J. B. Renaud et Cie.
Province of New Brunswick
Province of Quebec
Province of Alberta
Province of British Columbia
Sun Oil Company, Limited
Saskatchewan Cooperative Creameries
Western Canada Flour Mills
Maple Leaf Milling Company
Terminal Cartage, Limited
Canadian Oil Company
Charcoal Supply Company
Saskatoon Sand and Gravel Company
Imperial Tobacco Company
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Dominion Canners, Limited
Canadian Cartage Co., Ltd.
Dominion Transport Co., Ltd.
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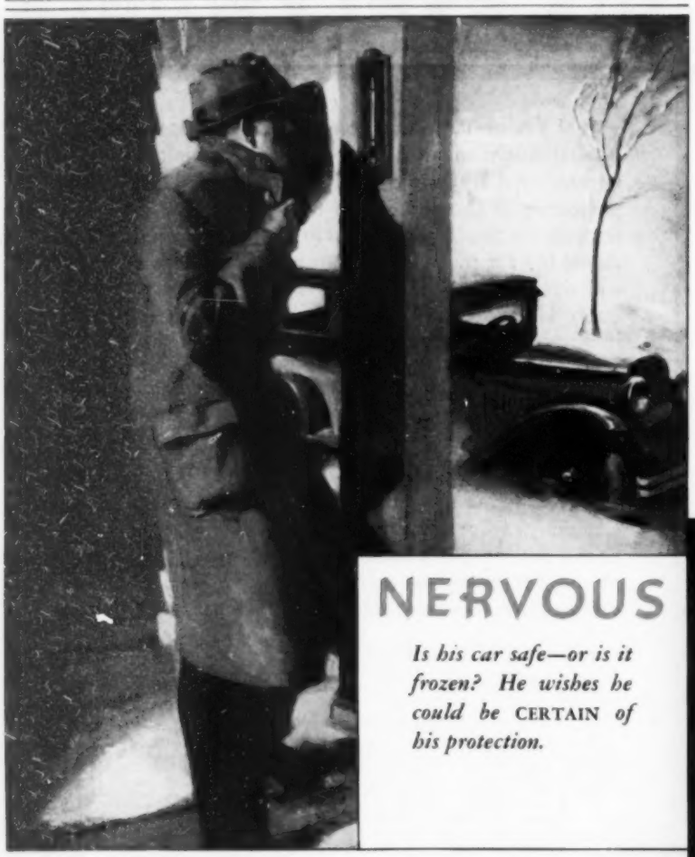
INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

GLYCERINE



NERVOUS

Is his car safe—or is it frozen? He wishes he could be CERTAIN *of his protection.*

G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine is the only permanent anti-freeze officially approved by the Glycerine Producers' Association, representing the country's leading glycerine manufacturers.

THE SAFE ANTI-FREEZE

CERTAIN

He knows he's safe—because GLYCERINE WILL NOT EVAPORATE. *One filling protects his car against freezing for the entire winter.*

How 1,600,000 *motorists ended anti-freeze worries last year*

Five years ago glycerine was anti-freeze news—last year it was permanent anti-freeze protection for 1,600,000 motor cars.

Why this change? Because glycerine as an anti-freeze performs *two* distinct services. It protects your car against freezing and it *protects your mind against worry.*

When you use an anti-freeze what you want is complete permanent protection. It's the *worry* you want to get rid of. You don't want to check up on it and keep adding more all winter or worrying whether you are sufficiently protected.

Glycerine takes this worry and bother off your mind. It won't evaporate. It won't steam off. You always know you're protected. *One filling lasts the entire winter.*

Remember too that glycerine has no odor—gives off no unpleasant smell. And it is as safe for your car as water. It will not harm either cooling system or car finish.

Naturally the cooling system should be tight where a permanent anti-freeze is used. See that it is made so, put in one filling of G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine, and get freeze-up worries off your mind for the entire winter. Put it in your car today.

GLYCERINE PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION, 45 EAST 17TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 80)

over the tractor and check up on what we had done. We found that in four hours we had covered perhaps an acre, and had plowed out and exploded about a hundred shells. Fortunately, not one of them had gone off when the plow struck it.

The officials and contractors seemed very much pleased and impressed. They were good enough to say that our methods were infinitely faster, safer and more thorough than anything they had ever seen before. But when Gadget started in on a rapid-fire sales talk she got no reaction at all. The contractors, it appeared, were mostly builders; they were not interested in doing any such dangerous work as this, and said it was the business of the government to handle it. The officials were all from the local *arrondissement;* they said they had no authority to make purchases, and suggested that we see the high dignitaries of the department at the Prefecture in Châlons-sur-Marne.

As there seemed to be nothing else we could do, we decided we might as well follow this advice. One of the local boys gave us a letter to a man he knows in the Prefecture. We plan to spend Sunday here, and drive down to Châlons on Monday morning. During our absence young Grognard will keep on with the work, so that it will be in full swing in case we want to bring up any of the big bugs from the main office.

Our selling campaign, although halted for the moment, is not permanently stopped. And before long I hope to write you of our complete success.

As ever,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

HÔTEL DE LA HAUTE-MÈRE-DIEU,
CHÂLONS-SUR-MARNE, FRANCE.
Monday night, July 16, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: Nothing much to report except that we saw the guy at the Prefecture. He said he had no authority to buy anything, and referred us to Monsieur Albert Legendre, in the purchasing bureau of the Ministry of the Liberated Regions at Paris.

We leave for Paris in the morning.

As ever,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

GRAND HÔTEL ROYALE SPLENDIDE
ET DE L'UNIVERS

Ascenseur	Nettoyage
Chauffage Central	par le Vide
Eau Courante—	English Spoken
Chaude et Froide	Téléphone

RUE ST. HONORÉ, PARIS.
Tuesday night, July 17, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: We drove down from Châlons this morning. This afternoon we saw Monsieur Albert Legendre. He said that jobs like cleaning up unexploded shells were the business of the military authorities, and advised us to consult a man called Capt. Auguste Schmitt, in the Ministry of War. We called at Captain Schmitt's office, and were told he would see us tomorrow. This evening we improved our minds by attending the opera. It was not much good.

Later. Wednesday, July 18, 1928. This morning we saw Capt. Auguste Schmitt. He is not a German. Many of these frogs have Dutch-sounding names.

He was very cordial, and Gadget warmed up to the extent of giving him about a two-hour sales oration, illustrated with the photographs we had taken on Monsieur Grognard's farm. She also pretty near covered him up with advertising leaflets and folders.

He finally said he was much interested, but as long as the work we had in mind concerned agricultural land, it would come under the Ministry of Agriculture as well as of War. He said he would have to see some of the agricultural experts, and he told us to come back tomorrow.

In the afternoon we visited the Eiffel Tower and the Tomb of Napoleon, and saw all the pictures and statues in the Louvre. In the evening we went to the Folies-Bergère. It was better than the opera.

Thursday night, July 19, 1928. This morning, when we called on Captain Schmitt, he appeared surprised to see us. He was also slightly embarrassed and considerably amused.

"What a joke it is," he said. "Your affair had entirely slipped my mind. I have not yet seen the agricultural authorities, but I will surely do so this afternoon. Come back tomorrow."

We withdrew politely. In the afternoon we visited the Bois de Boulogne and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. In the evening we went to the Casino. Paris seems to be quite a town, but apparently not much of a place for people like us to do business in.

Friday night, July 20, 1928. This morning Captain Schmitt said he had seen the agricultural officials, but they had decided that they could do nothing until they conferred with the Ministry of Labor. As it would take some time to arrange this conference, he told us not to come back until Monday. He then ushered us out of his office. I will have to admit that these delays are beginning to get on my nerves. However, if we have to wait around, I suppose we might as well wait in Paris as anywhere else. This afternoon we made a grand tour, visiting the Café du Dôme, the Café de la Rotonde, the Luxembourg Museum, the Père-Lachaise Cemetery, and the Gare de l'Est. Now that we are getting used to this sightseeing, we find that we can do it much more quickly and efficiently, and cover much more ground in a shorter time, than when we first began. This evening we went to the Moulin Rouge.

Saturday, July 21, 1928. Today we went to so many places I can't remember any of them. We are certainly getting to be real sight-seers.

Sunday, July 22, 1928. More sightseeing. I hope Captain Schmitt has something definite to tell us tomorrow. We can't stick around here forever. Paris is a good town, but the wheat up around Château-Thierry is almost ripe, and I ought to be there right now getting ready for our demonstration with the combine harvester.

Monday, July 23, 1928. This morning Captain Schmitt was out, but late this afternoon he came back to his office and gave us some very definite news.

"In the first place," he said, "we have decided that we cannot buy any foreign-made goods, as that would tend to take work away from the men in the factories of France. We cannot encourage outside competition with the automotive industry of France."

"But we aren't competing with anybody in France," said Gadget, "because there is no French factory that is making tractors suitable for this work."

"In the second place," continued Captain Schmitt, "we don't want labor-saving machinery. It would take work away from worthy French citizens who need their jobs to support themselves and their families."

"That argument," said Gadget, "is completely phony."

"In the third place," he went on, "we don't need your tractors anyway. The army owns a lot of tanks, and we have decided to use them in this work."

"In other words," said Gadget, "your first two reasons don't amount to anything. It's the third one that counts."

"No doubt you are right. We are adopting your method of cleaning up these dangerous fields. You have our profound thanks. But we don't need your machinery."

Gadget tried to put up an argument, but it was no use.

"Our decision is final," said Captain Schmitt. "There is nothing more to be said. I wish you a most cordial good afternoon."

So that was that. As there doesn't seem to be anything more we can do here, we are leaving in the morning and driving back to the farm of Monsieur Pierre Grognard at St. Jacques-en-Champagne. Much as we hate to do so, I suppose we shall have to take the tractor away and proceed to Château-Thierry in the hope that our next venture may turn out more fortunately than this one. Needless to say, we are very low in our minds.

Before closing this letter I wish to mention a rather curious thing which we ran into this evening, and which has puzzled us quite a bit. After supper an American gentleman who is staying here at the hotel started telling us of a highly interesting motorbus tour of the battlefields which he had taken on Saturday.

"You ought to take this bus ride," he said, "and you ought to take it right away, and be sure to go on the same line that I took. They are making a special side trip to a place where some very dangerous work in cleaning up the battlefields is being done. Here is some literature they gave me that tells all about it."

He handed me a small leaflet—printed in English for the convenience of American tourists—which read as follows:

COMPAGNIE GÉNÉRALE DES GRANDS
AUTOBUS ET DES SUPER-SUPERBE TOURS

EXTRA SPECIAL!
FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY

During the next few weeks, patrons of the Super-Superbe Tour of the battlefields will be taken to visit the famous *Gouffre du Diable*—Devil's Gulch. During the war this little valley was the site of one of the largest ammunition dumps on the entire Western Front. Enormous quantities of ammunition were stored on top of the ground and also in the vast subterranean chambers and galleries. In 1918 the place was subjected to incessant bombardment by the Germans. Part of the ammunition was destroyed, but great quantities were merely buried. And today the soil in the bottom of the *Gouffre du Diable* is literally impregnated with millions of deadly projectiles, many of them of such a construction that a mere touch is sufficient to explode them with appallingly disastrous results.

It is this valley of death that is now being reclaimed. Patrons of the Super-Superbe Tours are taken to a safe point of vantage from which they can look down

Too Much Acid

dulls appetite; causes pain after eating

Rich foods—strong coffee—heavy cigars. Then the pain after pleasure. A sour stomach; indigestion! Many people who suffer from this kind of trouble have not learned its one common cause.

Usually it's the fault of an over-acid condition.

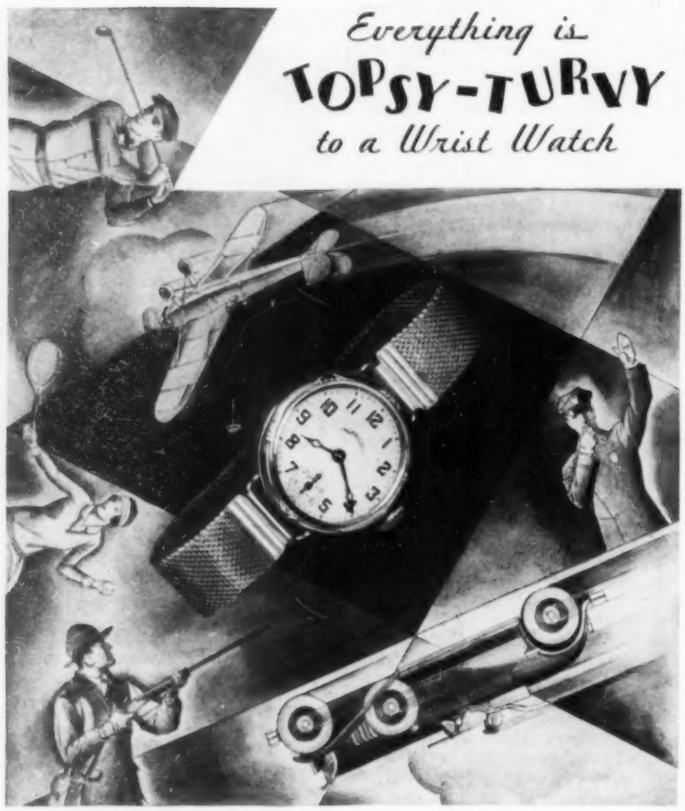
Too much meat, fish and pastry causes an over-acid condition. The alkaline balance of the stomach—so essential to proper digestion—is disturbed. Foods won't digest. *They can't.* Nothing tastes right. One cigar and you're as logy as if you had smoked ten. Things you eat sour in the stomach, causing gas, heartburn, nausea. Your head aches and you may become bilious, constipated, half-sick.

All danger signals! Warnings that you need an anti-acid quickly. Heed Nature's warnings. Meet the need at once with Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

One creamy, pleasant-tasting spoonful neutralizes many times its volume of excess acid. But take it for several days, until your stomach and intestines are sweetened. Until appetite returns and every sign of an over-acid condition has disappeared.

Doctors endorse Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. The genuine prescriptional product is never sold in tablet form; only in bottles marked *Phillips'* for your protection.

PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia



Everything is
TOPSY-TURVY
to a Wrist Watch

That's why this new Ingersoll Mite is Double-Tested in 4 Positions

HARDLY a moment in the day when the Ingersoll Mite on your wrist does not face its world from a different angle—hardly a moment when it must not accommodate its movement to some new position—to some new direction from gravity's disturbing pull!

It's a topsy-turvy world to a wrist watch—but the Mite comes prepared for it with a movement designed and cased especially for active wrists. Every Mite that leaves the factory has passed the Ingersoll 4-Position Test—a test comprising 48 hours of running in each of 4 crucial positions. 192 hours of proved, dependable performance!

In other ways, too, you'll like the Mite. You'll approve its small size. You'll admire its engraved design. You'll marvel at the platinum-like sheen on its chromium-finish case and mesh band — chromium, the metal that never tarnishes or stains the wrist! Ask to see the Mite!

We service Ingersolls. Should an Ingersoll ever need attention it may be sent to the Ingersoll Service Department, Waterbury, Conn., for prompt repairs or replacement at small cost.

The new small
INGERSOLL MITE $5

THE INGERSOLL-WATERBURY CO.

INGERSOLL WATCHES AND CLOCKS — WATERBURY CLOCKS
New York Chicago San Francisco Montreal

Yankee, $1.50 — World's most famous watch. *Radiolite, $2.25.*
New Junior, $3.50 — *New* chromium-plated case, engraved design.
Wrist, $3.50 — Rugged! Chromium-plated back. *Radiolite, $4.00.*
Alden, $13.50 — Small, fine, 7-jeweled wrist watch in chromium plate.

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into this inferno and see a gigantic armored tractor clanking back and forth, pulling a special steel bombproof plow which digs up all shells and frees the ground so that later it may be used for agricultural purposes. Some of these shells are harmless. But most of them explode at the first touch of the plow.

See this awe-inspiring spectacle! Every few seconds an ear-splitting report, with hundreds of deadly fragments flying through the air! A scene as near like the Great War as can be found anywhere on earth! An exclusive feature offered by no other sight-seeing company than

LA COMPAGNIE GÉNÉRALE DES GRANDS AUTOBUS ET DES SUPER-SUPERBE TOURS!

The reading of this pamphlet puzzled me, as I have said, very much. The whole thing sounded very much like a description of the work we were doing in the little valley owned by Monsieur Grognard, except that this was so incredibly more spectacular. I asked the American gentleman exactly where this valley was located, but he had only a vague idea that it was up somewhere the other side of Rheims.

"Did you actually see these shells going off every few seconds as the plow hit them?" I asked.

"Absolutely," he said. "And it was one of the most remarkable sights I have ever seen. It is the sensation of the hour. All the American tourists in Paris have heard about it, and everybody wants to go and see it. The bus company is doing a terrific business. You ought to take the trip yourself."

"I haven't time now," I said, "but tomorrow I am driving up in that direction in my own car, and I hope I may be able to learn some more about this curious business."

If I do learn anything about it, I will let you know.

Very truly,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

AT THE FARM OF
MONSIEUR PIERRE GROGNARD,
ST. JACQUES-EN-CHAMPAGNE,
MARNE, FRANCE.
Tuesday, July 24, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: Gadget and I left Paris this morning in our little French car and arrived here early this afternoon. As we stopped in front of the farmhouse old Monsieur Grognard came rushing out to welcome us, his face lit up with a glad, happy smile.

"Welcome back!" he cried. "How glad I am to see you! How has everything been going in Paris?"

"Rotten," said Gadget. "We couldn't seem to make any impression on them at all. We are completely discouraged. How has everything been going up here on the farm?"

"Splendid!" said Monsieur Grognard. "Magnificent! When you see the remarkable impression your tractor is making here, you will not care whether it makes an impression on the people in Paris or not."

At this moment we heard a grinding of brakes behind us and turned around to observe a large motorbus with the sign COMPAGNIE GÉNÉRALE DES GRANDS AUTOBUS ET DES SUPER-SUPERBE TOURS.

"Here is another load," said Monsieur Grognard. "Come with me and I will show you how we handle them."

He took us around the house to a little gate which led to the terrace behind the house. Over this gate was a large sign which said GOUFFRE DU DIABLE—ADMISSION, 10 FRANCS. Monsieur Grognard had me step through the gate while he remained behind and collected ten francs from each of the bus passengers who came in. The English-speaking guide who accompanied these people emitted a short ballyhoo about the remarkable sight we were about to see, and then we all looked down into the valley.

We saw the tractor come crawling out from the woods on one side and drive straight across the field, pulling the plow at the end of the thirty-meter cable. Suddenly there was a puff of smoke from the neighborhood of the plow, and a terrific report which echoed back and forth from the sides of the valley in a truly terrifying manner. A few seconds later there was another puff of smoke and another terrific report, and this continued all the way across the field. There must have been at least a dozen of these explosions. The spectators all around me were impressed, thrilled and tremendously excited; and I will have to admit that Gadget and I got quite a kick out of it ourselves.

After the tractor had made one trip the guide announced that it would have to stop for the purpose of making repairs to the plow, but that the party would remain a few minutes in case any of them wished to have refreshments or buy souvenirs. A good many of them decided that refreshments would be a good thing, and they were promptly served—at a very good price—by Monsieur Grognard and his wife. Meanwhile one of the hired men was doing a brisk business in war souvenirs—shell fragments, German helmets, and such things—at a counter near the gate. When the busload of tourists finally resumed its journey, Monsieur Grognard turned to Gadget and me and smiled broadly.

"How can I ever thank you," he said, "for all you have done for me?"

"I don't understand what we have done for you," said Gadget, "and I don't understand about all these tourists, and all this *Gouffre du Diable* business."

"I will explain," he said. "I am grateful to you people because you have shown me a new philosophy of life. And it works. When you first came I thought of myself as a mere insect on the sea of life. I felt it was useless to struggle against fate. But you showed me, by the way you started to clear up my little valley, that many a problem which seems hopeless can often be solved. I decided to follow your system, and the very day you left I had a chance to put it into operation."

"What happened?" asked Gadget.

"My son was plowing in the bottom of the valley. A motorbus stopped in the road before my house to repair a flat tire. The passengers got out. They walked around. They stood on my terrace. And as they were looking down into the valley the plow struck a shell which exploded. The passengers were mostly American tourists, who, as you know, are in many ways like children. They love novelty. They love a large noise. They love anything spectacular. They love anything that looks dangerous. They were highly excited and tremendously pleased. In fact, our little explosion was such a success that the conductor of the bus came to me privately to see if I could arrange to have a similar explosion for the amusement of his passengers every day."

"What did you say to that?" asked Gadget.

"In the old days, madame, I would have explained to him that it was impossible—that the explosions were accidental, and that we could not guarantee to have them at any particular time. But then I thought of you, and your way of looking at things in a practical manner. I decided that I had been too long an insect floating on the sea of life. I decided to act like a superior being—like a lion, an elephant, an American tractor man—in short, like one who controls his environment, rather than letting his environment control him."

"And what did you do?"

"I spoke up in the same masterful manner which I had so much admired in your husband. I said I would furnish all the explosions desired, and would put on a show that would be a veritable sensation. I told him I would give his company the exclusive rights to bring people to the *Gouffre du Diable*—which is a name I made up myself on the spur of the moment. I stipulated that I should be allowed to charge admission and that he should advertise the performance adequately in Paris. He agreed to this, and the arrangement, as you see, has been a tremendous success."

"But what I don't understand," said Gadget, "is how you are able to run into those shells so that they will explode at exactly the right time and place. And I don't see how the plow can stand such punishment."

"Those explosions are not shells at all," said Monsieur Grognard. "They are sticks of dynamite which we plant out there ahead of time and which are set off by electricity. We have one of the hired men concealed in the woods with a magneto which is connected by wires to the dynamite. It works most beautifully, and the customers just eat it up.

"The bus company has chartered extra machines and they are bringing as many as twelve and fifteen busloads of tourists every day. I am making money far more rapidly and easily than I could ever hope to at farming. And it is all due to you two people. You are marvelous. You are magnificent. You are colossal."

"Thank you," said Gadget. "It really does us a lot of good to hear you say that. It restores our self-confidence. Perhaps you won't believe it, but we were so discouraged because we had totally failed to sell any tractors on this particular selling drive that we were actually beginning to think of ourselves as insects floating on the sea of life."

"But you have not totally failed," said Monsieur Grognard, "because I myself wish to buy the tractor which is here. I have a little money of my own, and the bus company is going to advance me the balance of the purchase price. If you would consent to sell it to me, I can pay you the full value in cash at once."

"Nothing would give us greater pleasure," said Gadget.

And I might add that the pleasure is shared by

Your hard-working salesman,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

THE LION OF THE OCCASION

THE HOSTESS: Mr. Pottle has had the most thrilling experiences!

A GUEST: Really?

ANOTHER: You don't say so!

STILL ANOTHER: My word!

STILL OTHERS: Ah!

MR. POTTLE *(uncomfortably):* Oh, really, Mrs. McTavish!

MRS. MCTAVISH: But he's so modest about them!

VARIOUS GUESTS: Um! *(Politely and smilingly expectant.)*

MRS. MCTAVISH: One can never get him to come out of his shell and tell one about them!

A GUEST: Oh, come, come, Mr. Pottle!

ANOTHER: Yes, let's hear about them!

MR. POTTLE *(blushing):* Oh, I say—really, I ——

MRS. MCTAVISH: If I'd shot crocodiles I'd want to tell everybody, wouldn't you, Mrs. Featherly?

MRS. F: My dear, of course! *(She giggles.)*

VARIOUS GUESTS *(smiling):* Crocodiles!

MRS. MCTAVISH: Imagine going off to some hopeless place with a lot of wild natives and banging away at crocodiles for weeks, and then coming home and not saying a word about it to a soul!

A GUEST: I think you ought to tell us about it, Mr. Pottle.

MRS. MCTAVISH: And he was attacked by one of them and nearly slain!

ALL THE GUESTS: No!

MRS. MCTAVISH *(challengingly):* Weren't you, Mr. Pottle?

MR. POTTLE *(dazedly):* Well, it wasn't quite as bad as ——

MRS. MCTAVISH *(ignoring him completely):* This creature had his head actually in its tremendous maw when this faithful native sort of pried its jaws open or something. Can you bear it?

VARIOUS GUESTS: Extraordinary!... Amazing!... Perfectly remarkable!... Do tell us about it, Mr. Pottle!

MR. POTTLE: Well, really, there isn't much more to tell. I simply ——

MRS. MCTAVISH *(interrupting crisply):* He's simply impossible! I mean he's so frightfully modest you can't get him to say a word about himself.

A GUEST: I knew a fellow who shot elephants who was like that.

MRS. MCTAVISH: Really?

VARIOUS GUESTS: You don't say!

MRS. FEATHERLY: Did you ever shoot any elephants, Mr. Pottle?

MR. POTTLE: No, I never did.

MRS. MCTAVISH: My dear, he wouldn't admit it if he had! *(General laughter.)*

A GUEST: Jove! That must be exciting sport, y'know!

VARIOUS OTHERS: I should say! . . . Gosh, yes! . . . Gee whiz!

MRS. MCTAVISH: Well, Mr. Pottle ought to know.

THE GUESTS *(deferentially):* Of course!

MR. POTTLE *(firmly):* No, I really don't. I have never shot elephants. [*There is no longer any attempt to keep up the appearance of interest in* MR. POTTLE *after this admission, to the obvious relief of everybody else.*

—LLOYD MAYER.

FIVE GOOD REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD BUY THESE BATHROOM TISSUES

1—Fluffing makes them softer . . . more absorbent.

2—Absolutely safe . . . made only from pure, new pulp.

3—Both rolls have tucked-in, sanitary wrappers.

4—Gaily wrapped, to store with your lovely bath linens.

5—They cost no more than ordinary toilet paper.

"I'll take the FLUFFED" said the doctor's wife

"It seems twice as soft as any bathroom tissue I can buy."

KEEN BUYERS have every reason in the world for remembering Zee and Zalo . . . these new luxury tissues at an everyday price!

Fluffing Doubles Softness

They feel more exquisite, look fresher, because they are made only from clean, chemically pure pulp. No weak spots. No dingy color. No glaze. Just clean, pleasant tissue straight through each roll of Zee or Zalo.

This fluffing (a process that naps the delicate tissues ever so gently) makes Zee and Zalo twice as nice. It makes them chamois soft, quickly absorbent, yet it leaves them firm as really fine tissues should be. You'll see what we mean the minute you tear away their dust-proof wrappers.

ALWAYS . . . if you care for safety . . . always use Zalo, the snow white, or Zee, the pale ivory tissue. They are fluffed for softness and wrapped like hospital gauze. Both rolls fit all standard projecting and built-in fixtures

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DARKNESS

(Continued from Page 13)

They must have been very high. He wished it would end. He was ready for the hammer blow, the brief tumult and oblivion. He had finished the brief thinking that was necessary. Ready.

When he had almost ceased believing who he was and where he was, it came. There was a crunch, a bounce, a shattering noise. It was repeated and he was pressed against the seat in front of him. Then he felt loose for an instant. Then his shoulder and hip crashed against the opposite seat. The pitch blackness became a short tumult of crackings, roarings, tinklings, muffled screams and, after that, silence, sickening and cosmic, quickly ended.

In the chaotic hubbub, Lamount stirred. He moved gingerly, and then with assurance. At the worst, he had sustained only bruises. They were down. Not, he realized, on water. The ship was riding no swell. Its body was steady, immobile.

"This way out!" somebody said.

The words released a vocal uproar. Unconsciously, as he moved forward, his hands touching others who also moved forward, Lamount integrated some of the phrases:

"Are you all right, Bets?" . . . "I must get my small suitcase at once, pilot!" . . . "Where are we?" . . . "Anybody hurt?" . . . The voices began to come from outdoors. Lamount felt air on his cheeks. He reached out a cautious foot, felt nothing, turned around, lay on his stomach, slid down slowly, felt his arm caught by a tense hand, and set his toes on earth.

He backed away from the plane. He could see nothing, and then, almost by imagination, he discerned the outlines of the huge, fallen bird. He tried to reconstruct what had happened. The plane had come down too hard on its landing gear, smashed it off, bounded, struck again and turned over on one wing, using its inertia to shatter its struts, skeleton and cover.

He cast his eyes toward the sky and found that the mist had obscured it. He moved his head in a slow circle and no lights, either of village or isolated farm, appeared within the indeterminate horizon. The ground beneath his feet was wet and sodden. His nostrils were suddenly filled with the reek of gasoline.

It was on his clothes, on the fuselage, on the ground. Instantly he took part in the drama of the opacity. He shouted at the top of his lungs:

"Don't light a match, anybody! We're all covered with gasoline! The place is running with it! If anybody lights a match we'll all be burned to death! Gasoline!"

"Petrol!" a woman's voice said, in an explaining manner that maddened him unaccountably.

With the apprehension of this new peril, the growing elation Lamount had felt at being on the earth again was submerged. He began to take cognizance of what was happening in his black environment. He moved to the point where voices were most numerous. They were disembodied voices, yet each, in a way, described its owner:

"Where are we?" . . . "Is everybody out?" . . . "Is there a doctor here?" . . . "How many of us were there, pilot?" . . . "Anybody badly hurt?" . . . "Any rockets on the plane?" . . . "You don't dare use them on account of the petrol." . . . "I'm covered with it." . . . "If there is anybody who isn't soaked with it we could send him away from here to shoot one." . . . "I seem to be dry, but we have no rockets, madame; sorry." . . . "What place is this?" . . . "Madam, your guess is as good as mine." . . . "I've got to be in Paris by nine tomorrow." . . . "'Got' is an impossible word under the circumstances, madam." . . . "The gasoline is burning me." . . . "Take your clothes off." . . . "Any children here?" . . . "Come on, a couple of men, here; we'll go through the ship to be sure no one's left inside." . . . "Aren't the ship's lights working?" . . . "No—went off in the crash—whole circuit's busted —— Hey! Don't go in there." . . . "Why?" . . . "Might get a short that would fire her. Stand clear, everybody. Over this way." . . . "This is horrible." . . . "Oh!" . . . "What's the matter?" . . . "Nothing." . . . "I think my arm is broken." . . . "How soon will they come for us?" . . . "Next week." . . . "What time is it?" . . . "About 11:35." . . . "How do you know?" . . . "I've got a luminous watch." . . . "Will it set the gas afire?" . . . "What idiot asked that question?" . . . "I tell you they're worth fifty thousand pounds."

A short pause followed the mention of that sum. It was made in a feminine voice, haughty, indignant. The owner of the voice and the things worth fifty thousand pounds seemed to consider that it was impossible that she was in a predicament from which she could not be extricated at once.

"What's worth fifty thousand pounds?" . . . "A lady here was carrying a jewel box"—that was whispered in a man's voice. . . . "Let's count ourselves. Listen, everybody; we're going to count ourselves. I'll start with 'one.' Somebody else will say 'two,' and so on. Everybody must say a number. Loud. Come on. One." . . . "Two." . . . "Three." . . . "Four." . . . "Five." . . . "Six." . . . "Six." . . . "Who said six?" . . . "I did." . . . "I did." . . . "One of you is seven. Now, go on." . . . "Eight." Somebody with brains, Lamount thought. "Ten," he said. . . . "Come on."

The count reached fourteen. Then it stopped. "Anybody who hasn't given a number?" There was no answer. "That makes fourteen of us conscious. How many were we to start, pilot?" Silence. "Pilot!"

"Here. I'm second pilot. The first doesn't seem to be around. Hey, Charlie!" Silence. No answer. "What the deuce has happened to Charlie? There were fifteen of us, counting him and me, and the man who came late. Ought to be one more. . . . Charlie!" The voice began to move through the intense darkness.

Another spoke: "Anybody who can't walk?" . . . "I can't move my arm." . . . "I said, 'who can't walk.'" . . . No answer. "All right. Anybody who is bleeding badly?" . . . "I think I am." . . . "Where are you?" . . . "Over here." . . . Steps and a low-voiced consultation. "Why, that's just a scratch." . . . "Well"—defensively feminine—"it hurts."

Unwillingly and unwittingly, there crept into Lamount's mind an admiration for his species. They had been on the ground a matter of ten minutes, more or less. They had fallen from the sky in an airplane. They were all strangers to one another. They were wrapped in an ebony blackness so that their actions were limited to the actions of the blind. One woman, it was true, riveted her thoughts on a case of jewels somewhere inside the plane. Several others were still sobbing. One of the men had shouted with pain for a few minutes. Then he had shouted thanksgiving when he found that he could walk on the ankle that had caused his vociferous agony. The night tittered with repressed hysteria.

Yet, considering the horror and novelty of their situation, considering the epic adventure of which they were the survivors, they behaved extraordinarily well. That was partly due, he reflected, to the fact that they were all English and American—almost all, in fact, English. At the very outset, one or two calm voices had dominated the group. They had counted themselves. They had avoided setting themselves on fire—Lamount realized proudly that he was responsible for that; he, an American. Even if gasoline had been translated by a patronizing voice to "petrol." Besides that, they had made a rough survey of the extent of their injuries.

Lamount found himself returning, with a man whose arm he held, to the fallen plane. They helped each other inside and began to grope through the forward portion where the pilot had been seated. They toured the entire fuselage. It was heady with the smell of gasoline. But it was not nearly as splintered and torn as Lamount had imagined it would be. They did not come upon the body of Charlie.

Lamount returned to the outside air and listened to the jargon lifted in the darkness. He had felt almost sentimental about the whole thing—vivid life with danger of death and acute need of nerve had been thrust into his civilized stability. He had reacted well and he felt that other people had been equally brave, equally quick to assert the superiority of mind and breeding over calamity and dreadfulness.

Then, by a whisper, his arrangement of the situation was upset.

"I think," somebody close at his side whispered, "that I'll go back and see if I can find them."

"I wouldn't. Too risky."

"Risk? In this pitch darkness? Are you ——"

"Sh-h-h. There's a man over there."

Lamount moved softly away. Here was a fresh reassertion of man emerging from near death. Here was a thief—a thief who, less than a half hour before, had known that he might be going to face his Maker, who, upon the instant that his security was certain, planned to renew his trade. He had heard the murmur about jewels, the mention of fifty thousand pounds. And he was already scheming to obtain them.

The American felt in that moment the immense antisocial quality of such men; he understood how they differed from their fellows; how, at a time such as this, when fate handed to them an opportunity to mend their ways by a mere gesture, they stuck steadfast in the tracks of their indecencies. They might have been men for a night; they remained thieves.

The fourteen people were waiting, talking; one or two still sobbing. It developed that there was nothing to do but wait. The second pilot explained that over and over:

"We radioed when the first motor failed. We sent our position as well as

(Continued on Page 89)

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Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness, lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that comes when you are not internally clean) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

Just as most doctors agree in blaming this condition for much of our sickness, so they also agree that the Nujol type of treatment is a safe way to relieve it. Nujol can't possibly hurt you. It isn't a medicine at all. It has no drugs in it. It isn't absorbed—so it can't make you fat. It is crystal clear—colorless — tasteless — and children love it. It's the *natural* way to health!

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Nujol

health

(Continued from Page 86)

we could when the second died. Anybody who went for help might flounder around here all night, and all day tomorrow, if the fog doesn't lift."

A woman said, "Your position is just like that of a captain, isn't it, pilot?"

"What do you mean, ma'am?"

"You're in absolute command."

"Why, I suppose so."

Lamount moved around the fringe of that huddled discussion. A new note had been injected into the night—danger, menace, a sinister possibility. He was consumed with a hate of the plotting thieves. He edged closer to the plane. The group in the distance broke up. Persons began to walk around. Lamount decided to guard the ship. He heard sounds on the opposite side. He moved to investigate them.

He did everything with the utmost care. His eyes, ears and nostrils were as strained as those of a preying nocturnal animal. When footsteps approached him he stood still. Someone drew near to the plane and passed in front of Lamount. When the man passed, their hands met in the darkness, and something the other man held made a cold contact with the back of his half-outstretched fingers. Lamount knew that he had been touched by a very sharp knife. The possessor of the knife did not pause, undoubtedly thinking that he had struck an object and not a person.

There was one of the thieves, ready to defend himself in case his mission was uncovered. Lamount followed the diminuendo rustle of footsteps across the moist grass. He lost them, found them again and caught up with them. The person ahead of him turned suddenly and threw both arms around him. Lamount was horribly frightened, but before he could react, some minute function of the mind told him that he was being embraced by a woman. He had followed the wrong steps.

To his astonishment, he felt lips pressed against his, he heard a deep sigh, and he found himself reaching around the woman to support her. She had long hair, which had tumbled down.

"Kiss me, Donald," she said. "I'm so frightened and nervous."

Lamount recovered his voice. "But, madam, you've made a mistake. I'm not Donald."

With his first word she had propelled herself from him. "I'm sorry!" Her tone was aghast. "I've lost him again. This abominable darkness ——" She ran irregularly toward the center of sound.

Lamount was once more clammy with perspiration. He bit his lip and plunged back in the direction of the plane. He could not see it at all from the spot where he had encountered the girl. The instant of that contact, the touch of her hair, the scent of perfume, hurled the image of Marcia into his mind. He walked faster, disregarding the irregularity of the ground. Suddenly he kicked something and fell.

His downthrust hands encountered another object than the earth. Quickly he knelt beside the thing over which he had tripped. His fingers investigated it. It was the body of a man. On the head was a leather helmet. His palm sought for the heart and stopped when he discovered that the man's bosom was wet—and warmly wet. Lamount gasped. Then he opened his mouth to call. And next, in a concomitant process, he thought of two facts—to tell these already hysterical people that the chief pilot had been murdered would be to throw them into complete panic; and also to warn the jewel thieves that their activity had been discovered. His third thought was that his own hands would be found covered with blood, and that, in this night so swiftly growing hideous, would be a dreadful danger. He wiped his hands on the grass.

What should he do? There was no rule, no criterion for his actions from now on. It would be worse to be found cleaning his hands. And the pilot must certainly be dead—his whole chest was sopping with the warm fluid. Lamount shuddered. Another thought came. Perhaps, even now, someone he could neither hear nor see was stealing up behind him to add him to the list. Perhaps the thieves intended to kill everyone and have the plane and its cargo to themselves. Perhaps, even, they had been escaping from London when they boarded the ship—escaping, desperate, merciless, cunning.

Upon his predicament Lamount focused the full intensity of his mind; yet every solution suggested was freighted with possibilities of peril. He had no arms. He would not dare to use them if he had. Only the thieves, to whom everyone was an enemy, could kill safely. He crawled toward the plane.

From somewhere inside came a rending sound. They were already at work, ripping away the canvas. Lamount was on the verge of entering the dark fuselage. His brow was wet. His big muscles quivered. His lips lay back from his teeth.

Something must be done at once—irrespective of his own possible peril.

"Pilot!" he shouted.

The hubbub in the dark was stilled by the tone of his voice. Before he could call again, someone else said "Listen!"

Then, from far away, he heard the beat of an airplane motor. Someone left the wreck and ran. Lamount knew that a plane had come from Croydon, looking for them. The sound grew louder.

Two hundred yards away he saw a minute flicker of light, which defined itself as a blaze and leaped into a fire. The fire shot up, bending away from the plane in the slow wind. A figure was silhouetted in front of it. The second pilot. People ran toward it, shouting. The night became bedlam. Voices drowned the roar of the motor from above. Men and women running, jumping, shouting. The fire increased. The people gathered as near to it as they dared, dancing like savages at a primitive rite. Fantastic shadows moved across the crippled pile of the wreck. Suddenly, out of the night and the mist, a plane shot toward earth, zoomed up from the blaze, its windy wake spreading the flame downward, and vanished again. They had been seen.

The fire died somewhat. Lamount heard the pilot's voice:

"I'll not start it again. I'll just keep a little of this stuff ready to light when they come for us."

Lamount began to feel that he was the principal of a nightmare. What light the fire had given revealed no one in the wreck. Perhaps the thieves had found the jewels and joined the company nearer the fire. It was dark again—a darkness made more cruel by the quick and uncertain respite. Everyone was talking. Lamount felt wildly impotent, terribly uncertain. He was overwhelmed by a fear that there was still blood on his hands. He wanted to look again for the body of the pilot, and he was afraid to be found near it. He wanted to summon help, and he did not know whom to summon, what to

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EMERALITE
KIND TO EYES

say, or how to clear himself. And a constant disturbance of the night kept his brain muddled.

He wandered in a dark purgatory of endless time. He caught snatches of conversation. He finally decided to go to the body that lay on the ground and announce his discovery. He was sure the chief pilot was dead—but death did not relieve him of that much responsibility. He could not locate the body. Without it, he could not attempt to tell anyone what he knew. Ten minutes might have passed, or twenty.

They heard another sound. An automobile was approaching. Its lights made a pearl in the mist. It stopped at what seemed an immense distance. The second pilot lighted the fire again. A voice carried from the automobile:

"*Allo! Où êtes-vous?*"

"*Ici!*"

"*Combien?*"

"*Quatorze ou quinze.*"

"*Allez donc. Nous avons un omnibus.*"

"*Il y a un blessé.*"

"*On dépêche un ambulance. Un seul blessé?*"

"*Un seul. Il est perdu.*"

"*Venez alors, vous autres.*"

"Come on, everybody. They have a motorbus." The words were unnecessary. Already the people were moving across the vast field.

Lamount followed them. They were counted in French. Thirteen. He was the fourteenth. He climbed aboard automatically. He was stunned, ashamed of himself, impotent. Another man, coming from behind him, stepped aboard. That made fifteen.

It flashed into Lamount's mind that the fifteenth man was the chief pilot. He dismissed the theory. Action was imperative. Lamount's life was all action. He now placed his own security second to the urgency of revealing his knowledge. To whom? What should he say?

Perhaps the other man had arrived with the bus. There were no lights inside. It had occurred to him that the two thieves might not have counted themselves; still, the pilot had known the number of passengers. He decided to go to the prefecture in whatever town they found themselves. His thoughts were poisoned by fatigue.

The bus moved. People laughed, fraternized with one another, made efforts to talk in atrocious French with the men who had been dispatched to their rescue.

The car bumped over the road, gaining speed. It passed the dim blurs of houses. It entered a little town and the road became cobblestones. Before a single light which fell reluctantly upon the word "*Auberge*" and a colorless decoration, they stopped.

Lamount proceeded automatically now. He went into the place with the others.

Behind the door was a big room; brilliantly lighted, it seemed to Lamount. The floor was stone. There were tables and chairs. A plump French woman was setting out things—long loaves of bread, cheese, bottles of wine.

Surreptitiously Lamount investigated his hands. No blood visible on them, thank God!

Someone passed him a small glass of brandy, which he drank. Someone else gave him bread and cheese. Everyone looked at everyone else. Lamount was the most inquisitive of all. There was the girl with hair down her back who had kissed him. She was homely—enormously homely. He gave her brief attention. Which were the killers? Everyone was wet, grimy, dirty-faced. Yet each person seemed to have characteristics of refinement, of sophistication; each one seemed the right sort of person—the sort one would expect to find flying to Paris on a de-luxe air liner. They were all hilarious—all except Lamount.

The door opened again. A sleepy-eyed *valet de chambre* began to carry baggage into the room. The operation took some time. People started to reclaim their possessions. Lamount watched, waiting for the outcry of whichever of the women had owned the jewels. He picked out his own suitcase—the one he had packed while Marcia's brother talked to him. There was no outcry.

He could delay no longer. There was a telephone booth in the foyer. Lamount stepped rudely in front of one of the passengers and lifted the receiver. He asked quietly for the head of the local police.

He looked back to see if anyone was listening to him. A man in a leather helmet entered the room. The second pilot shouted upon seeing him. Weakly, Lamount hung up. The newcomer was the chief pilot.

"Charlie! Where in God's name have you been?"

The pilot smiled. Everyone listened to what he said. "When I got the ship on the ground, I got a terrible crack on the head. I guess I fainted. Later on, I ambled out and sat in the air. Then I remembered I had a vacuum bottle of coffee in the cockpit. I went in for it and brought it out. But when I tipped my bean back to swallow some, I passed out again, and lay there until I saw everybody getting into the bus. So I got in. I've been outside till now, waiting for the luggage."

Lamount looked at his hand. Coffee.

Somebody was giving the pilot a drink. Lamount heard a tall, angular lady at his side speak to a small and bespectacled man: "I'm so glad to get these letters back."

"You were a fool to write them."

"I know, dear."

"And in unscrupulous hands they would really be worth fifty thousand pounds. You were right in that, my dear"—the last word was caustic.

The woman was evidently accustomed to the attitude. She smiled. "Wasn't it odd that everyone thought of jewels when I said fifty thousand pounds?"

"Huh!"

Lamount rose from the table and walked across the room, where two men were standing side by side. Perhaps they were his thieves. He listened-in on their account of the drama in the dark:

"If the Prime Minister knew that his notes had sat on a French field for an hour and a half ——"

"He'd go crazy."

"Oh, quite. I went for them, you know."

"Into the plane?"

"Certainly. I ripped it open with a pocketknife. But I couldn't locate the beastly brief case."

There were Lamount's plotting thieves. Attachés to an embassy, trying to recover not jewels but diplomatic papers. There was the sharp, cold blade which had touched his hand. There was the last event of that dreadful night distilled by commonplace people into commonplace material: Love letters of a middle-aged woman. Petty notes from one diplomat to another. Warm coffee and a natural faintness after an arduous effort and a blow on the head.

It was the light, Lamount thought, which had brought back reality. The whole thing was Alice in Wonderland. It had really been blood, death, thieves in the dark. But some witchery of light turned it back to normal and dull facts. A pack of cards and a brave stand of chessmen. He could not have been so frightfully misled, so pitifully and dramatically confused. But he knew that he had been.

He walked over to the stout French lady. "Can I get a room here? *Une chambre?*"

"*Mais, oui.*"

Someone shook his hand. "We were all in it together, my friend. I've suggested that we have a little dinner here a year from now. My party. As many of us as can make it."

"Splendid!" Lamount was smiling. Lamount was himself.

"I'd like to have everybody write down the date and just come. No names. No invitations. Romantic, eh?"

"Fine idea."

Lamount lay in his feather bed. His retreating mind was trying still to make a connection that he knew existed somewhere in the realm of speculations unspoken. He made it when he thought of Marcia, and of Marcia's brother.

"You don't judge the world by appearances, do you?" the brother had asked.

"By what else?" he had replied haughtily.

He had deduced an infidelity when he saw Marcia in the boat with Phillips. He had scorned the statement that she had lost her balance. It was too simple, too commonplace. Yet, out of the ordinary events of that extraordinary night, he had made a deep nightmare, a crimson grotesque. He, Lamount, of the stern will and the eminent rightness; Lamount, the man of affairs; Lamount, of the imperturbable imagination.

To his infinite credit, Lamount had the integrity to recognize the drastic moral. Chastened and at the same time warmed, he fell asleep.

Morning brought the sun, banished the fog, opened flowers, glittered on tile roofs along the French *paysage*. It lighted the broken form of a huge airplane which lay askew in the center of a field. It made the way plain for Marcia and her brother, driving from Calais. Eventually, it woke Lamount.

He had omelet and *café au lait*. He swallowed the sunlight and the fresh air. He listened placidly to the staccato sounds of the village. He shared plans for a return to England with some of the airplane's passengers. He stared in wonderment when a Calais taxi brought Marcia and her brother to the inn.

"You aren't hurt!" she said.

"No, dear."

Marcia spoke the words that must have been running in her mind all night as she crossed the Channel, all through the morning as she was driven along the white French roads.

"I had to come. We heard about the accident on the radio. Ted said you were on the plane. So we left at once. The Home Office told Ted the town by telephone, at Dover. But if you don't want me to stay, now that you're all right ——"

Lamount went into no details to explain his long and poignant lesson. His reaction, however, was explicit and adequate. The son of the innkeeper called attention to it:

"*Maman! Regardez-là. Il y a des gens qui* ——"

But the mother, hastily perceiving the fervor and the apparent eternity of this kissing on her terrace, yanked the child around the corner of the inn.

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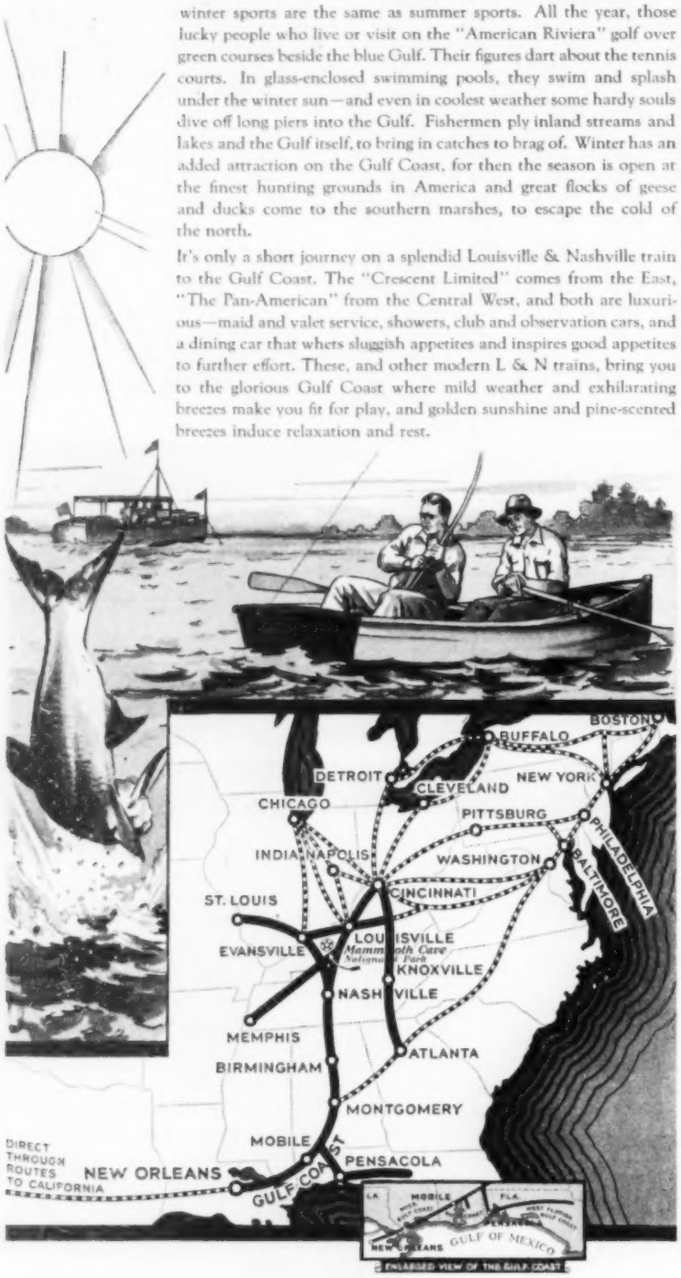

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LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD

ONE SWELL AIREDALE

(Continued from Page 9)

generations and are in the Social Register—my mother's family's terribly aristocratic—people cluster around whether they like you very much or not. You get most things without trying for them. Why, I know two or three fellows who are stinking rotters, but they get invited everywhere just the same on account of their families and their money. One of them went to college last year and the fraternities nearly knifed each other over him just because he was rich; not one of them would have looked at him if he'd been poor, because he didn't have a thing but money to offer. He can't do anything in athletics and he's stupid and common. I didn't want that to happen to me—and I didn't want to make some friends who liked me. Maybe some of the people I know do already, but I can't be sure, you see. You can never be sure when you're as rich as we are. Father told me he was sure only of men richer than he was, and there aren't an awful lot on the Pacific Coast who are—and he said sometimes even they wanted something. I couldn't go on like that. I had everything in the world, but I was lonely; I couldn't help being. You don't know what it's like. You can't possibly understand."

But I did understand and I made him see that I did. I made him see it right then and there before I'd let him go on. Somehow I had to feel sure he knew I was on his side before I could let him say another word. I couldn't let him go on telling me intimate things unless he was sure he'd picked the right guy to tell them to. I was sorry as hell for him, and I said so.

Of course, the whole mystery was solved then, and you can see what happened as well as I could, so I won't repeat all Bill told me; I'll just give you the main outline.

He was an only child, and so his folks wanted him to be near home, particularly since he'd been away so much to foreign schools and traveling with tutors, and all that. They wanted him to go to Stanford, and everything was all set when Bill balked. He knew what would happen at Stanford; he'd get everything without trying, as he always had—the best fraternities to choose from, prom committees, maybe an honor society or two, and his name in the San Francisco papers every time Pop Warner beat the Army or President Hoover sneezed.

He'd be in San Francisco half the time going to deb parties, and all the boys would stick around waiting for the rich man's son to be a rich man's son. Bill knew there were plenty of fellows who wouldn't care if he were as rich as Rockefeller and Morgan combined, but how was he to tell who those fellows were, and they were the guys he wanted to know.

He hit upon the plan of going to a small Eastern country college where he probably wouldn't be known, and his father backed him up. He said he knew just how Bill felt. Mrs. Heath wasn't strong for the idea, but Bill and his father finally brought her around, but they didn't dare tell her Bill was going to pose as a poor boy. She wouldn't have stood for his waiting table and things like that. She promised not to visit him without his permission, and to keep his whereabouts a secret, but that was all he asked of her. His father, though, helped him work out the details, and some of the best ideas were Mr. Heath's. He wrote to Prexie and told him the whole story and asked him to keep the publicity boys off Bill's trail. Prexie promised he would, and so far he'd managed it. Bill didn't know how his father had kept the newspapers quiet in the West, but I guess Mr. Heath had stock or something in the right places.

Bill came to Boston in a drawing-room on extra-fare trains, and he had enough trunks and pigskin bags to stock a shop. He had to bring along all the truck to fool his mother. When he got to Boston he stored all of it except some old things he thought might pass with the fellows—I'd been an awful sap all the time, because I'd noticed that his Mackinaw had been made in Switzerland. Then he bought a cheap ready-made suit, which was to be his best, some cheap ties and underclothes, two old suitcases at a pawnshop, and considered himself all set. The flivver had been Mr. Heath's idea, and Bill said his father was as proud of it as if he had made another million. Bill had brought along the license plates and he bought the flivver off a junk pile in Boston. He had a lot of fun driving it to Raleigh. It was an adventure to him. I guess driving almost any car that cost less than five thousand would have seemed at least strange to Bill, but that busted-down flivver was exciting.

"I got a lot more kick out of it," he said, "than I did out of my first airplane ride. I flew from Paris to London when I was ten, but after the first fifteen minutes or so I began to get sleepy. You can bet that flivver kept me awake."

He was a lot happier after he'd spilled out the whole thing to me. At first he was afraid I wouldn't feel the same toward him, but I liked him a lot better, if anything, and he was smart enough to know it. I think I was the first fellow whose friendship he had ever really trusted—since he was old enough to think about friendship, anyway—and sometimes I was almost ashamed of his happiness. Mostly I was sorry for him, though, and once in awhile I was plain stumped. I'd always got along pretty well with most folks, and it was hard for me to understand how much my liking him meant to Bill.

Don't get the idea that Bill stuck me up on a pedestal and then flopped down on his belly to worship. Nothing like that. Bill was emotional all right, but he wasn't the sentimental hero-worshiping kind. He liked me a lot, but he liked half a dozen other fellows just as much, maybe more. He was glad he liked me, because he was tickled to death because he knew I liked him, and he knew his money didn't have one thing to do with my liking. Gosh, what a kick that sureness gave him! I was terribly important to him just because I was the only fellow he was absolutely sure of.

Well, after he had told me his yarn everything went perfectly. I made the frosh football team, not because I could play football but because there was a hole at left guard and I was the only thing in the freshman class big enough to fill it. Bill went on being poor and happy. He slung hash in the Commons and even picked up an odd job now and then washing windows or cleaning house for some prof's wife. Most of the fellows he knew seemed to like him, but he wasn't the best mixer in the world. He didn't know how to barge into a bunch and take his welcome for granted. There was always something shy and wistful about him.

Honestly, he always reminded me of an Airedale, just the way he had that first day. He had that same loyal quality a good Airedale has, and that kind of wistful way about him. He'd wag his tail, but he had to be awfully sure you liked him before he'd come up and be really friendly.

Things went along like that the first semester. Nobody got wise to Bill's masquerade. None of the students did, anyway, and if the newspapers did, Prexie must have shut them up with some of that soft soap of his. I think Bill was almost beginning to feel poor. He had a big bank account in Boston, but it was there because he didn't know what else to do with the money. Most of the time he didn't have a dollar in his pocket, and more than once he borrowed a quarter from me.

I made good enough grades at the end of the term, but Bill pulled straight A's. He was smart enough and he studied too, but he could have made A's without trying because he was miles ahead of the rest of the freshmen. He was the only fellow I've ever known who was completely developed for his age. He'd been given everything he could take in eighteen and a half years, and, as he'd told me, he'd never learned anything wrong.

I suppose he'd read more and seen more than anybody in the freshman class, and in some ways he was a lot more sophisticated than the rest of us, but there was something awfully innocent about him too. I can't explain it; maybe he was just more idealistic than most.

The whole college went hay-wire at the beginning of the second term, and Bill went ten times as hay-wire as anybody else. He was going to belong to about ten swell clubs as soon as he was twenty-one, but making the right fraternity at Raleigh meant a thousand times more than those clubs did. The clubs were going to be handed to him on a gold platter, but he had to make the fraternity.

It was his first test, you see, and he set his heart on Nu Delta because it was the classiest national we had at Raleigh—and I knew right from the first that he didn't have a chance. Of course he was invited around there during rushing season, but so was everybody else, and the Nu Delts sure weren't paying any special attention to him. Two or three of the weaker houses and one local gave him a heavy rush, but Bill wasn't fooled any by their attentions. They took what they could get; they had to.

Without his money he simply wasn't the best fraternity material; that's all. He could do everything well, but nothing remarkably well—I mean the kind of things that count with fraternities.

There wasn't anybody in the whole college who could do as many things well as Bill could, but in every sport there were ten or twelve fellows who could beat him. His tennis was a lot better than my football, for example, but there were a dozen good tennis players at Raleigh and only one good guard, and so I was slated for a letter in my sophomore year. That made me the berries, you see, and Bill didn't rate. He was the prettiest kind of skater, but he'd never played hockey, and his style in swimming didn't make up for his lack of speed. It was like that in everything, and the two things Bill had—breeding and brains—don't count much during rushing season—not unless you have something else to show, anyway.

Bill was going to get bids all right, but he wasn't going to get one from Nu Delt, and I didn't know what to do about it. Finally I told him he was expecting too much in one semester, and he said:

"You don't understand, old man. I'm not going to be broken-hearted if the Nu Delts don't bid me now, but I'm not going to accept any other bid. I'm willing to wait, but if I can't stand out enough for the Nu Delts to want me in a year or two, I'm a whole lot less attractive than my money has made me seem."

I thought he was kind of silly, and told him so, but I felt better just the same, and maybe he'd get wise to fraternity standards before he got really hurt.

Well, it was the last day of rushing when everything went bust, and of course I had to be mixed up in it. I was in Jim's Coffee Shop having a little something to eat that afternoon when Ernie Pitman and Professor Stilton sat down at the next table. My back was to them and they didn't notice me.

Ernie was the most popular man in Raleigh, and I'll say this for him—he deserved all the popularity he got. He was the president of everything, a first-class track man, and Phi Bete to boot—and he was the king of Nu Delta. That guy got all the breaks; he had looks, brains and charm enough for half a dozen. Stilton's a young prof who chums around with the fellows, and he was a Nu Delt, too, from somewhere or other.

Well, Ernie was sore and he was telling Stilton all about it. I couldn't help overhearing, but I'd have listened anyway after he mentioned Bill Heath.

"Thank God," he said, "this is my last job of running a rushing season. It's hard enough work at best, but those asses down at the house make all the work ridiculous and futile. You break your back to pledge an athletic idiot. Why, they're even snooty about a legacy unless he's got a lot of beef or money. They're crazy over an athlete even if he's a moron, and they'd turn down Hoover unless they were sure of his million."

Stilton laughed. "What's your bright boy's name, Ernie?" he asked. "I suppose you found some poor but honest youth and the fellows won't have him."

"You bet I have!" Ernie smacked the table hard. I guess he was all worn out and nervous from sitting up all night at meetings after the frosh had gone home. His voice just crackled. "It's a kid named Bill Heath, and he's the superior of anything in Raleigh. He's got everything, that boy has—brains and background, real quality, if you know what I mean. There's nobody in the freshman class that even begins to measure up to him. He's as poor as dirt and I don't know where he got his manner and manners, but he'd be at home in anybody's drawing-room—yeah, in Buckingham Palace, if you want to know, and that's more than you can say for nine-tenths of the fellows at the house. Heath's a thoroughbred, an all-around fellow, with brains in the bargain, but will the brothers look at him? They will not! They say, 'Yeah, he's a good enough guy, but what's he got to show?' I tell them he's got everything, and I might as well tell them nothing. What he's got they can't even see when it's shown to them. I was arguing with Sam Chapin last night. Sam was taken in, you know, because we needed new living-room furniture, and it takes three tutors to get him past his exams. He listened to me, and then, looking important, he

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Old fashioned, inefficient, inconvenient closures are a tremendous obstacle to sales, to repeat sales particularly. Recognizing this fact manufacturers and food packers are turning to Anchor for *correct* and *impartial recommendations!* And Anchor is peculiarly well situated to cooperate in this. The reason is simple. Anchor produces caps definitely suitable for any and every type of product that is packed in glass. Anchor has no prejudice in favor of any one type of closure. In the Anchor line you find 14 different types of metal caps made in a complete range of sizes. There is the Anchor C Cap which may be used as an air-tight or vacuum seal, as desired, the Anchor Amerseal Cap, particularly appropriate for products used often, a little at a time, the Anchor Paragon Catsup and Chilli Sauce Cap, Anchor Band Caps, Friction Caps, Continuous Thread Caps for jars and bottles and Deep Screw Caps for jars . . . 14 of them in all, a complete line! No matter what your product . . . foods . . . confections . . . proprietary medicines . . . pharmaceuticals . . . there is a closure in the Anchor line scientifically right for it.

. . . here's an easy way to find out how your package can be improved!

Tell us what product or products you pack. Also send us a sample of your present package. This package will be carefully studied by our Research Department and thoughtful, practical recommendations for its improvement will be forwarded to you. We have helped hundreds of other manufacturers to improve their packages from both a sales and production standpoint and it's only reasonable to suppose that we can do this same thing for you. Please understand there is no obligation involved. Address your letter and samples for the attention of our Research Department.

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LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK • TORONTO, CANADA

Look for the funny fat man on the red box

For that Cough

Get Bunte Cough Drops. They clear and rest your throat. Made of pure cane sugar, menthol and horehound. The menthol heals—the horehound soothes.

Bunte MENTHOL HOREHOUND 5¢ COUGH DROPS

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Sergeant's?"

IF you do not know Sergeant's products, it is highly important to your dog's health that you get acquainted with them now. These safe, effective medicines offer the latest scientific developments in the treatment of canine ills.

These are the Sergeant's Dog Medicines particularly needed at this time of the year: Sergeant's Special Medicine . . . for the reduction of fever in puppies and dogs; Sergeant's Condition Pills . . . a tonic and alterative and for loss of appetite; Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules . . . for round- (ascarids) and hook-worms.

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For complete information on how to care for dogs, write for a *free* copy of Sergeant's Dog Book. It contains information on the care, feeding, and diseases of dogs. A new edition is now ready. 48 pages, illustrated. *Write for your copy.* Our veterinarian will advise you about your dog's health without cost.

Give your dog Sergeant's Dog Food, the complete ration that contains plenty of freshly cooked beef. If you cannot obtain Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food at your dealers, write us direct.

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1095 W. Broad Street Richmond, Va.

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"

Sole Canadian Agents: Fred J. Whitlow and Co., *Toronto*

said, 'But, gee whiz, Ernie, who is William K. Heath?'"

"What?" Stilton asked suddenly. "Did you say William K. Heath?"

"Sure—William K. Heath; that's his name."

"Where does he come from?" Stilton sounded as excited as a kid, and I felt sick all over.

"San Francisco, I think. Why?"

"Why?" Stilton laughed. "Why? Because, Ernie, if he's the boy I think he is, he has more millions than all the Chapins in college. Do you know his middle name?"

"It's Kerwin, I think. He's William Kerwin Heath, Jr."

"Oh, Junior! Listen to me, Ernie. I was born in Oakland, just across the bay from San Francisco, and to everybody around there, Heath spells Rockefeller. William Kerwin Heath is one of the richest men on the Pacific Coast, and socially the Heaths are somebody even in New York. Come on; let's go over to the registrar's office and look at his card. If his home is on Pacific Avenue, he's the Prince of Wales incog."

They paid their bill and got out, but I just sat there and felt rotten. Poor old Bill. What a kick in the teeth he was going to get, and I didn't know what to do about it. I don't know whether it was lucky or not, but I didn't see him until dinnertime, and then we were both too busy waiting table to get a chance to talk. Everybody was excited as the devil because the bids were going out that night, and not one freshman in ten could eat a thing.

I didn't know what I was going to do, but I knew I'd have to do something; so after dinner I hunted up Slim Forrest. He began to tell me right away what a wonderful bunch the Sigma Omierons were, but I cut him short.

"Listen, Slim," I said. "If I get a bid from you fellows, I'm going to take it. I just wanted to tell you I may not be over to the house tonight, but you can put the button on me tomorrow. I'll get around if I can, but don't send a posse after me if I don't show up."

He wanted to know all about it, but I wouldn't tell him, and then I went over to the room. Bill was already there.

"How you feeling?" I said, because I didn't know what else to say.

"Fine," he said, and he meant it. He was calm enough. "I'm going to get four bids and I'm going to turn them all down. I'm hanging around now just to see if my guesses are right."

"What four?" I asked.

He told me, and Nu Delt wasn't in the lot.

At Raleigh the bids are slipped under your door at eight o'clock. Every freshman is supposed to be in his room, and most of them have a hard time hanging on to the dinner they didn't eat, until those white envelopes begin to appear.

It was a little after eight when ours came. Two fellows were outside slipping them under the door, one lot for me and another bunch for Bill. I couldn't even look at mine, I was so busy counting those with Bill's name on them. There were five, and I felt weak in the middle the way I do before a football game.

He was surprised by the fifth envelope, but he wasn't excited until he saw the Nu Delt bid. Then those blue eyes of his got bigger and bigger and bluer and bluer. His face turned white, then awfully red. He held out the bid to me in a blind way, as if he didn't know where I was; then suddenly he flopped down in a chair and began to bawl. It was terrible, the way he cried. Something seemed to break in him, some fear or something like that, and he just couldn't help busting over.

I felt like dying—honestly. I'd been afraid all along and his crying made it worse. I knew he was crying because he was so happy, but somehow the minute he began to cry I knew what I was going to do. I had to do it, and I'd have given my right hand to get out of doing it; but I couldn't get away. I had to stand right there and watch him cry his heart out because something so big and wonderful had happened to him.

I just stood there, and pretty soon he looked up and tried to smile. His face sort of quivered, but his eyes were shining behind the tears and his lips were trembling. I never saw such a happy face. He got out a handkerchief and wiped his eyes and nose, and then he whispered:

"Oh, Bob! I never hoped for it."

I couldn't say a word; I just couldn't. There was a big lump in my throat, and my middle got weaker and weaker, and I could have cried myself without any trouble.

I guess I must have looked like I felt, because he began to stare at me in a puzzled way and asked: "What's the matter, Bob? Didn't you get what you wanted?"

I nodded. "Yeah," I said. "I got it."

"What's the matter, then?"

I guess my eyes did fill up. I don't know. All I remember is that I put my hand on his shoulder and said, "You don't want the Nu Delts, Bill."

His eyes nearly popped out, they opened so wide.

"Why—why," he stuttered, "they're all I do want."

I guess I was cruel, but I couldn't think; I just blurted out, "They just want your money."

"My money!" He said it, but it didn't mean anything to him. I think he'd almost forgotten he was rich.

"Yeah," I said; "that's it. They found out about your father." Then I managed to tell him what I'd overheard that afternoon. He got whiter and whiter; that was all. He didn't say a word all the time I was talking; just sat there and stared at me. He didn't cry. Bill wasn't the kind to cry over something that hurt; he took pain standing up. He couldn't hide the look in his eyes, though, and I won't forget it for a long time to come. I'm not awfully bright, I guess, but I could see what was happening to him.

When I got through he stood up and held out his hand. He gripped mine awfully hard and said: "You're the whitest fellow that ever lived, Bob. Thanks." Then he went out of the room like a bullet and didn't come back until three o'clock the next morning.

I got a letter from Bill this morning. Here's part of what he wrote:

"I think I'll like Stanford. It's really a wonderful place, you know. I hope you'll be pleased to learn that I let the Sigma Omierons put a pledge button on me last night. Several other houses, the Nu Delts especially, gave me a big rush, but I knew what they were rushing and ran from them. I suppose the Sigma Omierons were rushing the same thing, but I thought I'd probably want to give you the grip sometime. It's a long-distance brotherhood, Bob, but I shall always be fraternally yours.

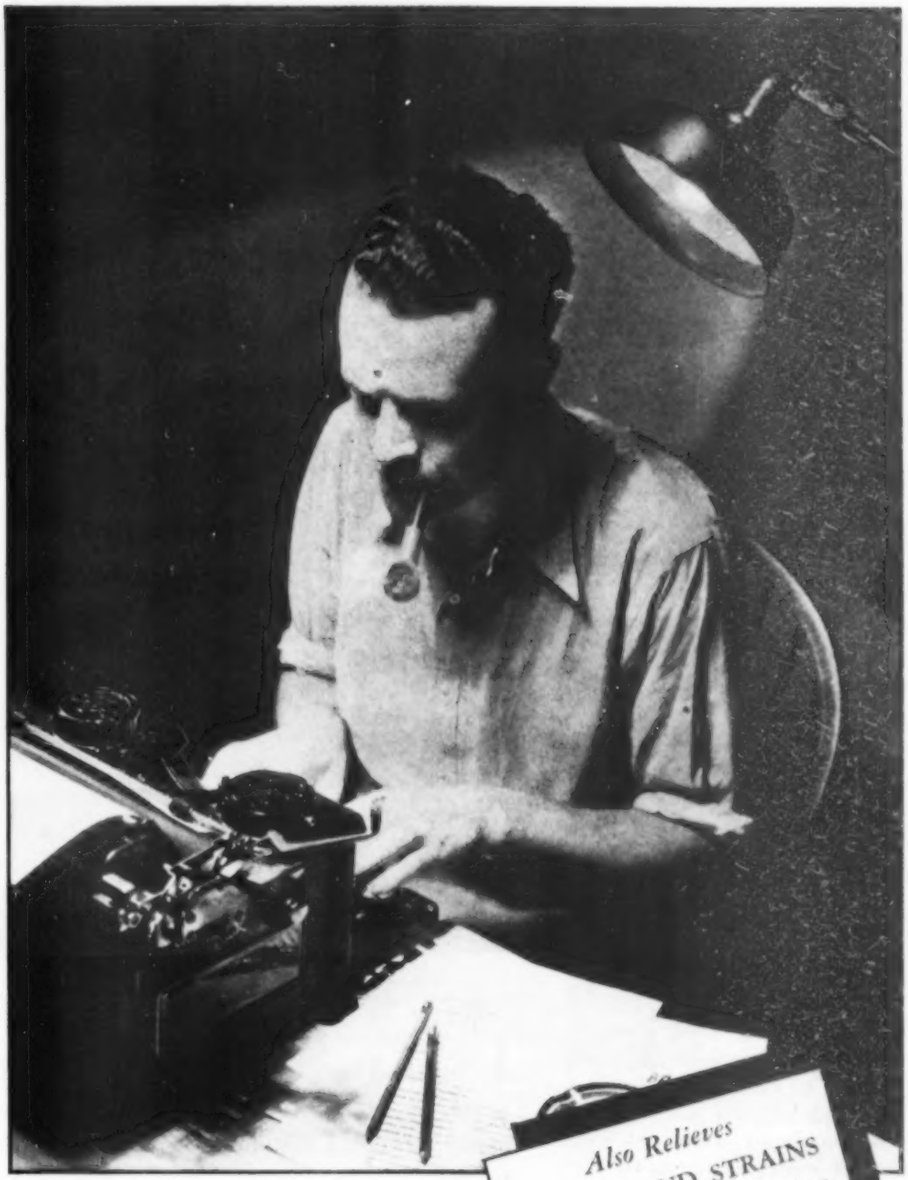
"Father says the experiment at Raleigh turned out much better than I had any right to hope for, and he's probably right. He usually is. He says it was something to have impressed Ernie Pitman, and I am pretty proud of that. But he says I can be proudest of you—and I am. You were more than splendid to me, Bob; you were everything a friend could ever be. Father says I hoped for too much—for many Bobs—and that I can consider one a blessing. He says that it is the doom of the intelligent rich to be lonely, but that I needn't make myself more lonely by being foolishly suspicious. I'm sure he's right, and you've proved to me that I can make a friend all by myself. I can never thank you enough."

I know he means that, but the funny thing is that Bill will never understand that he did more for me than I did for him. I never knew a real thoroughbred before.

PHOTO. BY A.-S. PHOTO SERVICE

Lake Lure, Near Asheville, North Carolina

HIS TRAVELS ARE ALL ON A TYPEWRITER . . . . YET HE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"


Also Relieves
SPRAINS AND STRAINS
Rubbed in, quickly soothes pain; reduces inflammation and prevents stiffness and lameness

WHAT a life of adventure he leads! Daily he projects the exploring craft of his mind into the far corners of the world. His brain seethes with the plots and counter-plots of buccaneers and pearl-poachers. His nimble fingers click off the daring hazards of great deeds. But his feet wouldn't know the difference between a "trek" and a trolley-ride.

Yet this writer, at ease in his study and a stranger to leg-work, has a well developed case of "Athlete's Foot." It's an attack by an enemy he can't describe or dispose of. *He doesn't even know what it is.*

***Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home**

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton,* is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats. It thrives on damp floors everywhere.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere.* It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire nation until now the United States Public Health Service finds *"it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time."*

And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton,* has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, by bacteria counts and by photo-micrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ, *tinea trichophyton.*

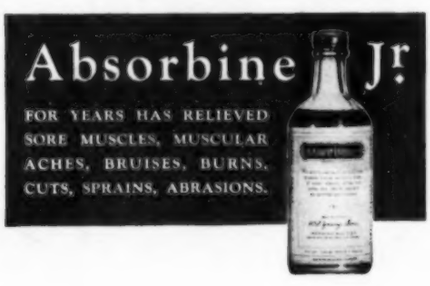
This will be good news to many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing how to get rid of it.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent.* The person who is seriously afflicted with it today may have had these same mild symptoms like yours a short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed below at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write W. F. YOUNG, INC., 217 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.



*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

For a Discriminating Clientele

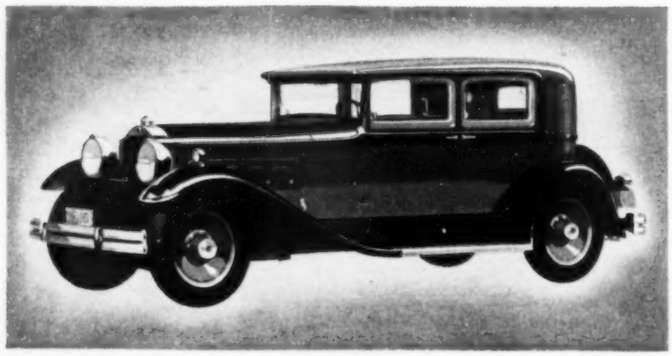
To the great cartographer Mercator and his son, in Flanders, came the great navigators, kings and princes of the late sixteenth century for those charts and maps so priceless in planning exploration, or in waging new campaigns of conquest

IN all Packard's thirty years of building fine motor cars for a discriminating clientele Packard distinction has never been more pronounced, more enviable than it is today.

For Packard cars, ever beautiful and distinguished, offer what the world at large now acknowledges to be the utmost in luxurious transportation. And Packard ownership—whether of a De Luxe, an Individual Custom model or a model of the superb Standard Eight line—carries a definite and well recognized prestige.

Nor is Packard Eight ownership expensive. Any Packard man can, and will be pleased to show you with detailed figures that it really costs *no more* to have a luxurious Packard Standard Eight than any other car of like size and power — if you will but follow the example of most Packard owners and keep your Packard a little longer.

You can easily find out from any Packard dealer whether *you* are paying Packard ownership costs for your present motoring. If you are, then why not enjoy Packard luxury and prestige—why not *have* the Packard you have always wanted?



PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

CHAMP

(Continued from Page 28)

"Your father ain't been as well as he might be," Mrs. Stanton said, with the air of one who imparts forbidden knowledge. "I just put my foot down at any more work for a week. But you know how he is. He'll never trust anything to other people. There's no reason under the sun why those two men can't paint Jed Coburn's house; but your father has to be a-runnin' back and forth like he was the only painter on earth."

"Coburn's dealin' with me," Stanton said quietly. "As long as he pays me he's got a right to the best I can give him."

Mrs. Stanton emitted a snort of kindly disgust and placed upon Eddie's plate another helping of the delicious pie.

"I shouldn't eat this," Eddie smiled, "but I'm going to."

"Land sakes!" Mrs. Stanton exclaimed. "Why shouldn't you eat it? What's the matter with it?"

"Oh, there's nothing the matter with it. Only it's sweet, and I'm in training."

"Eddie's going to box again soon," the girl explained. "I know you don't understand much about boxing, but we'll tell you more this evening."

"I guess it's something like this publicity, ain't it?" Stanton muttered.

"You mustn't be unreasonable, father," Betty rejoined quietly. "I don't know what you two have been talking about while we fixed the lunch ——"

"I tried to tell your father," Eddie interrupted, "about this foolish publicity."

"Papers is hard up for news, 'pears like," Stanton muttered. "They're in a pretty pass when they have to print somethin' today just so they can deny it tomorrow."

Betty laughed softly. "Take my word for it, father," she said gently. "You'll understand this thing fully before many hours go by. Just as soon as we finish lunch, Eddie is going to run down to the inn and take a room there. Then we'll all have the evening together and really get acquainted."

"I thought maybe you'd go down with me, Mr. Stanton," Eddie said. "You could show me how to get there and maybe introduce me to the manager."

Stanton sniffed. "There ain't no manager," he answered. "Sim Butts owns the place. I guess it won't be much like your big city hotels."

"Of course he'll go down with you," Betty smiled. "You can ride down in the roadster and be back in time for dinner. The ride will do you good, father."

"Can't you all come down there and have dinner with me?" Eddie asked.

"Not tonight," Betty said quickly. "Perhaps tomorrow, Eddie, but not tonight."

It followed that the older man and the younger climbed into the blue roadster and started for the village. Stanton sat hunched in a corner of the leather seat.

"Us country people," he said, "don't have cars as bright colored as this."

"I don't blame you," Eddie laughed. "This isn't my car. It belongs to my manager. I just borrowed it."

They rode a short distance in silence. Then Eddie cut the speed of the car and turned suddenly to the other man. "You don't like prize fighters, do you?" he snapped.

Stanton's lips quivered again and a queer look wreathed his face.

"You needn't answer," Eddie went on. "I know you don't. But I want you to know this, Mr. Stanton; I'm not any roughneck. I'm a boxer because I'm big and strong and I've a good chance to make myself a fortune in a short time. I don't drink or smoke, and I live just as clean a life as you do. My people were poor and I'm not going to be if I can help it. That's all."

Still Stanton did not answer, and Eddie felt at a distinct disadvantage in trying to talk with the man. "I'm not lying to you," he went on at last, "about this elopement. Betty and I are not married. What could a girl like Betty see in a man like me?"

This direct attack left Stanton somewhat at sea. He sniffed, gulped, swallowed two or three times; then, over twitching lips, managed to say, "We're simple people. I'll have to think things out my own way."

"Whatever you say," Eddie nodded. Then, "How many prize fighters have you ever known, Mr. Stanton?"

"By George, I never knowed any!"

"Then why do you dislike them?"—resolutely.

"I guess I know what they are well enough."

"From what you read?"

"Yes."

"Well, you read that Betty and I eloped. That's not true."

There was another span of silence.

"You don't think Betty is a bad girl, do you?"

"Nope."

"Well, don't you read bad things about some actresses?"

Eddie waited for a response that did not come. He added, "Because some actresses are bad, that doesn't mean all of them are. Because some boxers are roughnecks, that doesn't mean all of them are. Even some painters go out and get drunk and do bad things. No matter what kind of people you pick, Mr. Stanton, they aren't all good and they aren't all bad."

"I never thought Betty'd mix up with a prize fighter," Stanton sniffed.

"My people," Eddie said calmly, "never figgered I'd mix up with an actress."

Stanton shifted uneasily on the seat, but attempted no reply. He did, however, raise his big soft eyes to stare at Eddie as resentfully as he could.

"You heard some gossip about me, didn't you?" Eddie demanded. "Somebody said something about Betty and me; somebody that loafs around your barber shop here?"

"He lied," Stanton said vehemently.

"What did he say?" Eddie insisted.

Stanton wet his lips, but did not reply.

"I want to know what he said; I want you to tell me what he said; tell me just exactly."

"He said," Stanton muttered courageously, "that you were a no-good prize fighter an' if you was wastin' your time on our Betty it was for what you could get out of it. That's plain enough, ain't it?"

"I see," Eddie answered quietly. "Where is this barber shop, Mr. Stanton?"

Stanton sat suddenly erect, fear broad upon his countenance. "I won't have trouble here in this town," he snapped. "I simply won't have it, young man. I won't say I got anything personal against you, but I'm not goin' to have my child traipsin' around with the likes of you."

"Where is that barber shop?" Eddie demanded. "You might as well tell me," he went on, "because you're going to sit right in this car until I find it."

As a matter of fact, there was only one barber shop in the village and this proclaimed its own whereabouts by the usual striped pole. Beside this Eddie brought the car to a full stop. He slid from under the wheel and walked around the rear of the car, passed a moss-lined watering trough and opened the other door of the car.

He said to Stanton, "Come on, Mr. Stanton; get out. We're going in here and find the man who knows me and said such a thing about Betty and me. You'd better point him out to me, because if you don't, I'll just upset the whole town finding him."

"Wh-what are you goin' to do?"

"I'm going to make him admit he doesn't know me," Eddie said calmly, "and openly apologize for the rotten thing he said."

He caught Stanton by the arm and literally helped the man from the car. As they reached the door of the barber shop, Stanton whispered:

"It's Letch Worton as said it."

"Which one is he?" Eddie demanded, peering through the glass at the five or six men seated against the inner wall of the little shop.

"The third one from the door," Stanton simpered. "Now you be careful, young man. I won't have scandal an' gossip in this town. I've lived here all my life ——"

Eddie opened the door and walked into the shop. "Does anyone here know me?" he demanded.

They all looked at him in amazement, but the barber himself broke the spell with an ejaculation.

"I do, by gorry! You're Eddie Riton, the fighter!"

"That's who I am," Eddie nodded. Then he stepped to Worton. "Do you know me?" he demanded.

"I've—I've saw your picture."

"You never really saw me before?"

Letch Worton had cringed into his chair and his eyes darted in terror from the twitching countenance of Stanton back to the steady glare in Eddie's eyes.

"Answer me," the boxer demanded. "Did you ever speak to me in your life before?"

"No—no, sir."

"Did you tell Mr. Stanton you knew me? Did you tell these other gentlemen you knew me?"

"Y-y-yes."

"Then you're a liar, ain't you—aren't you?"

Worton nodded.

"You're just a human skunk," Eddie charged. "No good yourself, you're always saying vile things about people who are some good. Now I want you to tell Mr. Stanton that you're a miserable liar and you had no right to say what you did about his daughter and me."

So terrified was Worton that he repeated Eddie's words verbatim. A hush fell over the little shop. It was a dramatic hush and by some flash of occult divination Eddie was able to sense that he was making friends with every man in the shop except Worton himself. He turned suddenly to Stanton.

"That ought to satisfy you, sir," he said. "This man never saw me in his

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WINS SECOND PRIZE in *Photographers' Golden Anniversary Contest to Select America's Most Attractive Child*—*Marguerite Connable, Memphis, Tenn.*

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PHOTOGRAPHS *of your* **CHILDREN**

. . . . to share their changing charm with those who know and love them

They grow up all too soon—the merry sprites whose smiles and wiles make home so happy. You must have them photographed *now*, if you would possess an enduring record of today's charm, for all your tomorrows.

And what an ideal solution of your Christmas gift puzzle! Give each admirer, old or young, a portrait of the children. Truly it is a present beyond price, to be treasured through the years. Phone your local studio now for an appointment.

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH

The Gift that only you can give

life. He knows absolutely nothing about me. He is just a small-time slanderer that's had a lesson coming to him for a long time." As he spoke, his eye fell upon the watering trough out before the barber shop. A sudden idea came to him.

"He's going to get that lesson right now," he went on matter-of-factly.

His big hand reached out and the fingers entwined in the coat collar of the cringing Worton. The man howled with terror, but Eddie jerked him to his feet and with the other hand seized the seat of his pants and raised him upward so that only his toes touched the floor.

"Open that door!" he ordered the barber.

When this had been done he marched Worton across the shop, through the door, over the sidewalk, to the edge of the watering trough. Those in the shop sensed what was coming. Casual passers-by paused in wonderment. Smiles of anticipation crept over rural faces.

"Now, Mr. Worton," Eddie said quite clearly, "we're just going to wash out your dirty mouth for you. It'll do you good."

While Worton was still squealing in terror the boxer lifted the man and stuffed his head under water. At some detriment to his own clothing, he splashed the fellow up and down so that the trailing green moss was dislodged from the sides of the trough and became entangled in his hair. Worton's screams, intermittent because half his energy was wasted in bubbles, attracted twenty or thirty more people, and these stood about to smile. When Eddie had finished his self-appointed task and dropped the saturated Worton in the dust of the road, he returned these smiles.

"I guess that finishes the show, gentlemen," he announced. "At least, every one of you knows now just how much truth there was to what this fellow said."

A chorus of laughter and approval greeted his words. Worton, half drowned, struggled to his feet and slunk away, leaving a trail of dripping water which ran sloshingly from his shoes.

"Who are you?" a stranger asked of Eddie. "I'm the constable of this village and I want to know who you are to be ducking people."

"He's Eddie Riton, the great fighter," the barber explained to the constable, "and Letch had it comin', Joe."

There was more vociferous approbation from the small crowd assembled.

"That's right," Eddie explained. "I'm Eddie Riton, constable. I'm going straight to the inn now, and I'll stay there overnight. If you want me for anything, you can find me right there."

The constable grinned and cast an amused glance in the wake of Letch Worton. "I guess I won't be wantin' you for nothin', Mr. Riton," he said slowly.

Suddenly the barber stepped across the sidewalk and held out his hand. "Would you mind shakin' hands with me, Eddie?" he asked. "I think you're going to be champion of the world an' I'm mighty proud to meet you."

For several minutes Eddie was clasping the hands offered him, and when one of the men he so met proved to be a clergyman, he recalled that it was a minister who first had spoken to Mr. Stanton about Betty and himself.

"I guess you know the whole story on this, don't you, sir?" he asked as he shook the minister's hand.

"I do now, young man," the clergyman returned frankly, "but I'm very doubtful that I did before."

Eddie glanced at Stanton. Though the lips of Betty's father were twitching and he was gulping and swallowing nervously, there nevertheless was a smile about his homely mouth.

XII

IN THE parlance of the theater, Eddie had clicked. Unquestionably the crowd was with him. One or two actually clapped their hands as he and Stanton climbed back into the blue roadster.

"We're going to the inn now, Mr. Stanton," the boxer said.

"It's straight down the road," Stanton replied by way of direction.

Eddie noticed that the man's voice held a new note and hoped that it might be one of friendliness. As the car started, the minister stepped onto the running board beside Stanton.

"You won't mind, young man," he said, "if I ride to the inn with you?"

"Not at all," Eddie returned through a smile.

"You have a manner of expression distinctly your own," the genial clergyman went on. "I've a desire to know you better."

"Whatever you say," Eddie answered. "Hang on tight there so's you won't fall off."

In a miniature way they constituted a triumphal procession, and when they arrived at the inn a small crowd already had mysteriously gathered there. Sim Butts, with an air of gusto, received them on the porch and the villagers knotted close about the car as Eddie removed his suitcase from the rear compartment.

"I'd like to have a room with a bath," he said to Butts.

"Ours ain't much of a bridal suite," Butts answered, "but you sure can have it. Is Betty stayin' with you?"

"Betty and I aren't married," the fighter answered. "I guess someone saw us riding out of town and just thought we were eloping. We only came up to spend a week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Stanton. I'm staying here so's not to crowd them at home."

This announcement evoked a profound and disappointed buzzing of lips. Butts led the way into the small foyer of the inn and passed to Eddie an ancient register, upon which the boxer wrote his name.

"Is there a telephone in my room?" he asked.

"I declare there ain't," Butts admitted. "But you can talk from right here."

Eddie glanced at an old-fashioned wall phone with a crank on its side. The thought came to him that there was little privacy of conversation possible. But he was also beginning to realize that everyone in the village was interested in him, and no matter what he might say over the telephone, it was apt to be overheard by someone and would thus become common knowledge.

"If you'll just take my bag upstairs, Mr. Butts," he said. "I'd like to call one of the newspaper offices in the city."

Butts turned to his wife, who stood silent and awestruck at the end of the small desk.

"Marsha," he said, "sposin' you put in the call for this young man while I show him his room." He picked up Eddie's bag and started toward the white stairs at the left of the foyer. Eddie gave the wife the necessary instructions.

(Continued on Page 100)

THE Kelly Truck and Bus Balloon tire is not merely an enlarged passenger car balloon.

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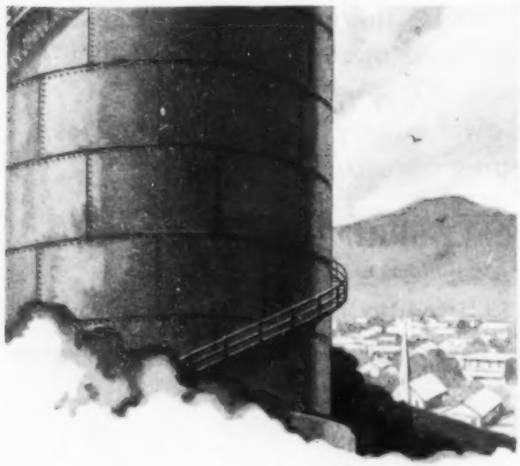

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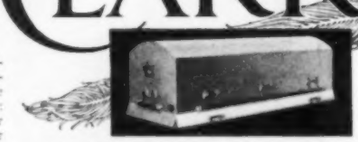

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This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It identifies the Clark instantly. Unless you see this mark the Vault is not a Clark.

(Continued from Page 98)

"Will you come up?" he smiled then at Stanton.

"I'll wait here," the man answered.

"Please do," Eddie urged. "Because I want you to hear just what I say over the telephone."

When he returned to the foyer, Stanton was waiting, and a glance through the door indicated that a dozen or more of the village folk were gathered still about the blue roadster.

When the call came through, the others gathered close at hand, straining their ears that not a single word might be missed. The boxer got a connection to the sports department of a newspaper and quickly made himself known.

"This is Eddie Riton," he said. "Have you got anything new on that elopement story?"

The onlookers watched with bated breath while Eddie listened a moment. Mrs. Butts sighed audibly. Then the fighter spoke again:

"Then you know that Linda Belledu and myself are not married? You're going to print a denial of the story tomorrow morning?"

After another pause he said, "That's fine. Thank you very much. Now you can do me another favor. Call up the Hotel Regal and find out if Martin Olson is registered there. If he is ask him to telephone me here at Hooker's Falls. I'll be at the inn."

This terminated the conversation, and after hanging up the receiver, Eddie smiled again upon Stanton.

"You can see for yourself," he said, "that what I told you is the truth. Tomorrow's papers will print a denial of the elopement story. The sports editor told me it already is in print."

He paused a moment. Then: "I don't blame you for wondering about it, but you should have known that Betty is not the kind of girl that has to run away to get married." He paused in sudden doubt, that vague disturbance deep within him. Added: "Especially with a man like me."

Mrs. Butts heaved a profound sigh and sank into one of the chairs in the foyer. Butts nodded his head violently and walked away to expectorate in a brass cuspidor. There was a finality in this gesture which was suggestive. Eddie turned toward the door and Stanton followed him.

"Maybe you'll think," Eddie said as they drove back, "that I've taken matters too much into my own hands, Mr. Stanton."

"The town never seen nothin' like it before," the older man retorted dubiously.

"It was the only way I could prove to you," Eddie explained, "the things you wouldn't take my word for."

Stanton sniffed and maintained silence. Eddie glanced at the man and wondered if the kindly old face didn't reflect something of abashment.

"I can't blame you a whole lot for what you thought," he continued. "There's an old saying that one half the world don't know how the other half lives. Both Betty and myself have only our youth to depend on. We've got to make our fortunes in a very few years. We can't build like you did, with thoughts of a long future. That's why things have to be rushed. If I'm not rich in five years I never will be. Can't you see that?"

"It's all different," Stanton answered slowly.

"Well," Eddie laughed, "at least you're doubtful now. An hour ago you were sure I was no good."

"You ain't like I thought you were," Stanton admitted. "I don't know what folks'll think about all this later on. They're all pretty excited right now."

"You mean about Worton?"

"Uh-huh."

"I'm not going to worry about that," Eddie promised. "I guess you can be pretty sure that every woman in town will be tickled to death that he got what was coming to him."

"Mebbe so."

"You can be fairly sure of it. Some men just like to slander women. It's the way their minds run. He's one of that kind. All the women and every decent man in town will say I did the right thing."

"I hope so. Of course, you couldn't hardly call it a fight."

Eddie laughed. "Do you think I'd hit anybody like him?"

"I spose not."

"You can depend on that. I don't go around hitting people just because I know how. I don't really like to fight. It's just my work, that's all. Instead of acting, like Betty does, I box. There ain't—isn't anything disgraceful about it."

They turned into the driveway and Eddie brought the car to a stop at the side porch. Betty darted out of the house and gave Eddie a most enthusiastic greeting.

"We've heard all about it," she chortled. "Eddie, you're the hero of the town. It must have been immense."

Eddie realized suddenly that the minister was there beside Betty, and he smiled a greeting.

"It was too good to keep," the man acknowledged. "I like your looks, young man, and your actions just as well. I haven't been a minister in a small town without learning something about the dangers of gossip. When I left you at the inn the thought came to me that not many minutes would go by until some gossipy person came straight to this house to tell Betty and her mother that their young prize fighter had just drowned a man in the village watering trough. So I thought I'd bring authentic news first-hand and save both a few unpleasant moments."

The sight of the minister had a somewhat remarkable effect upon the girl's father. For the first time since Eddie met him, the man thawed out. By every word and gesture the clergyman indicated approval of Eddie's actions, and to Mr. Stanton this obvious fact brought confidence. They gathered in the living room, and the presence of the minister with his natural gift for conversation inspired a congeniality for which both Eddie and the girl were immeasurably thankful.

"You'll stay to dinner, Mr. Boller," Mrs. Stanton insisted. "And I'll have Horace run over and get Mrs. Boller. All this has come on us so sudden we scarcely know what to think."

"I know what you're thinking," the girl laughed gayly. "It's just what I knew you would think when I asked Eddie to come up here with me. No matter what you may have heard about prize fighters, you know you have met one of the nicest boys you ever will meet. Now you'll stop listening to all this silly gossip that nobody cares anything about and we can't avoid."

Further conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a noisy light car in the yard. Stanton stepped out onto the porch and shortly returned. "It's a man from the inn, Mr. Riton," he said. "There's a call for you on the telephone."

"It must be Oley," Eddie explained to Betty. "I won't be gone but a few

(Continued on Page 102)

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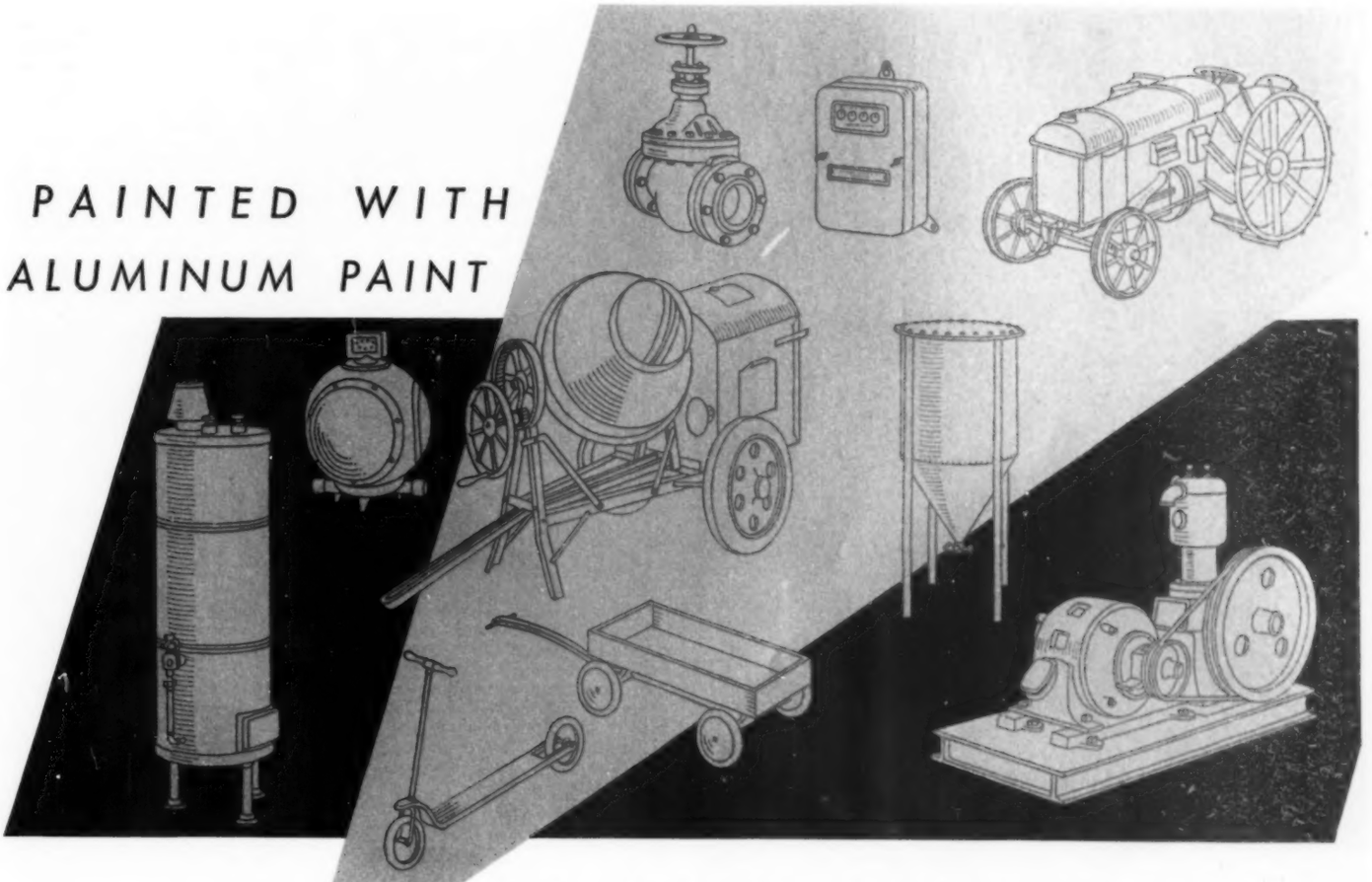

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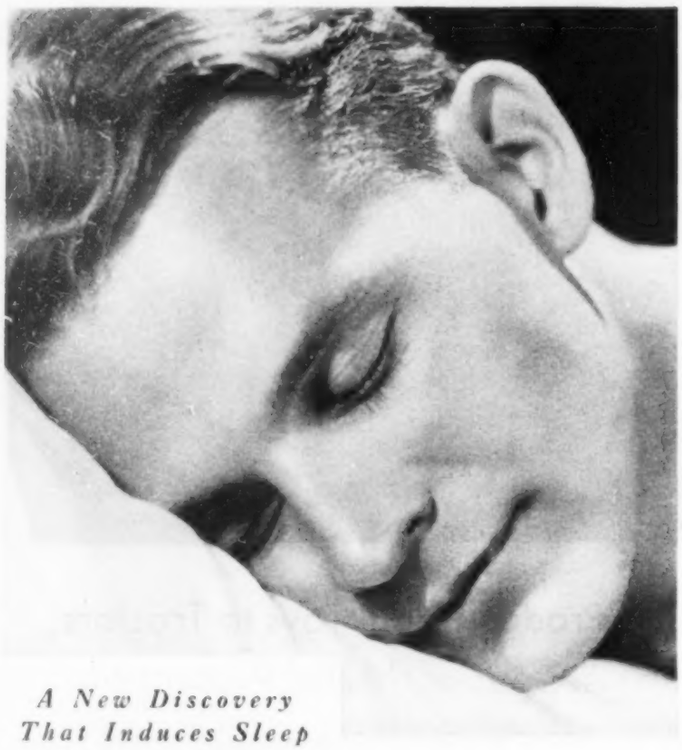
How To Get Restful Sleep

at Night—*and Energetic Days*



A New Discovery That Induces Sleep Without Drugs

The Kind of Sleep That Brings All-Day Energy Next Day.

IF you have a hard time getting to sleep at night, we urge you to try this discovery of a noted European scientist. Doing so has made a great difference in the lives of thousands of nervous, sleep-starved people. Not only in the sleep they get, but in their energy and appearance all next day.

On doctors' advice, millions are employing this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. So the sleep it brings is sound, natural sleep. And it does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First, it induces sleep. You get normal refreshing sleep a few minutes after you go to bed.

Then, *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties resupply your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains, in easily digested form, practically EVERY building element necessary to energy. And thus provides the *kind of sleep that rebuilds and rejuvenates.*

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but actually *build up* your health! So you teem with energy every day.

Do you wonder, then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used over 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Try It Tonight

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous underweight children. Thousands take it during the day to relieve fatigue. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it!* Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just 'phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine. 765

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OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

(Continued from Page 100)

minutes." As he passed the father he laid a big hand on the man's arm. "By the way," he smiled, "my name's Eddie. I wish you'd call me that."

Stanton's lips quivered and he swallowed with uncertainty, but Mrs. Stanton rose to the occasion.

"Don't you make any arrangements to go back to the city, Eddie," she called. "We'll all have dinner here tonight. Mebbe the cookin' won't be very good, but the food'll be fresh, an' plenty of it."

When Eddie returned to the house half an hour later he smiled happily at the girl. "The call was from Oley," he nodded. "I told him I'd sure be back by Monday afternoon. You know, I wanted to talk to him about those contracts of yours."

"That'll be fine," the girl agreed. "I'd like to meet him too. Perhaps we can have dinner together Monday evening."

"Whatever you say," Eddie nodded. Then: "I finally got a chance to do Oley a favor too."

"I'm glad of that," she answered.

"Yeah," Eddie went on. "Oley's picked up another fighter. He wants me to use my influence to get a match for him on the same card with Billy Walton and myself."

"That'd be nice," Betty exclaimed. "Do you suppose you can help him?"

"Sure," Eddie grinned. "Tommy can put anybody he wants on the card at the Manazita Club. I told Oley to go to him and use my name. Oley'll know how to handle it."

XIII

THE ride from Hooker's Falls back to the city was even more delightful for the two than their journey in the opposite direction. There was so much more to talk about, and so much less uncertainty, that they could give themselves over to serene contemplation of all that youth holds dear.

"You did just exactly what I knew you would," the girl said proudly. "You know, Eddie, you really have remarkable qualities."

"You did it," Eddie answered. "I never would have thought about going up there."

"Do you really like them?"

"You just bet I do. Your mother's a peach. I fell for her plenty."

"Don't you like father too?"

"Sure I do. But he's hard to talk with. He seems suspicious of everything."

"I think he got over that before we left."

"Maybe he did," Eddie admitted. "He changed just as soon as he saw the minister up at your house."

Betty laughed softly. "I knew he would. That's why I arranged with Mr. Boller to stay for dinner. He's nice, don't you think?"

"Yeah," Eddie agreed. "He's a nice fellow all right. Interested in boxing too."

"I guess about every man is," Betty said. "And lots of women too."

In the happiness of their achievement they forsook thought of everything but themselves and the joys of the ride. It was well past noon when they reached the city, and they stopped at the very first news stand and secured newspapers. These they hunted through with feverish interest until at last they came to the article which denied their elopement and explained their trip into the country. At the sight of it both sighed with relief. When they reached Betty's hotel they had decided to make the trip again within a month, and Betty pointed out that if her present play closed and they did not hold her to road performances, she would spend the summer at home.

"It isn't much of a trip," she smiled, "and you could come up often."

"I not only could," Eddie said positively, "I would."

He took the blue roadster to the garage and from there caught a taxi to the Regal Hotel, where he found Oley Olson.

"Those contracts I wrote you about," he began at once, "don't have anything to do with me. They're Betty's. I mean Linda Belledu's. She's scored a hit in this show and Ellerson wants to star her. She's had two or three different propositions and doesn't know which contract to sign. She asked me about 'em and I told her I'd get you to look 'em over."

"I don't look over contracts," Olson grinned. "What she wants is a darn good theatrical lawyer."

"Well, can't you find her one?"

Olson grinned again. "Actors an' fighters an' writers an' artists are all the same," he avowed. "I'm surprised you ever learned to tie your necktie without help."

"Well, you see," Eddie rejoined, "I trust you, Oley. I know you're honest."

"That's all right," Olson nodded. "Get the contracts for me. I'll find a guy that'll pick out the weak spots in 'em. How're you doin' with this dame?"

"We get fine publicity, Oley. Besides that," Eddie continued, "she's a wonderful girl. I don't know. Maybe I'm falling for her."

"What the hell are you talkin' about?"

"On the level, Oley. I just been up and met her people."

"What's the idea of that?"—tensely.

"Betty wanted me to."

"What's this 'Betty' stuff?"

"That's her right name, Oley. Linda Belledu is only her stage name."

"Did you say you was just up to her home?"

"Sure. I only got back an hour ago."

"Do you own the house now?"

"What do you mean, own it?"

"Well, if she's got you on her hip as much as this, I thought the least you did was to pay off the family mortgage."

"Don't talk until you know her," Eddie smiled. "Do you realize that girl is making four hundred dollars a week right now? In a few months she'll go to a thousand, Oley. A thousand a week! She don't need any money."

"No?" Olson queried sarcastically. "I know a woman that's been drawin' twice that much a week for the last ten years. How well do I know her? So well that a month ago she touched me for five hundred bucks. That's how actresses can be with money."

"Some actresses," Eddie corrected. "Not Betty. Right now she has pretty near as much money as I have. Wait'll you meet her; then you can decide for yourself. Come to dinner with us tonight."

"All right," Olson grunted. "I'll come to dinner with you."

"Did you see Tommy about your new fighter?" Eddie asked.

"Yeah, I seen him." Olson smiled again suggestively.

"Did he give you a spot on the card?"

"Well, he didn't exactly give it to me, but I got it."

"Yeah?"—curiously.

(Continued on Page 104)

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The 5-Passenger Sedan
The Reo-Royale Eight appeals strongly to two groups of people—those for whom fine car ownership is a habit, and those for whom it is a cherished desire.
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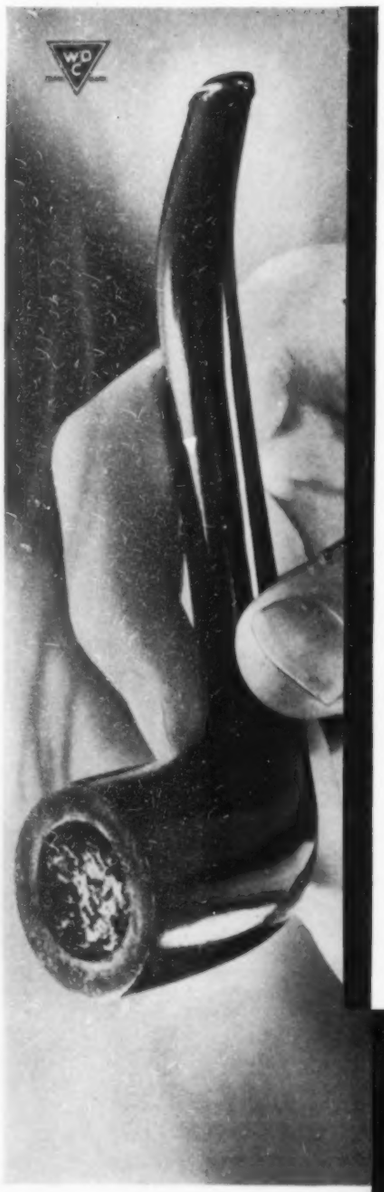

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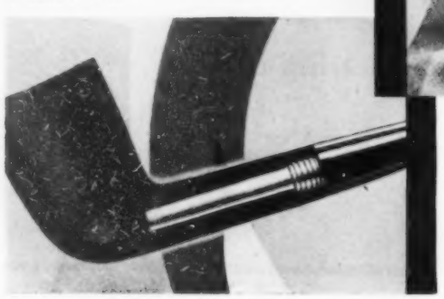

Could you do this with your pipe? With the Hesson Guard the shank is always dry and clean.

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THE PIPE
THAT STAYS SWEET!

(Continued from Page 102)

"Uh-huh. First off, he told me the card was filled. I kinda helped him through with an idea."

"What kind of an idea?"

"Well, kid," Olson mused, "did he ever talk to you much about your fight with Fetter?"

"Not much," Eddie answered cautiously.

"You don't really think you stopped Fetter, do you?"

"I thought it came pretty easy," Eddie admitted.

"Well," Olson answered, "I reminded Tommy of that. I told him that Fetter had played the game with him, so he ought to play it with Fetter now."

"What do you mean?" Eddie interrupted. "Put Fetter on with your boy?"

"That's right," Olson nodded. "In that way Fetter gets another fight, and one that's on the level. If he wins he can make up some of the prestige he lost doin' a tank act for you."

"Is your boy boxin' Fetter?"

"He is, you know!"

"You'd better look out, Oley. Fetter ain't a good fighter, but he ain't—isn't a bad one either. If this kid of yours hasn't got much experience——"

"Wait a minute, kid," Olson said quietly. "Get me straight on this. I've picked up a ball of fire; a natural-born fighter; the kind of a fighter that does the right thing without knowing it. He weaves like Dempsey and he moves around like Stribling. When he hits 'em they stay hit."

"Yeah?" Eddie asked, mildly interested. "Where'd you get him?"

"One of those things you read about," Olson grinned. "When I sold you, there was a lot of publicity in the papers about it. This kid read it, figured I was a good manager and came to me for a tryout. He looked good, so I took him down to the gym and threw him in with old Jack Pelter."

"Jack ain't such a bad fighter," Eddie remembered.

Olson laughed. "'Course, he ain't. For the first minute he stuck his left hand straight into this kid's pan every ten seconds. Then, without any warning, the kid let go a left hook that hit Pelter so hard on the side of the head his arches creaked, both his shoe laces broke an' he was knocked gloomier than a rent bill."

"Yeah?" Eddie asked in rising inflection.

"Right then I signed him up for five years," Olson went on. "I tell you, Eddie, he's a tough fighter an' he's got the makin's of a great fighter. If he has brains, he'll develop into another Mike Mazo."

"Gee," Eddie smiled, "I'm glad you got a break like that, Oley. And I'm glad he's gettin' a start at the Manazita Club. I didn't get such an early break. If they like his looks he'll get plenty of work."

"Sure," Olson grinned. "Mebbe if I make a Mazo out of him, they'll buy him from me for a tenth of what he's worth."

The three went to an early dinner that night. Olson, rendered callous by the experiences which had been his, regarded the two with a wary eye. Perhaps there crept into his heart some of the vague jealousies that age now and then tenders youth. Olson had reached that point where those with whom he had grown to manhood were suddenly dropping out of life about him. Those he had considered always young, he suddenly realized were getting old. Of them he was one.

He was able to find various questionable points in the contracts Linda Belledu was offered.

"Just from readin' these over," he told her, "I'd say that Ellerson has made you the best proposition. But even he wants you to sign a run-of-the-play contract. You'd have to rehearse three weeks for nothin', then stay in the play as long as he wants to keep it open, either in a big town or a small one. But he can drop you any time he wants to by givin' you two weeks' salary. I'd better dig up a good theatrical lawyer an' let him comb the snarls outa this."

He folded the contracts and put them into his pocket. The girl thanked him with such sincerity that he felt suddenly proud of himself.

"If there's anything wrong there," Eddie said, "Oley'll dig it out. He's a great business man—Oley."

The fight manager laughed. "Whenever I think of how hard I worked over those publicity contracts you both signed, I have to laugh," he admitted. "A kid in Eddie's position has to be careful, Linda. I wasn't goin' to have you blackmailin' him."

Little other than routine occurred between this night and fight night. None of the parties to the various contracts had the least suspicion that there was brewing about him happenings of the first magnitude. On the surface everything was calm; just another fight night, with Eddie Riton meeting Billy Walton in the main event, and eight preliminary fighters of dubious abilities working in the lower-paid bouts.

But underneath the surface there was a dynamic force upon which none had reckoned. It manifested itself suddenly and without warning, as unexpected as lightning in a sun shower. It flashed across the common vision, struck, and left in its wake a new hero, a fighter in whom the buyer of tickets found color and for whom they clamored. In a few fleeting seconds there appeared in the fistic firmament a scintillating comet which rose from obscurity to the steadfast brilliance of the North Star. While fifteen thousand rabid fans stood upon their chairs and created the perfect ballyhoo, managers and promoters looked at one another in stricken silence about the ringside.

The new hero was Battling Bradford. He weighed one hundred and ninety-three pounds. His torso was shaped like an inverted pyramid. Mounted upon this was a bolelike neck supporting a bullethead. His legs were thin, and graceful as a woman's. The muscles of his arms were huge, but stringy and velvetlike. At no point did they bulge or bunch. He was managed and seconded by Oley Olson.

When, just before the main event, he and Fetter climbed into the ring, the entire audience turned to its neighbor and asked the identity of this unknown. Thirty seconds later these same casual inquirers were swept into hysterical approbation and, scarce knowing the name of the man, were shrieking their approval and recognition of a new and a natural champion.

At the clang of the bell for the first round, a confident Fetter sidled from his corner and sneered upon Battling Bradford. The two squared off, Fetter on his toes, graceful and well poised; Bradford flat on his feet, facing perhaps a little too squarely to the front, arms crooked before his chest and motionless in the air.

Fetter feinted. Bradford merely weaved. Fetter tried with his right.

(Continued on Page 107)

Clean Smoking is Refreshing

Behold the always refreshing picture of a Wm. Penn . . . No falling tobacco bits . . . No rain of ash on necktie and coat . . . *The ash holds*, proving a *long filler* cigar, free of scraps and sweepings. *Wm. Penn, most modern of 5-cent cigars, is machine manufactured* . . . made clean to smoke clean—inside and outside. Reach for it always . . . Take no substitute.

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THE CIGAR WITH THE LONG ASH

Wm. Penn 5¢

The Cigar with the *Refreshing* Taste

It's never too early to learn

Tiny as her hands are, dirt and smudges disappear from her play-household like magic. (She is learning to start housekeeping *right*—with Bon Ami—just as her mother learned it many years ago.)

Unskilled as her hands are as yet—no surface will suffer scratch or mar to make cleaning harder next time—(for remember she is using Bon Ami). And soft as her hands are, she need never fear that they will get rough or red. Bon Ami doesn't do that.

Bon Ami is truly the Nemesis of grime and dirt, but it won't leave scratches and it won't hurt tender hands.

THE BON AMI COMPANY . . . . . NEW YORK
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Bon Ami

cake and powder *every home needs both*

In play housekeeping or real—grime is grime, dirt is dirt, and their Nemesis is Bon Ami. Try it for cleaning and polishing BATHTUBS · TILING · MIRRORS · WINDOWS · SMOOTH PAINTED WOODWORK PEWTER · NICKEL AND AGATEWARE · ALUMINUM · BRASS · TIN · COPPER · CHROMIUM PLATE AUTOMOBILE WINDSHIELDS AND METAL TRIMMINGS · REFRIGERATORS · WHITE SHOES · THE HANDS ENAMEL STOVES · FINE KITCHEN UTENSILS · FLOORS OF TILE, MARBLE AND CONGOLEUM

(Continued from Page 104)

The blow landed on the side of Bradford's head, but even as it struck, the unknown's left hand hooked upward against Fetter's ribs. The thud of that blow was heard in the upper galleries. Fetter's knees bent under him; an anguished look twisted his face. Before the sound of the first bell had died away, Battling Bradford's right fist hooked to Fetter's head. Once again the veteran was counted out.

Eddie Riton learned of all this when they returned Fetter again to the dressing room and the new fistic sensation went to him and helped his seconds as they placed ice packs on the back of his neck and rubbed his legs and his arms in an effort to restore circulation. As Eddie himself started for the ring, Oley Olson found opportunity to accost him.

"What'd I tell you?" he smiled. "You keep away from this kid, Eddie. Don't let 'em go crazy an' put you in there with him. In six months he'll lick any man in the world!"

Something of this remained in Eddie Riton's mind as he faced Walton there in the ring. The crowd which watched this main event indicated beyond dispute their preference for Battling Bradford. The ring personality of the man had caught on. He was what is known in fistiana as a natural. No need to ballyhoo this fighter; no need for trick publicity and carefully sought matches; here was a natural-born killer of the ring, the Jack Dempsey of whom a million fans had dreamed, the man whose name over a box office attracted dollars as a magnet draws metal.

Eddie worked his best there in the ring. He followed directions implicitly. His exhibition of speed attracted even that restive crowd. Beneath his dancing feet typewriters and telegraph instruments ticked out a message to the multitudes. Everything seemed in a feverish state, and Eddie wondered if all this machinery of news was ignoring his own efforts and relaying to the public the might of Battling Bradford.

For three rounds he boxed Billy Walton. He feinted the man, sidestepped him, handcuffed him in the clinches. At times he so confused him with sheer speed that the veteran stepped deliberately away in an effort to get his bearings. Once this maneuver was so marked that the crowd laughed.

In the rest period preceding the fourth round, Tommy spoke earnestly to Eddie. "Stiffen him this round, punk," he instructed. "Remember, you stopped Fetter with a right. Try to feint this bum into a left. That'll give you a punch in each hand, see? Don't make a bum out of us now. Be sure to stop him this round, but try a couple of times with your left before you make it certain with your right."

A minute and thirty-seven seconds after the bell for the fourth round, Walton went down from a left hook to the chin. He was a gamester and tried his best to get up, but in this he failed. Eddie had timed his punch perfectly and directed it exactly to the button. He stood in a neutral corner while Walton was counted out. After helping the man to his corner, Eddie returned to Tommy, and there was happiness in his heart because of the evidence of prowess he had given his manager. Tommy took the victory all too casually. He seemed, in fact, absent-minded. He gathered together towels and water bottles and stored them in Eddie's bucket. As they climbed down the steps from the ring a well-known newspaperman caught Tommy by the hand, and Eddie heard him say: "There's a natural for you, Tommy. Eddie Riton versus Battling Bradford!"

"Yeah," Tommy smiled absently. "But first let this Bradford get a reputation. Except Fetter, who's he ever fought?"

"He did better with Fetter than Riton," the writer chuckled. "Do you realize that was a fourteen-second knock-out? And listen to this crowd, Tommy! Eddie Riton and Battling Bradford would draw seventy-five thousand in this place tomorrow night."

Tommy looked a little worried. His eyes shifted and he muttered, "They would all right. But, damn it all, we can't go!"

"Why not?" the writer demanded.

"Because we're all ready signed up with Scripps. But," he added, "the fight's a natural, all right. If this kid looks as good in his next start we'll sign up with him later on. You an' I both know Riton would kill him. Bradford has to get set and slug, whereas Eddie here can step around plenty. Did you ever see such speed in a heavyweight as my boy showed tonight? And don't forget this: He showed a right-hand punch when he dropped Fetter, but it wasn't no right that stopped Mr. Walton. It was a clean left hook. Walton went down like a fake oil stock in a panic! Eddie proved he can hit with either hand."

They worked their way through the crowd to the dressing room and Eddie noticed that Battling Bradford and Oley Olson already had left.

"Well," he smiled at Tommy, "I did what you asked me, didn't I?"

"Sure," Tommy shrugged. "Why not?"

"I stopped him with my left," Eddie pointed out.

"That's what I told you to do, ain't it?"

"Sure, but I did it."

"Where do you think I been?" Tommy queried absently. "On a tour? I seen it all, punk. You don't have to tell me you did it."

"You'd kick," Eddie snorted, "if you was in swimmin'!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Winter Landscape

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PLUS

ECONOMY

Good looks and money saved: *that's* "travelo"! It will outwear even your expectations. After months of rough use it still looks new . . . because *it holds its shape*. Saves your other clothes, saves doctor bills: in fact it's cheaper to buy a "travelo" than to try and do without!

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"travelo" gives you more variety: more new styles, colors, patterns and mixtures—for motoring, loafing, fishing, golf or plain hard work. "travelo" *started* the modern vogue for knit jackets. First away, and away ahead today—with all the *extra* variety and value you naturally expect from the undisputed leader in its field.

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. . . . . and more of it: *that's* "travelo," too! Gives you deep, snug, comfortable warmth on the coldest days—but never binds or bunches, or hampers, or weighs you down. Wear it under a coat, or instead of a coat, outdoors or indoors, but *wear* it, if you want real comfort this winter.

To make sure you get the EXTRA *comfort, economy, variety and style that only the* LEADER *can give you—look for the "travelo" label. The cost is only $6 to $10 (depending on the model) and you get the economical best!*

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knit jackets & vests *for* men & boys

Lido

KNIT JACKETS

Lido Knit Jackets are made by "travelo" in a variety of smart styles—most of them priced at $5

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Look for DOLE *stamped in the top*

A color photograph

These grade definitions are worth remembering

Grade 1

Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Tidbits (Salad Cuts)—Grade 1 slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup.

Grade 2

Also comes in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. Grade 2 syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

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Broken slices packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good, wholesome quality.

This is marketing made easy!

A name and a number stamped in the can to tell you just what's inside

First you ask your grocer for DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple—the finest on the market. Then, look on the top of the can to make sure the name DOLE is stamped there. Next, look under the name for the numbers, 1, or 2, or 3. These are the DOLE grade numbers (fully described in the column on the left) which tell you just what grade is in the can *before you open it.* This way you can choose exactly the pineapple that fits your menu needs.

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MISTER NOODLE

(Continued from Page 21)

the business.' And I said, "I'll say he doesn't." And he doesn't, either, Dorothy.

Well, we had a nice talk. Mason is a grand guy. He took me around the building and we walked down the street together, and I guess I must have impressed him, because, after a swell talk, he said, "You get up four weeks' supply and we'll try it in the paper here, and if it works out, we'll syndicate." And next Monday morning it starts, Dorothy, but you're going to be surprised, because I've changed it a lot. I've been thinking about the characters, and it seems to me Mister Noodle ought to be more of the Smart-Alecky, know-it-all type, and Missus Noodle sort of nags him and is always complaining about not having this and that. You know, real human interest, family life. That's where I think we were wrong before, or at least you were, because, you remember, you wanted jokes in it, but what we really should have is everyday things that people know about.

You know, Dorothy, people don't know very much. The fact is the average fellow just about knows his name and where he lives. That's about all. You see, I've been doing a lot of thinking about this, and in order to make Mister Noodle successful, I've got to make the characters more like regular people. In other words, they just eat and drink and make love and get married and have children, who eat and drink and make love and get married and have children, who eat and drink, and so on. Get the idea, Dorothy? Pretty good, eh?

Well, I guess I'll close. I've got to catch up on my Sunday work, which I'm still doing, but not for long, eh, baby? No, sir! I do miss you a lot. When will you be back in old Chi?

YOUR LOVING CHIC.

(Creator of Mister Noodle.)

ARE YOU READING MISTER NOODLE?

Ridiculous—Human—Lovable—Silly.
The Noodle Family, by Chic Kiley, is winning the hearts of Chicago!

AND GOOD NEWS!

Coming Soon—Mister Noodle, a full page, every Sunday in colors.
Pa will chortle.
Ma will giggle.
Junior will crow.
Laugh and cry every day with Mister Noodle in THE CHICAGO STAR.

MEMO

To: CHIC KILEY
Re: MISTER NOODLE

About time now to give the Noodles a daughter—Dottie, Lottie, something like that. About eighteen or twenty. She might have been away to school or something and just returned. Slim, blonde, not too flat in the back. Use your bean, but don't get a headache.

HAVE YOU MET SWEET DOTTIE NOODLE?

Modern, snappy, lovable, wholesome.
The Noodle Family, by Chic Kiley, is sweeping the city. Everybody is learning to know and love Mister Noodle, Missus Noodle, little Tuffy Noodle, and now sweet Dottie Noodle.
Every day in the STAR—
Every Sunday in the STAR—

HELLO, NOODLE! HELLO, NOODLE!
HELLO, NOODLE!

CHICAGO STAR

TO THE HEADS OF ALL DEPARTMENTS:

(Post This on Your Bulletin Board)

Ideas wanted for Mister Noodle.

Five dollars for each and every daily idea accepted.

Ten dollars for each and every Sunday idea accepted.

Twenty-five dollars for a daily catch line or slogan that we can use in our advertising.

Write plainly, sign your name and turn them in to the managing editor's office. MASON.

MEMO

To: CHIC KILEY
Re: MISTER NOODLE

Dottie Noodle fair enough, but should be smarter. See that she wears the newest styles. Get someone to help you if you don't know anything about it. Introduce a boy friend. Collegiate, good-looking, but useless. Family don't like him. His name is Speed something—doesn't much matter what. And you better give the Old Man something to do besides bellyaching around the house. Playing the market will be all right until I have time to think of something better. Start some kind of a long-distance necking contest between Speed and Dottie. Make it hot, but keep it clean. Don't forget the last frontier of old-fashioned virtue is the comic strip. MASON.

HELLO EVERYBODY!
MEET CHIC KILEY,
The New Creative Comic Artist.

In less than three months this young genius has made Mister Noodle a household word. Everyone is reading Mister Noodle, everyone is talking about Mister Noodle. What's going to happen next? There's no telling when a man like Chic Kiley is pouring out ideas all the time—Gay ideas! Sad ideas! Whimsical ideas! Uproariously funny ideas!

Are you following Mister Noodle in the market?
Are you thrilled with Dottie Noodle's romance?
Laugh with Mister Noodle.
Cry with Mister Noodle.
Thrill with Mister Noodle.
Every day in the STAR!
Every Sunday in the STAR!

HELLO, NOODLE! HELLO, NOODLE!
HELLO, NOODLE!

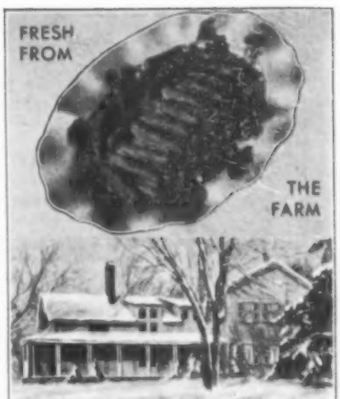
CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR MOTHER: Well, I guess you're pretty proud of me, aren't you? If you aren't, you certainly should be. I told you I was going to make good in the big city. Well, I've certainly got them eating out of my hand. The whole town is crazy about Mister Noodle. That's all you can hear. All the fellows I used to work with in the art department are just green with jealousy. And the other night I ran into some of the fellows that I used to study art with over at the Art Institute. You know, just a few months ago, drawing models and all that stuff. And they said, "Well, you certainly are a lucky stiff." That's always the way, mother. You never get any credit for industry or intelligence. People just sit around and knock you and discourage you, but if you succeed, they told you so, or it's all luck. Luck my eye! It's brains, that's what it is. Brains and perseverance and knowing what people want.

Why, I've got a series running now, mother, showing Mister Noodle playing the stock market, and everybody in Chicago is excited about it, wondering if he's going to make a fortune or lose it. And when I'm invited out to banquets and things, they all crowd around me and say, "Come on now, Chic. Tell us, is Mister Noodle going to make a lot of money, or isn't he?" You'd be surprised at all the banquets I go to now, mother, and I've got membership cards to the Chicago Athletic and three or four golf clubs and the Forty Club and the Midday Lunch Club. They're all glad to have me in their clubs now, because I'm getting so famous. And you ought to hear them when I come in, "Oh, look, there's Chic Kiley, the fellow that draws Mister Noodle. Hello, Chic. Come on over, Chic." Well, that all goes to prove that if you make a better mouse trap, and so on. Though, of course there's no comparison between Mister Noodle and a mouse trap.

Now, look here, mother; I don't understand why you never say anything about Mister Noodle in your letters. Don't you see it running in the Star? It's on the top of the sport page every day, and I heard the other day they're going to take it off of the sport page and run it on the first page of the second section. I guess that ought to convince even you what they think about it. And that isn't all, either, mother. Mason sent word he wanted to see me the first part of next week. And I know what that means. He isn't calling me in there to fire me. It means a raise and a contract, and that means they'll start in syndicating it. And that means a big guaranty and a share in the syndicate sales to the other newspapers. Well, mother, if I told you how much money that might amount to, you'd think I was crazy. So I won't say anything about it till it happens. I can only say that fellows like Sid Smith and Bud Fisher make more than a hundred thousand dollars a year, and they haven't got anything I haven't got. In fact, I'm a darn sight better, believe it or not.

And now, mother, brace yourself for the big news. I've saved it for the last. I guess you aren't going to be very pleased, but I wish you'd try. I'm going to get married. And, of course, you know who the lucky girl is—the same Dorothy I've been writing to you about. She's been out of town quite a bit with her father, trying to sell his pictures, but that was a big flop. I could have told him that. I guess he's a good-enough artist all right, but he doesn't know anything about what people like. Anyway, I've been writing Dorothy a lot, and now we're only



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CHOOSE!

You're Bound to Win

IF you're looking for a job—or even for extra money—you can do one of two things:

1. *Hunt the places of employment or*
2. *Send the coupon below.*

If you choose the second you've nothing to lose, almost everything to gain. For this little coupon will bring you all the details of an offer which will enable you to make money from the very start. Without experience. Without capital. Without going far from your own home.

The sooner you mail the coupon the quicker the postman will place all the details in your hands.

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I've chosen to send the coupon. What have you to offer?

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Electric Egg Cooker

You will enjoy the new deliciousness of eggs cooked in live steam. Even and uniform. Never too hard, never too soft. No waiting for water to boil. Ask for a demonstration at your electric light company, electrical dealer or department store. Shown in three colors,—green, blue and yellow. Price $5.50.

The EGG SERVICE includes electric egg cooker, tray, 4 egg cups. $11.50.

Bottle Warmer Heats baby's bottle to right temperature, then shuts off. $5.00.

Food Cooker Instant automatic heat—never scorches. Use at the table. $14.75.

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AUTOMATIC PENCIL SHARPENERS
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Have razor-edged, deeply UNDERCUT cutters that CUT CLEAN without tearing or scraping the wood.

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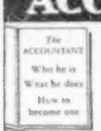

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waiting to see what Mason says when I go in to talk to him next week. If I get a raise and a contract, and he decides to syndicate Mister Noodle, we're going to get married right away. We've already got the cutest little house picked out in Evanston. You wouldn't know where that is, but it's all right. We're going to have a very quiet, quick wedding, because I haven't any time to go on a honeymoon. I'm always just on the deadline with Mister Noodle. Ideas aren't easy to get, believe me, but when I do get them they're wows.

Well, anyway, we're going to have a big housewarming as soon as we move in, and a big party, and I want you to come up and see the new house and meet Dorothy and help me to celebrate my big success. I know how you feel about her, but you're going to love her when you meet her. She's more like you are when you're not crabbing—when you're rushing around doing things for a fellow.

Your loving son, CHIC.

P. S.: I'll have a basement in my new house, so you can send all the apples you want to. And jelly too.

(From the Johnson County News)
GUM SPRINGS LOCAL

We are always glad to hear when a home-town boy makes good. This week our friend and neighbor, Mrs. Mary Kiley, tells us, with considerable pride, that her boy Charlie, who we all remember from a little shaver, is doing some funny drawings now, called Mister Noodle, and they are quite the talk of Chicago. We haven't seen them, but we are quite sure that anything Charlie turns his hand to will be a credit to him and to Gum Springs. We also hear he is still heart whole and fancy free. Come on, girls. Here's a challenge to your charms!

GUM SPRINGS, ILL.

DEAR SON: You can marry anybody you please, and when you've made your bed you can lie in it. And as for your Mister Noodle or whatever it is, I don't see any reason why I should be proud of it. I think it's a lot of silly nonsense, and if everybody in Chicago is crazy about it, why, so much the worse for everybody in Chicago. To tell you the truth, you haven't been acting very sane yourself lately. I guess, though, you think you're some shucks, going to dinners and giving speeches, and having a lot of people making a big hullabaloo about you. And for what? The Lord only knows, I don't. They certainly don't care anything for you, but of course you'll pay more attention to people who don't care for you than you will to your mother who has always had your best interests at heart.

Anyway, I thank you just the same for your kind invitation to see your new house. You might have invited me to your wedding to see the girl you are going to marry against my wishes, but I guess I'm supposed to be satisfied with what little I get. I'll probably come to see you when you're settled, although I was never to Chicago but once, and I was glad to get home again and get the rattle and roar out of my ears. But I'll have to meet your wife sometime, I guess, although I don't mind saying you needn't have gone so far to fare so badly. A model! Of all things! Oh, well, no cross, no crown. Marry who you like and when you please, but don't forget there's more a-marrying than's a-doing well.

MOTHER.

[A blue haze of tobacco, a warm cloud of cooking, and round pink faces shining above steaming trays; a homely clatter of steel knives and heavy dishes and the pound of dripping steins on solid old tables, gay in their red-checkered coverings. JOHN GORDON *and* DOROTHY, *nibbling, not eating; talking, not singing; and the little round-bellied, flat-footed waiters gaze reproachfully at them over the swinging doors.*

DOROTHY: Come on, daddy. Eat your knockwurst.

GORDON: I tell you I'm not hungry, Dorothy.

DOROTHY: But we've been on the train all day and you haven't had anything. You'll be sick.

"Du, Du, liegst mir im Herzen,
Du, Du ——"

GORDON: I used to sing that. Do you know what it means?

DOROTHY: Oh, daddy, you've told me a thousand times.

GORDON: When I was a student in Munich—that was gay; everything looked so easy then ——

DOROTHY: Everything's going to be all right now. Just you wait and see.

GORDON: —— and sure. You had a hold of life. Knowledge meant something. Talent meant something. Now nothing means anything. Jazz, gin, slam it out, put it over and grab while the grabbing's good.

DOROTHY: Come on, daddy. Eat something. The red cabbage is swell.

GORDON *(bitterly):* Musty hotel rooms, skimpy luncheons—chicken croquettes and bile-green peas—receptions. "And now it is my great pleasure and privilege to introduce that famous artist and teacher, formerly of the Art Institute staff in Chicago, Mr. John—er—er—Golden—I BEG your pardon—Gordon, whose beautiful exhibition is hanging all this week in the New Palace Hotel."

DOROTHY: Oh, daddy, you're a swell mimic; that's just like them. Stupid, aren't they?

GORDON: Not so stupid. My best pictures are still hanging there. We had to leave them in one hotel after another to pay the bills.

"Ja, ja, ja, ja.
Weisst nicht wie gut ich dir bin."

DOROTHY: Let's not talk about it any more. We'll get along all right. Chic wrote me about some big murals they're going to have in the city room of the new Star Building. Maybe you could get that job.

GORDON: Chic! As if anyone could depend on anything he says. He can't even show up on time to have dinner with you the first night you're back in town.

DOROTHY: He must be tied up at the office. He said for us to go ahead and he'd join us just as soon as he saw Mason.

GORDON: What about?

DOROTHY: I've told you a dozen times, daddy. Chic says Mister Noodle has been such a big hit in the Star that he's sure Mason is going to give him a contract tonight, and agree to syndicate it. Oh, daddy, if he only does! I'm so excited. What time is it anyway?

GORDON: Time he was here. We've been waiting for him nearly two hours.

DOROTHY: Mason is a big man. He owns the paper. I guess Chic has to wait until he gets ready to see him. Let's have another seidel.

GORDON: *Herr ober? Zwei seidel. . . .* What's Chic making now?

DOROTHY: He's had a raise since he started Mister Noodle. He's getting seventy-five.

GORDON: Seventy-five what?

DOROTHY: Seventy-five dollars a week.

GORDON: Well, it doesn't make much difference what he's getting. He isn't worth it. Of all the terrible-awful drawing, Mister Noodle is the limit.

DOROTHY: It isn't supposed to be good drawing, daddy. It's supposed to be funny.

GORDON: It isn't even funny.

DOROTHY: Well, he's got good ideas anyway.

GORDON: He hasn't got an idea in his head. He never had. He never will have. All he's got is a lot of crust. What in the world a smart sensible girl like you can see in him is just too much for me.

DOROTHY: I guess there isn't any use in my telling you. You just wouldn't understand.

GORDON: I guess not. I don't seem to understand anything any more. Here's a simpleton, who can't draw, has no sense of humor, and he'll probably wind up famous and a millionaire. That, of course, I don't mind, but what does worry me is that you're going to be very very unhappy about this boy before it's all over.

DOROTHY: How can you say that, daddy? You don't know Chic like I do.

GORDON: You don't know Chic at all, honey. You're in love with a character you've made up yourself.

DOROTHY: How can you say that!

GORDON: Listen to an old man, Dorothy. This boy you've set your heart on is just as unreal as his Mister Noodle. How can you be in love with the real Chic when there isn't any? The kid who was in my art class and the kid who is now the talk of Chicago are two entirely different persons, and the more successful he gets the more he'll change.

DOROTHY: Well, anyway, he's in love with me, daddy.

GORDON: There's only one person in the world he's in love with, Dorothy, and that's Chic. And he's going to get crazier about him all the time.

DOROTHY: I don't believe it.

"Du, Du, liegst mir im Herzen,
Du, Du, liegst mir im Sinn."

GORDON: No, I suppose not. You'll want to find out everything for yourself. Well, fathers would like to be God to their children and save them a few heartbreaks, but children won't believe it; they think the old man is just an old fool or else a busybody.

DOROTHY: I don't think anything of the kind, daddy, but you don't understand Chic, and I do. He's just like a big baby sometimes, but he's got such a good heart, and I love him, and as soon as we can afford it we want to get married and have a little home, and we'll be just like three little bugs in a rug.

GORDON: And who's the third little bug in this beautiful zoo?

DOROTHY: You, daddy.

GORDON: Until ——

DOROTHY: Don't be in such a hurry. Remember, you can't be God to your children, or your grandchildren either. Oh, look! There's Chic. . . . CHIC! COME HERE! CHIC!

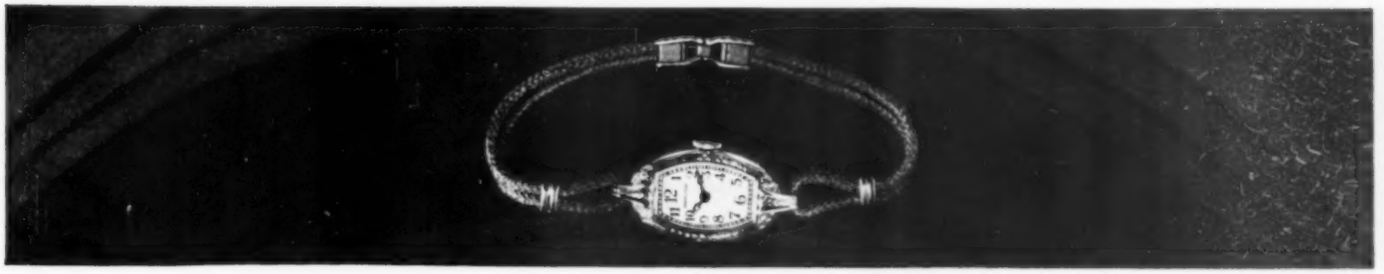
WAITER *(bouncing over happily): Was ist?*

DOROTHY: Not you. . . . CHIC! Oh, Chic, darling! . . . That's all right. Daddy doesn't care. Go ahead, muss me up. Oh-h-h, Chic, darling! Gee, it's good to see you!

CHIC: 'Lo, Gordon. How's tricks?

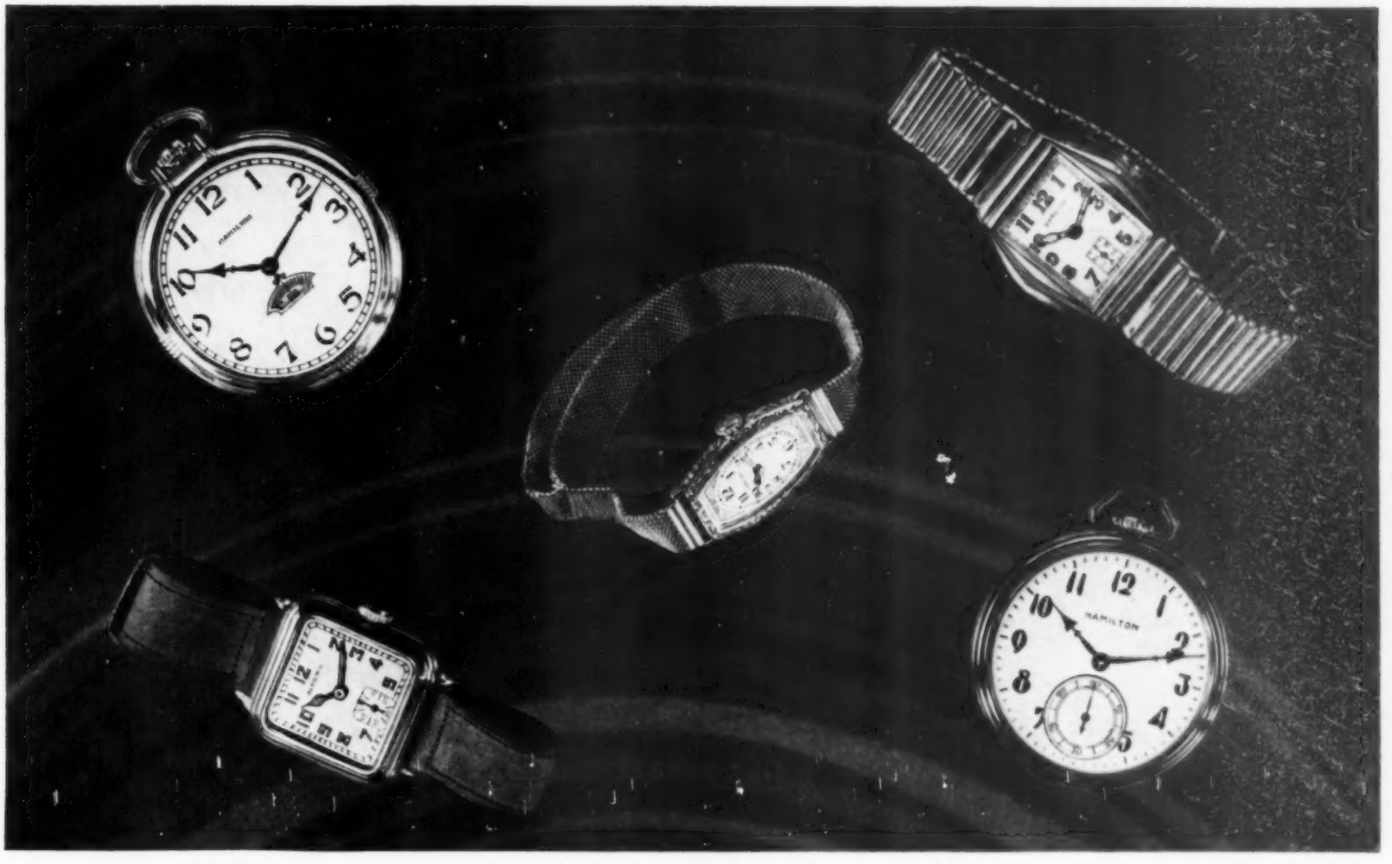
GORDON: Sit down, Chic. What are you having?

(Continued on Page 112)



Hamilton Watches

cases by Wadsworth



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(Continued from Page 110)

CHIC: Not much. Not very hungry. I couldn't eat. Boy, oh, boy, I'm sitting on top of the world! Hot dog!

GORDON: We've been waiting for you.

CHIC: Sorry, but I couldn't help it. Had to wait to see Mason, and then I went back up to the syndicate with Lake and we had a few drinks to celebrate.

GORDON: A few?

CHIC: Well, a lot, then. What of it? I've got something to celebrate. Do you know what happened? Listen.

DOROTHY: You got a contract! Did you, Chic?

CHIC: A contract! Say, listen. Mason calls me in and says, "Well, your Mister Noodle has been going along pretty good." And I says, "Are you telling me? Why, it's the talk of the town." And he says, "I know. And I think it's about time we syndicated it. Whadda you say, Chic?" And I says, "Well, if you don't, the papers all over the country are gonna come right in and take it away from you." . . . HEY, WAITER!

DOROTHY: Don't you think you've had enough, dear?

CHIC: I've never had enough. I may get too much, but never enough. What was I saying? Oh, yes. Well, Mason says, "What do you think we oughta do?" And I says, "Well, you'd better do something big and handsome, because I have offers," and he says, "You have?" And I says, "Of course, I have." Of course I didn't have, but I thought I'd bluff him. And he says, "Well, I thought we'd double your salary and give you a year's contract. How's that?" And I says, "Boloney." And he says, "Well, two hundred a week." And I says, "Malacky." And he says, "Two-fifty." "Horse feathers," says I. Well, guess what I got!

DOROTHY: Oh, Chic; how much?

CHIC: You guess, Gordon. Come on.

GORDON: I think I'll go home, Dorothy.

CHIC: Nothing doing; you've gotta listen. Can't guess, eh? I'm not surprised. Well, three hundred and fifty bucks a week. Every week! That's dough, eh, Gordon? Is that dough, or isn't it? And that's just the start. Listen; when it gets going in the syndicate, five hundred a week, a thousand a week, fifteen hundred a week, two thousand a week. . . . HEY, WAITER!

GORDON: Come on, Dorothy.

DOROTHY: Oh, daddy, wait a minute—just a minute, please.

CHIC: Oh, look—look. There's some fellas from the syndicate. . . . HEY, FELLAS! COME ON OVER! . . . That's Clark who runs the syndicate. . . . That's a coupla salesmen. Well, I'll give 'em something to sell. . . . Here, fellas, get some chairs. . . . WAITER! Some chairs. . . . Fellas, meet John Gordon. He's a pretty good artist too. . . . Aren't you, Gordon? . . . And the sweetest little girl in the world. My girl—Dorothy Gordon. Ain't she sweet? . . . This is Mr. Clark. I don't remember your names. Introduce yourselves. Sit down. What're you gonna have? . . . HEY, WAITER! Well, boys, whadda you think of Mister Noodle now? Hot dog! We'll burn that syndicate up. We'll bust it wide open. . . . Gordon, these are the fellas that're gonna sell Mister Noodle all over the country, aren't you, boys? . . . Hey! Gordon! You aren't going, are you? What're you going for? Here, sit down; have a drink. Celebrate Mister Noodle. . . . Say you—what's your name? . . . Sam? Well, Sam, do you know how much I'm getting for Mister Noodle now? Three times as much as you'll ever get.

GORDON: Come on, Dorothy. We've got to be going.

CHIC: She's gonna stay here, aren't you, Dorothy? She's gonna stay here and celebrate Mister Noodle.

DOROTHY: I'll stay just a minute, daddy. Then Chic'll bring me right home. Won't you, Chic?

CHIC: Sure I will. S'long, Gordon. S'long. Some day I want you to do a real painting of Mister Noodle. Big oil painting. Mister Noodle in a high silk hat with a big flower in his buttonhole. . . . He didn't hear me. I guess he's sore. . . . What's your old man sore about, Dorothy? Doesn't seem glad about Mister Noodle. Well, who cares? You're glad, anyway, aren't you? Come on. You've gotta celebrate Mister Noodle. Come on, everybody. Down you go. That-a-girl. . . . HEY, WAITER! Same all around. HEY, FELLAS! HEY! . . . There's some guys in the art department. . . . COME ON OVER HERE! . . . Hello, slaves! . . . Sit down, slaves! Meet my little wife. Gonna be my little wife. Everybody—to my little wife! Down you go. Come on fellas. . . . HEY, WAITER! WAITER! HEY!

Here! Lemme get there. I'll get it for you. . . . Hey, we want Chicago. . . . Wake up, operator—wake up. . . . Here, get out of my way. . . . We can't all talk at once. . . . Delaware——. . . . Yes, DELAWARE. . . . Chicago, whadda ya think. Hurry up! We're all married or something—just got married. . . . Who got married? Everybody's married. . . . Operator give me . . . Hey, DELAWARE. . . . Oh, Delaware, I love you, 'deed I do. . . . Shut up, Chic; I'm trying to telephone. Hullo, hullo. . . . Yes, this is Crown Point. . . . Yes. . . . Well, who are you? . . . Well, I want Chicago. . . . Nobody here wants Elkhart. Get off the line. . . . Hullo, hullo. Chicago? Delaware—Delaware . . . Hullo. Is this you, Delaware? Don't be so sore about it. . . . Hullo. . . . What? . . . Oh, hullo, Gordon; somebody wants to talk to you. . . . Hold on. . . . Come on, Chic. Tell him what you done. Come on, Chic.

Hello. Hello, Gordon, old socks. This is Chic. . . . Is this John Gordon, the famous old painter? This is Chic Kiley, the famous old Mister Noodle. We're married. . . . Who? What? We are. We're married. . . . Sure we are. Just got married. . . . Hey! Wait a minute. . . . Dorothy! I got the old man on the wire. Hurry up! Of course you can talk to him.

Oh, daddy! Oh, daddy darling, it all happened so quick, but I'm so happy, daddy. We just all jumped into a car and drove down here—Crown Point, daddy. . . . Oh, I know I'm going to be happy. Daddy, dear, talk to me; say you're glad. . . . Oh, don't be angry; daddy, you know I love you better than anything, but I love Chic, too, daddy. Talk to me, daddy—say something. . . . Oh-h-h, he doesn't answer! Something's happened. I know something's happened. Take me home, quick. Oh, Chic, darling, take me home quick.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"What Can You Suggest for a Man Who Has EVERYTHING?"

MEXICO EMERGING

(Continued from Page 11)

is, about twenty-five dollars. That would seem to be a shocking condition, but the further one looks into what has been going on in Mexico the wonder is not that the people are so poor, the wonder is that there is any government or any country. For there was a real fundamental Mexican Revolution lasting from 1910 to 1920 which completely overturned the country. In addition to this larger revolution, which touched every household in the land, there have been since 1920 several minor revolutions in which ambitious and greedy men have sought at any cost to seize the government. All revolutions in Mexico are not alike. The average revolution, although it always starts off with a bombastic manifesto of some sort which has a great deal to do with liberty, never has an objective beyond seizing the government and administering the revenues for the benefit of the revolutionists.

The big revolution, while ostensibly for political rights and against dictatorship, got its power from the land hunger of the Indians. For land has been the great question in Mexico ever since it became independent in 1810. At that time the great bulk of the land was held either by the Church or by Spaniards on grants from the king.

The Glory That Was Mexico

The Indians were virtually slaves in whatever localities the Spaniards occupied. And thus was built an overseas empire of surpassing grandeur. The tourist who wants churches and the ruins of empire will do better to go about Mexico than Europe. And to Americans they have a further interest, for this empire was in its glory when the fathers of our country were living in log huts and wearing homespun.

The separation from Spain did not concern Mexico as a whole. It just transferred the control from one lot of grandees to another, and that is all most of the revolutions did up until 1910. From 1822 to 1867 the form of government in Mexico changed nine times, with thirty-nine administrations. Each new government was a reform government, including that of Porfirio Diaz, who became a revolutionary president in 1876 and, with the exception of four years, continued in power until he was overthrown by the Madero revolution beginning in 1910. Diaz was a dictator, but he kept order to such a degree and was so punctilious about foreign debts that Mexico could borrow money at less than 5 per cent. He invited foreign capital to enter Mexico and saw that it had all the rights it wanted.

From Diaz to Obregón

To the foreign investor Diaz represents the ultimate in Latin-American government. To the present rulers of Mexico he is the embodiment of all that is evil. The truth is somewhere between, but it is certain that Diaz did very little to promote the welfare of other than the privileged classes. On the other hand, he most certainly kept order, and Mexico needed order more than it needed liberty. For fifteen or twenty years the country, under his rule, went forward mightily. Of that there can be no doubt—although now it is the fashion to curse Diaz. But there is equally no doubt that Diaz overstayed his time and during his final ten years, when he was a very old man, he allowed stupid favorites to undo much of the good that he had done. The Madero rebellion was really to end the Diaz dictatorship, but it claimed to have as an end the redistribution of the land. Huerta disposed of Madero, and then Carranza displaced him. Both Madero and Carranza were wealthy landowners, and although Carranza adopted, in 1917, a constitution which set up a new social order, promising everything to everybody, he did little but quarrel with the United States and with his generals. He, too, went down, and finally, in 1920, General Obregón, who had with him a schoolmaster named Calles, managed to get the upper hand and hold it against all comers.

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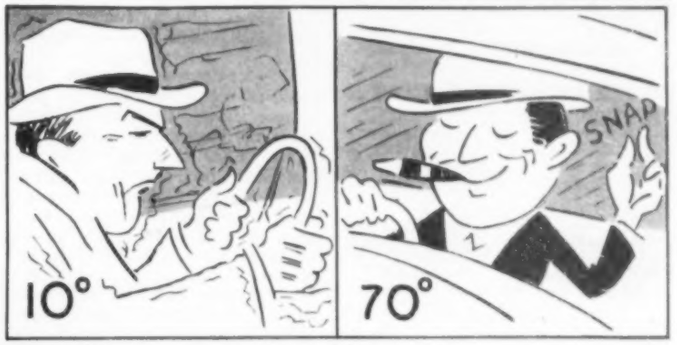

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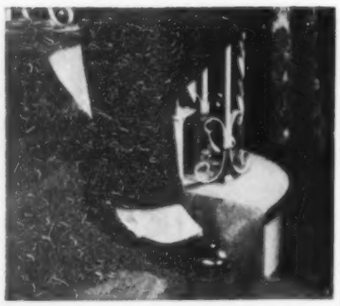

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That is the government which has continued until today. It has fought and put down three revolutions; it has destroyed nearly every old family in the country and has redistributed millions of acres of land; it has evolved labor laws that brought in a little of every nostrum invented in Europe since the war and it has been in continual hot water with the United States until Dwight Morrow became ambassador in 1927. But this government and Mexico have survived and actually grown in strength. That is remarkable.

But even more remarkable is that the rulers apparently learned something from their mistakes and were willing to scrap their theories when it became clear that they would not work. And so Mexico is today in an era of reconstruction.

It might as well be said right here that every statement made in the foregoing paragraph is disputed. No man alive really knows Mexico. And usually the longer a man lives in the country the narrower becomes his outlook and the more violent his prejudices. This is especially true of Americans. And so, a visitor can get exactly the sort of information that he wants to get and fully document every fact.

It Depends on the Spectacles

It is possible to get conclusive evidence to support anything that one wants to believe; for through these twenty years absolutely everything has been tried by someone in Mexico. Every type of rascal, honest man, idealist, fanatic, reactionary and plain nut, and of both the domestic and foreign varieties, has had an inning somewhere and at some time in Mexico. There has been a complete open-mindedness about trying anything once, partly because no one in power ever quite knew what it was all about—for new forces were unleashed which no one recognized—and partly because during the early formative stages the boys simply would not be happy unless they had their play. Some found their recreation in murder and arson, while other extremists insisted on bringing education to all the peons all at once in much the same fashion as the Conquistadores brought religion. Thus it happens that everything, good or bad, that can be said about Mexico is true. A most interesting tale can be woven around the vices of Mexico and almost as interesting a tale can be developed from the virtues.

Take, for instance, any Indian village and contrast it with any industrial town in the United States. Put on one set of spectacles and the life of the villager is a pastoral idyl. As the sun is setting, he swings home from the lovely fields where he has been at one with Nature. He enters the dwelling that he has made with his own hands, he prays for a moment before his own altar, and then, sitting on clean, fragrant Mother Earth, surrounded by the pots and jars that he and his fellow villagers have made, not for sale but for use, he eats the *tortillas* which his wife has caressed into being. He tops off the day with song and prayer. Contrast this with the gross and greasy American workman rushing to the thing that he must call home after a soul-deadening day of factory din. This home is but a few dirty wooden rooms about which are scattered bits of filthy, broken furniture. A slatternly wife growls at him as he enters, and, shoving aside the remains of the last meal, dumps out a half-cooked mass of stuff. Then these savage by-products of what is termed civilization snarlingly eat and rush out to the movies. I have actually read a comparison of this sort made by an American, not to show the loveliness of Mexico so much as to show the shocking state of American civilization. One can use another pair of glasses and see in the Mexican villages only a cluster of hovels with the bestial villagers marking that day lost on which they cannot get a skinful of pulque and give the little woman a sound thrashing. The kind of American home that one would select for this comparison is obvious.

It is not easy to strike a balance on Mexico because, as far as I could discover, there are no long-time residents of Mexico, native or foreign, who do not unconsciously mix their opinions and their observations. As for facts, there are practically none. National statistics are nowhere of great account, but the statistics of Mexico are regarded by those who have made extensive investigation as being especially emotional. The nearest approach to a factual survey of Mexico was made by Mr. Morrow and his staff as part of an endeavor to find what it was all about.

The Mexicans of the old régime have, for the purposes of the revolution, all been Simon Legrees. So practically all of them have had their property confiscated and most of them have had to make the choice between death and exile. They have been persecuted to such an extent that the tide of what public opinion Mexico has is turning toward them. The present government is less bitter than any of its predecessors. The destruction of the former ruling class—regardless of whether that destruction was right or wrong—put the government in the hands of men whose chief experience has been in the handling of guerrilla troops. Only since 1920, when General Obregón came into power, has there been any opportunity for the new men to learn anything about the administration of peace. The lesson has been an extremely difficult one, for until now revolution and the threat of revolution have been constant. The control of Mexico has always rested with those whose arms were victorious—the ballots never more than confirmed the decisions made by the bullets.

Too Many Generals

One of the curses of Mexico has been its abundance of generals, for every general is a potential presidential candidate. A general of division is an important man in Mexico. He has at his back a number of officers and soldiers who ordinarily will follow him in any enterprise. The common soldiers do not have any allegiance beyond their general and neither know nor care why they are fighting. Since in any district the troops usually take on the functions of police, the general and not the civil head is the real ruler of a district. He has many favors at his disposal and an assured financial position, regardless of his salary. It is not difficult for him to persuade himself that he ought to be president. And that is why there is nearly always a revolution after the party in power has decided on the next president. There are always enough dissatisfied generals to agree that the choice has not fallen on the right man and forthwith to start a revolution. These revolutions have occurred periodically since 1920, the last one being in 1929, when some of the generals decided that among themselves they could find a better man than Ortiz Rubio, who was then slated to become—and now is—the president. General Calles came out of retirement, put down this revolution with extraordinary speed and so quickly executed the ringleaders that the country is still gasping. As a result of these successive revolutions, the supply of old-line generals striving for the presidency has been pretty well cut down. The generals of today are mostly young men who have been trained to think of themselves as soldiers rather than as politicians, and in order to strengthen this belief they are constantly shifted about so that they may not have the leisure to build up political machines. Whether this new program will overcome tradition remains to be seen, but it shows how fundamental are some of the conceptions which Calles now holds.

The Moses of Mexico

The reconstruction of the Mexican army is amazing. The immediate work has been in the hands of General Amaro, who is a pure-blooded Indian, and next to Calles—whom he nearly worships—the strongest man in Mexico.

It is generally agreed that two of the greatest needs of the Mexicans are education and discipline. These General Amaro is giving to the army and he has been giving them constantly because he has been Secretary of War through three administrations. He has vastly reduced illiteracy, enforced the most rigid discipline on both the officers and men, has vastly strengthened the morale and very considerably cut down the expenses while increasing the efficiency. Above all he has tried to make the army loyal to the nation instead of only to its chiefs.

The change in the whole attitude of the Mexican Government toward its own people and toward foreign nations—especially the United States—is due very largely to a change that has come about in Calles himself. He is the creator of present-day Mexico. He took office as a Socialist and for a time he was the white hope of the Socialists the world over—as many as could raise the fare attended his inauguration as the first labor president of Mexico. He attempted to do a great number of contradictory things all at once. He vigorously began to turn the clock back by insisting on a redistribution of lands, so that the Indians might resume the family and communal ownership which had obtained before the Spanish Conquest, but he coupled this up with some very modern ideas on coöperative agricultural societies borrowed directly from Europe. He tried to turn the clock forward in giving effect to a set of labor laws made up out of extracts from every code that had been labeled "advanced." He turned the clock still farther forward by putting the state into banking, shipping, irrigation and road building on a grand scale. The state was already in railroads. President Diaz had nationalized them.

Most reformers, when they find that their plans will not work, blame everything but the plans. Calles, however, has done nothing of the sort. He has mellowed and ripened with experience, and his colleagues have ripened with him. Mr. Morrow took over the embassy at a time when the Calles government knew that it had made some mistakes. It was not willing to admit them—any more than any other government is willing to admit its mistakes. In addition to this, the government,

(Continued on Page 116)

WHIZ GOLD BAND ANTI-FREEZE (DISCOVERY) WILL SAVE YOU CRACKED CYLINDERS, AND A BIG BILL

Whiz Gold Band is the unique and perfect formula for anti-freeze!

No boiling away
No evaporation
No high cost
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FILL UP now with Whiz Gold Band Anti-Freeze and you'll never be faced with trouble like that shown above—trouble which threatens every car when cold weather comes. *For Whiz gives you complete and carefree protection against freezing all winter long on 1 economical filling!*

Whiz Gold Band is prevented from vanishing in air, steam or foam by a unique and perfect formula for anti-freeze which keeps it on the job as long as cold weather lasts. It won't overheat in warm weather. *So you can fill up with Whiz right now—earlier than you would dare to with any less stable brand.* Whiz guards against freezing even at 40° below zero. It is odorless and non-inflammable. *It's as powerless as pure water to harm anything about your car,* and costs less per season than any other anti-freeze!

Whiz Gold Band also gives you an extra advantage which no other type of anti-freeze can give. Because of the low "specific heat" of its special ingredients, Gold Band takes less heat from your motor in cold weather, and lets it get more quickly to a smooth-running temperature. *You spare the choke—you save your motor—on dangerous metal-chilling days!*

Fit your car for Winter now! Drive to the nearest Whiz Gold Band dealer. Fill up with *the anti-freeze that has the best-known name in the world to those who are careful of their cars.* Buy Gold Band Anti-Freeze with equal confidence from the drum or from the can.

THE R. M. HOLLINGSHEAD CO., CAMDEN, N. J., AND TORONTO, CANADA.

$3.25 PER GALLON
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

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THE Florsheim SHOE

You will never know how much more you can get for what you pay until you wear Florsheim Shoes . . . there's quality in every pair that will save for you through longer wear. The Raleigh . . . Style M-415

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THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
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$25.00 for YOU This Christmas

WOULD you like to have an extra $10.00, $15.00, or even $25.00 by Christmas? The successful Curtis representatives pictured on this page will have it—Mr. Jesse M. Bisquier of New York, Miss Ouida Petit of West Virginia, and Mr. Walter E. Cummings of Montana.

Hundreds of others, too, will earn extra cash for Christmas in this pleasant, profitable way. In fact, many of our workers earn $25.00 and more in a single week's time!

Begin Earning at Once!

YOU can earn extra funds too. This is the very best season of the year to earn spare cash by our plan. You need no experience, no capital. We furnish all the supplies and instruction free. And you may work when and where you please. Your profits may begin just as soon as you receive our offer. So act quickly!

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229 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Tell me how I may earn $25.00 or more before Christmas.

Name ..... Age .....
Please Print Name and Address
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(Continued from Page 114)

like all new governments, and especially in Latin-America, was extremely sensitive and was ready belligerently to follow its course, right or wrong, rather than make a quick turn about on any arrogant request from Uncle Sam.

But Mr. Morrow, instead of appearing as the representative of a rich and powerful country, proceeded to forget that he was an ambassador and met Calles as a man instead of as a president. Mr. Morrow did not do this as a matter of policy, but because he had a deep respect for the ability of Calles before he met him. This respect, it turned out, was mutual. Before long the two men were friends and were talking over affairs as friends. If anything came up which diplomatic usage required should be settled by an exchange of notes, they wrote both the note and the reply together. Just how far they went into things no one will ever know, for neither gentleman will admit that they ever talked very seriously of state affairs. But whereas relations between the United States and Mexico were at a deadlock in October, 1927, when Mr. Morrow presented his credentials, the few differences still pending between the countries are now being settled on a level basis of mutual respect.

Pouring Oil on Oil Troubles

Take the oil settlement. On this the Mexicans had an impregnable legal position according to their property laws, which are very different from our property laws. The Spanish Crown never made any grants in fee simple in Mexico; the power of the monarch being absolute, he could recall or change anything at his pleasure. The Mexican Republic succeeded the Crown and the Mexican jurists have held, in effect, that the Mexican Government is not bound to respect the property rights any more than was the King of Spain. On this theory it proceeded to revise the holdings of the oil companies. In 1925 it passed a petroleum law to carry out certain provisions of the Constitution of 1917. The law provided for the issuing of fifty-year concessions in place of the titles held by the oil companies. The Mexicans also insisted on a Calvo clause, which is to the effect that a foreign owner appealing to his government in any dispute thereby forfeits all his rights. It is these laws that brought on the deadlock. Mr. Morrow is himself a distinguished lawyer, and he personally engaged J. Reuben Clark, Jr., an expert on mining law and a former Undersecretary of State. He has since succeeded Mr. Morrow as Ambassador. They proceeded to study Spanish and Mexican mining law, exhaustively briefed the whole subject and then worked out the matter, not as a diplomatic incident but as a case which could be settled by a mixture of law and common sense.

Then came a decision of the Supreme Court of Mexico that the fifty-year concession provision was unconstitutional. That left the way open to a legal settlement which fully satisfied the Mexican law and at the same time gave to the foreign companies all that they had actually ever had, although not all that some of them claimed to have had.

The land question has involved many of the same principles that entered into the oil dispute. There is not a great deal of good agricultural land in Mexico. Much of Mexico is rock. At sea level the country is tropical. Some of this land is good for bananas and some of it is good for nothing. Then there is the more temperate land on the higher reaches and finally the great central mesa, or plateau, rising five to eight thousand feet or more, out of which jut great mountains. It is on this mesa that most of the people live, but only a small portion of it has enough water for agricultural crops; a good deal of it is desert, scarcely fit for grazing. The purpose of the agrarian laws has been to restore to the pueblos, or little villages, the ancient rights which were taken away from them by the great landowners. Under the ancient system the land was held by the villages and apportioned among the inhabitants to be worked. Redistributing the land of a country is not an undertaking for a rainy afternoon, especially when the land is simply taken from the old owners and given to the new. The law provides for the issue of bonds to the old owners. Since there is no source from which the moneys can come to pay the interest and principal of these bonds, they are not considered documents of high value.

The chaos of this distribution can hardly be imagined. Some of the Indians, misunderstanding the details of the administration, took whatever lands they liked. Enterprising politicians organized villages of their own, applied for lands and got them. Not a few of the Indians sold their lands as soon as they received them, suspecting, perhaps, that someone would take them away from them anyway. Some of the property taken belonged to Americans and other aliens, and these takings, of course, resulted in instant claims against the government. The Indians have been supposed to crave land and in theory they do, but a great number of them, receiving their lands for nothing, placed no value on them. The peons, having for generations worked only when they were forced to, are not inclined to do much work on land, even if it is their own. The best estimate that I could uncover gave one-third of the newly transferred land as now being worked to better advantage than it was before, while the remaining two-thirds is worked to less advantage. More than six million hectares of land have been awarded, and with the production down on two-thirds of it, the agricultural situation is serious. Unofficially, the whole program has been adjudged a failure, and the present administration is going very slowly on the land question. But a government which starts out by being a Santa Claus strikes trouble as soon as it stops being one—and there are plenty of politicians around willing to promise anything.

The Rise of the Workers

The labor laws are in very much the same case. The amount of industry in Mexico is negligible. It is hardly likely that the number of industrial workers exceeds half a million, but, since the majority of them are employed by foreign corporations or on the government-owned railways, it did not give the Mexicans any great concern as to what labor claimed or did not claim. In the days of Diaz less than a peso a day was considered a fair-enough wage and sunrise to sunset was considered a fair working day. The workers, once they started to organize, naturally followed the extremists in order to get revenge on the employers. It soon came about that a worker was everything and an employer was nothing. If the workers struck, they could demand that their

cause be referred to a board of compulsory arbitration composed of an employer, a worker and a representative of the public. The public representative was always a politician who sided with the labor member, and arbitration became a farce. The Constitution of 1917 gave to the workers the right to organize, established the eight-hour day with double pay for overtime, minimum wages with equal pay for equal work, and added the notion of compulsory profit sharing. The enabling act to put the provisions of the constitution in force in the Federal District—which includes Mexico City—has never been passed. That is one of the live subjects in Mexico today. The last law proposed by the labor people contained some six hundred-odd clauses, practically taking away from the employer the right either to hire or to fire except under conditions laid down by outside bodies. If the law should be passed, not a wheel can turn in Mexico, for any business which attempted to operate under the law would either have to be heavily endowed or would make a product so expensive that scarcely anyone could or would buy it. Here again the government is showing its moderation, for, though pretending to be radical, actually it is letting the question of an enabling act hang in the air until conditions may be ripe to pass a law which will be satisfactory to the foreign enterprises which Mexico would like to attract into the country.

Untangling Mexico's Finances

The foreign debts of Mexico have been in default since 1914. These debts, running to around half a billion dollars, were for the larger part incurred during the Diaz and prior administrations on straight government loans and in part for obligations growing out of the building and management of the railways. Once the railways stood on their own feet. Now they are all government owned, with the exception of one line built and owned by the Southern Pacific. They are not able to make ends meet. A considerable number of plans and settlements have been made on the bonded debt between various secretaries of the Mexican treasury and an international committee headed by Thomas W. Lamont. The latest settlement provides for separating the general bonded debt from the railway debt, for the remission of about 45 per cent of the bond debt—which will bring the debt service down to about fifteen million dollars a year—and a reorganization of the railways under private ownership. But since only about 20 per cent of the funded debt is owing to Americans, the bulk of it having been floated in Europe, the debt is not an issue with the American Government or with the American people.

Making one more settlement of the bonded debt is, however, only polishing one facet of the whole indebtedness of Mexico. For in addition to the bonds outstanding, there are also many substantial claims against the government. These are owing both to Mexican citizens and to foreigners. Some of them grow out of settlements made by the present and prior governments while hundreds of others have not yet been settled. Some of the unsettled claims are fantastic, but others seem well founded. The Mexican Government has not yet announced what provision it will make for paying these claims, and until some basis of payment is reached for them a readjustment of the bonded debt does not mean much; it does not mean at all that the Mexican finances have been adjusted.

Today in the Land of Tomorrow

The Mexican Government is bankrupt, but it is a going concern, and it has actually been helped by its inability to borrow money. It has during the past ten years built more than fifteen hundred kilometers of as fine highways as can be found anywhere. It has been recognized by the government that one of the principal needs of the country is an opening up by trunk highways; for a large part of Mexico has never been and is not today accessible except by mule-back.

The products of some of the finest lands can reach market only on pack animals—which means that the producers get nothing for them. The road program is very extensive. A through road from Nuevo Laredo on the border straight to Mexico City will soon be completed. There is already a splendid highway from Mexico City to Puebla, while from Mexico City to Cuernavaca, the road rising ten thousand feet into the air, gives the most magnificent ride on earth. The government is slowly awakening to the fact that there are some millions of people in the United States who own automobiles and who go a-touring, and that there is no touring anywhere which can compare with that which Mexico will have to offer, once the roads are further extended and the way in by rail is made more comfortable.

In spite of the fact that the government revenues from oil and silver and from all the principal commodities are away down, the treasury this year is showing a surplus, in spite of the road building and in spite of a great program of irrigation.

As things are now going, it begins to look as though before long the relations between the United States and Mexico will have reached a class with the relations between the United States and Canada. Then the automobile will get in its mysterious work as a universal common denominator. Once that happens, the Mexicans will cease to be preoccupied with the government of their land and will give more attention to making it a land worth governing. That, it would seem, is exactly what is on the way.

Firelight . . . warm and cheery as an open fire

ENJOY those few extra degrees of warmth that make life worth living. With a new FIRELIGHT Heater you can be snugly comfortable, regardless of cold weather.

Feel FIRELIGHT'S quick heat, see its glowing light, at your dealer's. Pick it up. See how easily you can carry it from room to room, wherever you want to trade shivers for luxurious warmth by the roomful.

Choice of finishes: porcelain in white or colors, or satin-black japan. Pyrex fire-bowl. Other new Perfection Heaters, all-metal. Prices $5.75 to $17.75.

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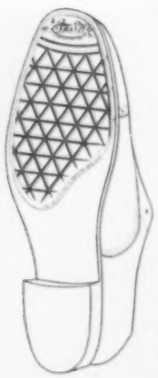
PERFECTION
Oil Burning
Room Heaters

Complete stock of sizes to fit all shoes, boots, rubbers, and galoshes at hardware stores.



"Boys Can't Wear Them Out"

Las-Stik Haf-Sole

Cement On . . . Guaranteed to Stick

Made of pure, live rubber—the kind of rubber that goes into automobile tires—Las-Stik Haf-Soles outwear ordinary soles. Simply cement to the soles of old or new shoes, boots, rubbers, or galoshes.

Won't slip. Water-proof. Wear-proof. Easy on the feet. Simple to apply. Guaranteed to stick. Tube of cement free with each pair.

Cut shoe bills in half by getting a pair today. Women's and children's sizes, 50c. Men's sizes, 60c. If your hardware dealer can't supply you, order direct, enclosing an outline of the sole of your shoe for size.

THE LAS-STIK MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. G, Hamilton, Ohio

Boys!

HERE'S your chance to earn the greatest bunch of prizes you ever saw! And spending money, too! Curtis boy salesmen earn prizes every fellow wants—over 300 of 'em—from marbles to a bicycle!

We'd like you to try selling *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. It's lots of fun, serving a route of regular customers, right in your neighborhood.

What to Do

Talk it over with Mother and Dad. They'll probably be glad that you want to start, for the business training you'll get. Sign the coupon below, and have your parents sign it, too. Then, line up regular customers among your friends and neighbors when you mail us the coupon below. We'll do the rest!

Clip and Mail!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
225 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Sure I want to start. Send my first copies and full instructions right away.

Your name ..... Age .....

Street .....

Town ..... State .....

(*Have your parent sign the statement below*)
I am glad to have my boy take advantage of your business training.

(Signature of parent) .....

THE RED BALLYHOO

(Continued from Page 5)

But this is a little ahead of the story. When, in 1925 or thereabouts, the party in America received its new policy from Moscow, it seemed for the moment harmonious. Obeying orders 100 per cent, it started its task of tearing down a skyscraper with a tack hammer. It made the front page most often, during those days, through its activities with labor, its spectacular strikes. The history of all Communist strikes, whether in New Jersey, South Carolina or the loft district of New York, follows the same pattern. The central committee would pick as fertile ground some body of low-paid and unorganized workers who seemed to have a real grievance. Into these factories it would insert party organizers who spent eight hours a day at loom or machine and eight hours a night agitating under cover. When they had the majority ready for action they would spring the strike. The organizers by now wanted most ardently to win; otherwise they would not have been human. So, very likely, did the central committee. However, the main object of that governing body was not more wages, shorter hours, better working conditions, but the spread of Communist doctrine.

Out on Strikes

Time and work which might have gone toward winning strikes were frittered away in Communist agitation which went over the heads of men who only wanted more wages. Then, when the strike came to negotiation, the Communist leaders would suddenly increase their original demands in such manner as to render settlement impossible. Meantime a few outsiders who will support any strike with money and influence had rallied to their support. On the other hand, the name "Communist" not only acted on the employers as a red rag on a bull but it alienated the public in general; and public opinion is the determining factor in four strikes out of five. That public includes the American Federation of Labor. Once or twice, when the strikers grew tired of messy generalship and cast the Red organizers out, the Federation stepped in and tried to get something for the workers. It was an impossible task; always the strikers went back with nothing gained and months of employment lost. "My chief objection to those birds," said a veteran labor leader, "is not their crazy ideas. It's the lumpiness of their work."

Nevertheless, the central executive committee, plotting and arguing ten hours a day in its upper back room on Union Square, felicitated itself on the results; and Moscow, I understand, telegraphed congratulations. They had held the front pages for days and days together. And they had proved to the working masses that relief was impossible under bourgeois methods. The conclusion was unescapably logical—join the Communists, help break down the capitalist system and erect on its ruins the social revolution. But the working masses still seemed desperately illogical. While the strike was on, many strikers could be persuaded to attend the innumerable meetings of the party and its closely allied organizations of the united front. So they served for window dressing. When the strike collapsed, a few—a very few—stuck with the party; the rest were likely to welcome a Communist organizer with bricks and terse one-syllable epithets. And, similarly, the other activities of the party, which it would be wearisome to enumerate, got them nothing but space in the newspapers. Membership declined steadily.

Then came hard times, announced suddenly and dramatically by the collapse in Wall Street. Factories closed; an army of unemployed formed bread lines. It was part of a world-wide depression. The cool, detached leaders in Moscow, very clever up to a certain point, saw such opportunity to disrupt the capitalist system as had not occurred since 1919. Until that moment they had proceeded on the theory that a party planted in rich America ought to finance itself. Generally it did. I have described the innumerable touches for the cause which mark a typical Communist meeting. Not only does the member pay heavy dues; he pours into the party activities all that part of the income which, in the bourgeois family budget, pays for amusements, church, charity and reading matter. The same goes for the most active sympathizers outside of the party. There were other methods of raising money in large, occasional lumps—methods which do not quite fit the ideas of old-fashioned, Bible-founded, bourgeois morality, but quite in harmony with Communist ethics. Now and then Moscow probably came through for special causes which seemed promising, like agitation among the Southern Negroes. But when the depression fell over the world, the Third International deemed this a time to experiment with the solidity of the capitalist system in the United States. Perhaps it even opened the sack a little and let a few coins drip out. If so, the contribution was relatively modest. The talk about countless Communist millions pouring into the United States stands probably as far from truth as those frantic denials of Moscow support emanating from Union Square. But publications and pamphlets, halls and headquarters, flying squadrons of agitators, cost money. It seems to me that only some windfall can account for the increase in these activities after the Wall Street crash.

A Communist Stroke of Luck

Joyously American Communism formed its unemployment front. The weary waiters of the bread lines were asking only for bread; Communism gave them a pamphlet. One instance may stand for all the rest. Down the line before the Little Church Round the Corner passed a young Communist, distributing dodgers. Hotly and violently, these called on the unemployed to unite to overthrow capitalist society—the conventional appeal. And at the bottom an italic line: *Subscribe to the Daily Worker. One dollar for three months. Fifty cents to the unemployed.* Of late, the bread lines have taken to beating up distributors of Communist tracts.

Then they had a great, magnificent stroke of luck. When approaching spring signaled the season for out-of-doors agitation, they marched on City Hall, New York, for a massed demonstration. Aside from their perpetual object of raising hell and getting into the newspapers, the purpose was to protest against unemployment and the recent shooting of a Communist in a scrimmage with the police. The New York finest, in ample numbers, was waiting to insure order. Now the average New York policeman doesn't like a Communist at all. And certain flaming banners which accused a policeman of murder especially galled the clannish force. Trouble started spontaneously. The police charged; with fists and billies they broke up the crowd. For the moment they reveled in the job of scratching this old irritation, and hit out blindly. Almost as many bourgeois spectators as Communists were beaten up. Fortunately no one was killed or seriously wounded. But next morning the riot blazed from every front page in America, and that night headquarters in Union Square held revel. At last they were really attracting attention; at last they had martyrs!

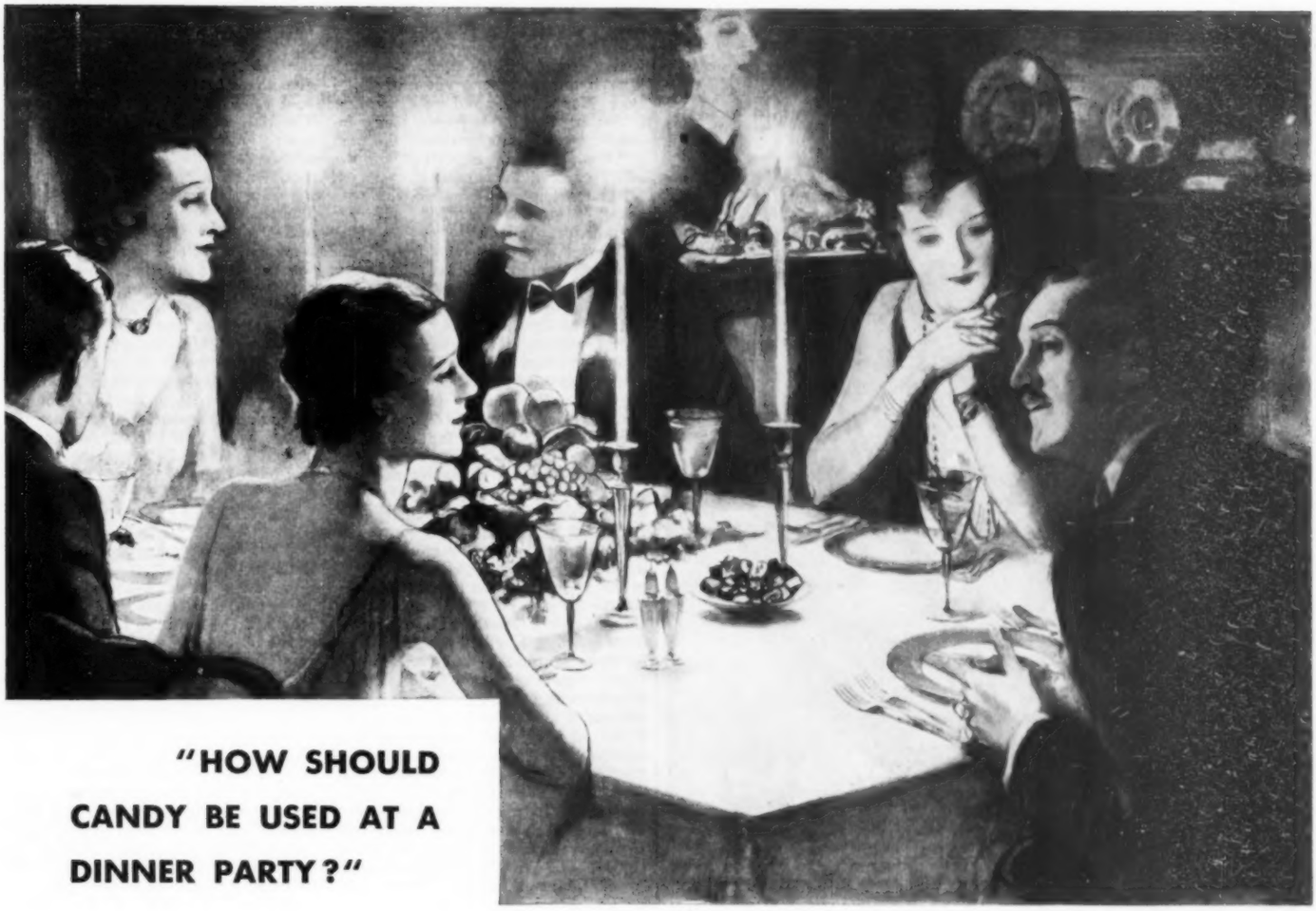
Push forward along this front! The bandages were not dry on their wounds before they had planned the grand unemployment demonstration of March sixth. In fiery editorials the Daily Worker announced their purpose of marching on City Hall and presenting their grievances in person. Legally to hold a parade in New York, one must apply for a permit at least twenty-four hours in advance. With malice prepense, they made no such application.

A Manufactured Crisis

The crowd, that March sixth, packed Union Square. In the center stood every member of the party in New York and vicinity—out by order. Beyond stretched the fringe of sympathizers; beyond them an aura of half sympathizers, like persons who had reasons not to love the police, and unemployed who didn't understand Communism but who would follow any flag which seemed to lead toward a job. But in that tense crowd the great majority had come just to see a thrilling show. Police, mounted and afoot, trimmed the edges; reserves waited in the back streets; Commissioner Whalen and his staff encamped in the square itself. Since this event drew as much newspaper space as a major disaster, I need merely sketch what followed: Orators lashing the crowd to frenzy. At the appropriate moment, William Z. Foster and Robert Minor, brains of the party, demanding of Whalen the right to march on City Hall. Whalen, pale not with anger but with the dramatic importance of his decision, refusing flatly. Foster and Minor, pale also, returning to the platform to make good their bluff. The word "go!" A rush. Fists and nightsticks. This time the police held themselves under better restraint. With one or two exceptions, they used only such violence as seemed absolutely necessary. A New York advertising man sneaked into the crowd with a concealed motion-picture camera. His film shows a woman charging repeatedly against a police horse, and then throwing herself under its feet with the plain intention of getting "trampled by Whalen's Cossacks." The saner animal of the two merely side-steps a bit and, when she lies on the ground, steps daintily over her. And above, the policeman smiles from his saddle.

There were a few bruised faces and broken heads. But the police remember many a riot among the hair-trigger populations of New York where the casualties were greater and the newspaper reports amounted to two sticks, inside page. It reminds me of a story

(Continued on Page 120)



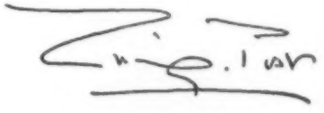
"HOW SHOULD CANDY BE USED AT A DINNER PARTY?"

EMILY POST says: there should be at least four dishes of candy on every well-appointed table, formally set for twelve or fewer. For a dinner of from fourteen to eighteen places there should be from six to eight dishes of candy. Still more for a larger table.

On an average sized table, at least four dishes should be large enough to be decoratively important. (From 2″ to 2-½″ high, by 8″ to 8-½″ in diameter is ideal.) Small saucer-sized compotiers—whether flat or on stems—are foolishly under scale except on a very little table in an equally-little room.

Candy suitable to a formal dinner table is rather limited to bonbons, caramels, almond paste, chocolates—most especially chocolates—and, in a dish by themselves, chocolate peppermints. Except the peppermints, each of these candies should be in its individual paper frill.

Candy dishes must be arranged so that each dish on one side of the table is balanced by a similar one on the other. Brown chocolates balanced by chocolate caramels, pink bonbons balanced by other bonbons equally pink, etc.



EMILY POST is the Author of *Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage* and *The Personality of a House*, etc.

FOR THANKSGIVING

ON this occasion you are apt to be more than particular about the candy you serve. Which is to say, you will surely select Schrafft's! For we are as fussy about its flavor and freshness as *you!*

SCHRAFFT'S *selected candies and chocolates are packed in many styles, from one to five pounds to the package—at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 the pound.*

SCHRAFFT'S

Selected Candies and Chocolates

W. F. SCHRAFFT & SONS CORPORATION • *New York and Boston* • OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SHATTUCK COMPANY

THE Florsheim SHOE

Compare Florsheim Shoes in number of days' wear by what they cost . . then you will see that Florsheim Shoes are more economical . . they give you value in service without added cost for style and comfort. The Newgate . . Style M-416

$10

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers · · Chicago

Girls! *Use Your Spare Time*

EARN MONEY!

Wouldn't you like to know why Eleanor Hill looks so happy? Well, here it is! She's happy because she earns dollars of her own to spend as she wishes. And she earns them in the moments after school, too. . . . Marianna McGinty, another schoolgirl, earns for outdoor equipment; Nancy K. Brown has earned $7.00 in one day. It will be just as easy for you to earn with our pleasant subscription plan.

WIN PRIZES!

Wouldn't you like to earn fascinating prizes along with the money? A gay silk umbrella . . . a snappy sports watch on a leather strap are but two of the many you can choose from. You'll win honor awards, too, and wear a lovely blue-and-gold honor pin. All the information about our earning plan will be hustled to you as soon as we receive the coupon below. No expense to you; no obligations.

The Curtis Publishing Company
951 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me how to earn money and prizes.

Name ..... Age .....
(Please print name and address)

Street .....

City ..... State .....

(Continued from Page 118)

about Tim Hurst, the immortal umpire. Playing poker in the off season with a group of ball players, he found himself annoyed by a veteran of the Boer War who insisted on describing a South African skirmish when he should have been sweetening the pot.

"Well, how many of you got bumped off?" inquired Tim finally.

"Our casualties," replied the veteran, "were three killed and six wounded."

"Down where I come from," exclaimed Tim in his bland, squeaky voice, "we have a miners' picnic every year. And if we don't get more than that we issue rain checks."

But Whalen's Cossacks had ridden down another crowd! Also Foster, Minor and three lesser leaders were going to jail for inciting a riot. More martyrs! And the success on the advertising front had been fantastic. The rallies and demonstrations of the next three months—too many for mention in detail—were the high tide of recent Communism in the United States. Perhaps I would be more accurate if I said "high ripple." The metropolitan district of New York, with its millions of raw, unassimilated immigrants, accounts for at least 50 per cent of the Communist strength in the United States; which is why I do not wander far from Manhattan in writing about them. The Communists, unlike the Republicans, Democrats and Socialists, are under an ultramilitary discipline. When an important demonstration is coming and headquarters gives the word "all out," they attend and bring their friends of the fringe, or the executive committee knows the reason why. The biggest up-and-up attendance at any demonstration was probably about 15,000. As I write they are planning to "pack Madison Square Garden" late in October, when they welcome Foster and Minor back from jail. Perhaps they will, for this is going to be a good show. But the extra attendance will be mere spectators, glowering or giggling according to their temperaments, who have come in hopes of seeing a picturesque disturbance.

Foiling Would-be Martyrs

For by midsummer that faint flood tide had receded. What the central executive committee in New York tells Moscow it would be interesting to know. The cold fact remains that in this period of unemployment and distress they have added not more than 1000 to their party membership. In one respect alone has American Communism carried out its program. Its success in advertising itself has been fantastic. Never has so puny a cause drawn so many columns of free newspaper copy. But you can't sell inferior goods by advertising—any expert will tell you that. The unemployed man of America, expressing the national temperament, wants first a job and then a chance to get ahead in the world. A party which offers a workingman's heaven for his sons and grandsons after a lifetime of scorn, hardship and war for himself, has small attraction.

Meantime other rulers and municipalities were showing the New York police how to handle Communism without making martyrs. In the height of the disturbance, a flying squadron tried to hold a noisy meeting before the White House. The police arrested them and sent the news to the President. In ten minutes he had issued a note requesting their release. "Their numbers are small and they do not endanger the republic," he said. Further, the White House asked the District police, in case of similar disturbance, to take the rioters down to Monument Park and give them protection for as large and wild a meeting as their hearts desired. The Baltimore Center, demonstrating against unemployment, tried the same tactics as Foster and Minor in New York—an unauthorized parade, a beating from the police and martyr blood. The chief of police foiled them subtly and effectively. He saw that a permit was applied for and issued, turned out the force like a guard of honor, himself led the parade through the smiling citizenry. Mayor Rolph, of San Francisco, adopted the same plan on a flamboyant California scale. San Francisco, which would always take more trouble to play a joke than any other city in history, turned out as though to welcome a transpacific flyer, tore the welkin with ironic cheers. No martyrs in that quarter; only injured feelings and baffled hopes.

Illusions and Facts About Reds

What sort of people are these Reds? Let's begin by dispelling a few illusions. They are not usually fakers—at least not consciously. If they fool others, if they publish in their periodicals and leaflets most laughable exaggeration of fact, it is because they have first fooled themselves. They are, indeed, so sincere as to prove that sincerity, like any other virtue, can be overdone. They are not grafters. For though many of them live by their party activities, the income is small and precarious. The little money which the party has to spend leaves no margin for pickings. They are not, finally, "irresponsible agitators." They are most fully responsible to that overbearing power, Moscow, and its American executives of the central executive committee.

For he who signs up as a full, duespaying member of the Communist Party must make a solemn renunciation of the world we know. The discipline enforced by the mysterious central executive committee is like that of a very strict religious order. The party member must yield to the cause not only the direction of his life but even of his thoughts. He must subscribe to every minor tenet, to every opinion on method, held by the faction temporarily in control of the Third International at Moscow. The expulsions which have done so much to fritter away the party in late years turn mostly on doctrinal points. Several have gone into outer darkness for "white chauvinism"—refusal in thought or deed to grant Negroes full social equality. Scott Nearing, radical, tried to join the Communist Party several years ago. They rejected him because he was a pacifist. Eventually he seems to have agreed to the theory of the one big war against capitalism, with profound peace to follow; for the executive committee reversed itself and issued him a card. He published his book on internationalism and now he is out in the cold. That work seems sufficiently revolutionary and Communistic to the bourgeois mind. But microscopic examination showed that in some tiny and hair-splitting points it differed from orthodox doctrine. Jay Lovestone and his closest followers were thrown out, as aforesaid, because they differed with Moscow in their views on the methods which would rouse America.

Several of the most promising subsidiary leaders have lost their cards for

careerism—suspicion that in pushing forward they were impelled by ambition to shine personally. And others went their way because they cultivated too close an acquaintance with those most abominable of heretics, the Yellow Socialists.

For those who remain—discipline, cheerfully accepted. A few members have modest hereditary incomes. Under orders, they live like working people, giving to the party all their surplus and all their time. The organizers on the labor front go, when commanded, to some factory where the party sees a chance to strike. There they work their eight hours a day at machine or bench and spend all the rest of their waking hours in secret agitation and organization. Often the job involves risks to life and limb if the nucleus is discovered; yet they go like brides. One must honor heroism like this, even when the object is vapid, absurd. Jay Lovestone, after his expulsion, declared that one-fifth of the membership was living on party salaries. No one outside of the central executive committee knows whether this is exact. But the maximum emolument is forty dollars a week for married men and thirty dollars for single, the party activities eat up any possible surplus, and salaries are very often in arrears or canceled. An attorney, a defender of Communists, but not himself a Communist, remarks: "I have to keep an assorted set of secondhand trousers to lend to my clients so that they can make a decent appearance in court."

The Psychology of a Red

The typical party member is either foreign-born or the child of recently arrived immigrants. Not more than 1000 spring from the old American stock; though this group includes many of the leaders like Foster, Minor, Lovestone and Beal. Intellectuals are not much wanted—"this is a class-conscious movement of the proletariat." Generally that typical member works at some kind of unskilled labor. Sometimes he is neurotic by constitution; sometimes hard double-time work and too many violent thoughts have unbalanced him a little. In every meeting one picks out asymmetric skulls and twitching faces. But neurosis does not account for the majority. Most often the deeper explanation—given the proper temperament—is that they have not yet obliterated their European background. They still see society as a series of unalterable strata; the only hope for him born in the depths being to put his whole class on top.

He whom heaven made for a Communist is an avid reader as well as a voluble talker; and he has soaked up Communistic literature with its strange, cumbersome jargon—almost a new language—until he has acquired a special psychology. If, when he enters the party as a convert, he isn't quite permeated, soul and mind, with the doctrine, he is sent to school to learn and comes out like the rest.

A native American sees this different psychology most plainly in the differing sense of humor. They are not exactly humorless. I have heard them roar with hard laughter over what they deemed ironies in the present social system; ideas which did not in the least move me to mirth. And on the other hand, try these anecdotes on your own American sense of humor:

A bourgeoise lady espoused the cause of a Communist whom she deemed mistreated, and accompanied him on a railway journey to court. They passed through a wild mountain gorge.

"Oh, look! Beautiful!" exclaimed the bourgeoise lady.

"How can I admire scenery in a capitalist country?" he asked.

A woman who works in the management of a night club had a call from a Communist woman of her acquaintance.

"Inform me about night clubs," demanded the Communist abruptly. "How they're run, what they do—everything."

A Communist Night Club

The night-club expert, glad to talk on her specialty, told all, down to the last trick for enticing the sucker.

"Why do you want to know?" she asked at length.

"Well," replied the Communist, "I've come to the conclusion that the party needs more proletarian recreation. I'm thinking of advising a Communist night club. It might get us some recruits among the bourgeoisie too. Of course," she added meditatively, "we'd need to make a few changes. For example, have the hostess crack some jokes on the bosses and have the girls do symbolic labor dances or enter singing proletarian hymns instead of capitalist jazz."

The moral equipment of the typical Communist presents another variation from that sodden bourgeois state of being in which most of us live. They have repudiated God; with equal frankness they have rejected bourgeois morals. They live under one supreme and governing commandment: Thou shalt have no god before the Communist state. Whether in Russia, where Communism stands triumphant, or in America, where its foothold makes a blade of grass look thick, the advancement of the revolution is the final end and aim of a very strict code. This is not saying that our Communists generally dodge their debts or ignore the other ordinary obligations of man to man. In this respect they are probably more moral than the average. That is good policy—at least for the present. But in matters which affect the interest of the party and the revolution, the end justifies the means. An experience of the American Civil Liberties Union illustrates the strange kinks of their moral sense. The Union exists chiefly to foster free speech. Half its work has consisted in defending, on this ground, Communists arrested under antisyndicalist laws. Last winter a few Menshevik exiles of the old Kerensky faction blew in from Paris, tried to rouse the Russian-American element. The Communists assembled in force and literally wrecked their meetings. "Here we are," protested the Civil Liberties Union, "defending you on the ground of free speech, and here you are, gagging free speech. It isn't consistent."

"Oh, yes, it is!" replied the Communists. "You believe in free speech, so it's your duty to defend us. We don't, so it's our duty to shut up the Yellow Socialists."

Recently the Central Executive Committee has considered whether certain defendants in the Gastonia cases who, being out on bail, fled to Russia, should forfeit bail or come back to face the probability of long years in prison. The overlords of American Communism debated this matter solely in the light of convenience. Was it better to hurl a gesture of defiance at the capitalist courts or to make a showing of bourgeois morality? Responsibility to the outsiders who put up the $27,000

MASTER TIME—*Electrically*

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Please tell me about the job which fulfills all requirements listed below.

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JOB

—One that requires no experience?
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—One that enables you to work right near your own home?
—That pays liberally from the very start?

Then Send The Coupon

and the natural feelings of the defendants did not enter into this argument at all.

Yet, for all his torturesome thought and strange ethics, the average Communist strikes me as a man who is having a good time out of life. A crank, a one-idea man, he finds his universe full of congenial sympathizers. A dreamer, he follows a chimera as large and vague and kaleidoscopic as the world of phantom ever knew.

A youth either in years or temperament, he cherishes youth's immemorial dream of military glory. A fanatic, he has the spiritual satisfaction of sacrificing himself. A romantic, he can revel in melodrama, real or imagined, to his soul's content. A person of no importance in capitalist society, he derives an egoistic satisfaction from membership in a peculiar people who will some day conquer the world and raise monuments to such pioneers as he is. Their balls and revels, their camps and picnics, ring with a gayety almost hysterical.

Still, the greatest among the Communist joys is talk. Their chief playground, in the five years during which they saw their new-front policy fizzle out, was an old six-story, fifty-foot building on the east side of Union Square.

On the top floor assembled the night schools for educating workers. In various closed back rooms met the dread leaders and committees whose members had the exalted privilege of knowing what Moscow was thinking. From two floors below issued the English Daily Worker and the Yiddish Freiheit. On the ground floor stood the coöperative cafeteria. At first they ran this restaurant on strictly Communist lines in every respect.

Coffee and a Loaf

Comrades temporarily out of employment would breakfast on a cup of coffee and a roll. Then they would hold the table all day while they swung their arms in voluble debate. The sandwich cutters behind the counter would drop their knives and join in. The Soviet of Supplies seems to have had its hard experience with bourgeois trickery, and any visitor could perceive that the Soviet of Cleaning and Sanitation functioned irregularly. It collapsed before the assault of capitalist creditors. The party ordered a retreat on this sector of the home front and gave it over to a practical Russian-American restaurant man who is not a Communist. He stipulated that he should pay to the party as rent 10 per cent of his gross receipts. Both sides were pleased with this arrangement—the Communists because it harmonized with party doctrine, the manager because he saw hard times coming.

With the help of hard-boiled assistants, the new manager enforced the rule that tables were made for eating, not for talking. The forum adjourned to the street outside. And there, even on blizzard days, it talked and talked and talked.

That spot lies on my daily route to luncheon at my club, and I have been a fascinated auditor. The debates ran the gamut of revolutionary doctrine and policy; often ideas and language went far beyond my poor understanding. "Un-American" is the conventional tag for the Communist Party. Even its most frightened adversaries seem to have missed the pat application of their adjective. Sooner shall Moscow and Louisville stretch their suburbs to meet than the American stretch his mind to embrace such modes of thought and expression. This exotic springs from Eastern Europe. And the Eastern European, on his home soil, has a faculty for tying up abstract philosophical conceptions with personal emotions. Ours is the Western European mind, with its edge sharpened by the rough conditions of a new world. We are direct, concrete; so becomes that Eastern European when he assimilates himself with us. The slogans which send the Western European over the top ring with rough, visual poetry or grim humor—"Up Guards, and at 'em." . . . "Do you sons of guns expect to live forever?" . . . "Arise, ye dead." . . . "We beat them or Molly Stark's a widow." But "the dictatorship of the proletariat"; "the solidarity of the working masses"; "class consciousness"—these would hurl none of us onto the barbed wire. That is among the main reasons why the Communist Party, in these five noisy but futile years, has been as tinder trying to inflame a sand pile.

A Symbolic Move

That joyous forum has gone forever. In September, 1930, the party, cafeteria and all, suddenly decamped to another old building in East Thirteenth Street, a block away from the square, where there is much less sidewalk room. Business is moving toward Union Square; doubtless the party did well with the disposal of its equity or lease. But this removal to a side street seems symbolic.

American Communism, orthodox and heretical branches together, numbers now less than 10,000 dues-paying members. Though they acquired a few thousand new members in the unemployment drive, old membership flowed steadily out at the other end of the pipe; the net gain was probably less than 1000. No other party known to modern man has ever had such a rapid and continuous turnover of personnel as American Communism. The Socialists, who watch them closely, say that the real strength of the element is always about four times that of the party membership. Give them, then, 40,000 in the whole United States. When they manage to engineer a strike some of the strikers play with them, pending the usual catastrophe. These accessions are bubbles on the surface of a boiling mush pot; they only seem to increase its bulk and they collapse as soon as the fire goes out.

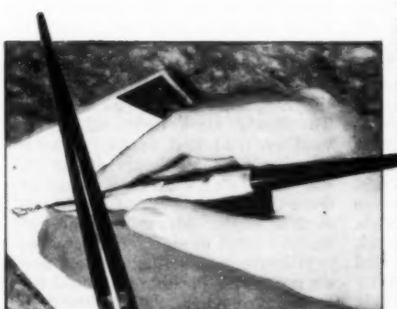
The Worker's Party mustered at the 1928 election 48,000 votes in a total of more than 35,000,000. This vote comprises such of the membership and fringe as are native or naturalized, their wives and sweethearts, all that remains of the moribund I. W. W., strikers who are following momentarily a Communist leader, and a sprinkling of offhand, pin-headed voters who mark the cross under "Worker's Party" because they like the device and don't know what it means.

The political front, formed seven or eight years ago, has not yet elected even a village pound master. The industrial and export policy of the Soviet Government may be a danger to capitalist society, and intended as such. Of this I am incompetent to judge. But here at home I know them. And I indorse the remark of an editorial writer on the bourgeois New York Herald Tribune:

"Translated out of the original tongue, the name of the Communist summer camp in the Catskills means 'nothing to worry about.' That says it."

Swiftly . . Slowly . . Go as you please . .

HERE'S PEN AND INK THAT WRITES SMOOTHLY AT ANY SPEED!



Hostesses, Inc., New York social secretariat, writes: "Correspondence gains in distinction when you choose a fine, full-bodied, deep-colored ink that flows evenly, writes smoothly."

The base, a rich green Argentine onyx; the pen, a lustrous black Pearltex; the whole, an unusually smart desk stand.

PEARLTEX the smart new pen finish, lustrous as mother-of-pearl, is available in white, black, rose, green, blue — *but only in Carter pens.*

WHEN you say "Hurry!" does your pen say "Halt!"? When rush work demands your pen's best, does it balk? With mail to sign and a train to catch, must your pen be coddled, shaken, wiped on a blotter, only to become clogged with fuzz, to write like a stick?

Extremely annoying—and entirely unnecessary. There *is* a pen, Carter's Pen, that writes smoothly *at any speed.* There *is* an ink, Carter's Ink, that flows evenly *always.*

Carter's Pens write smoothly because nib and feed are perfectly mated . . . adjusted precisely to the thousandth of an inch.

Carter's Ryto Ink flows evenly because half a century of ink making has taught us how to regulate consistency. Flow is free but rigidly controlled. No drops or drips, blobs or blots.

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Carter alone styles pens in Pearltex. Handsome as mother-of-pearl. In white, black, rose, green, blue.

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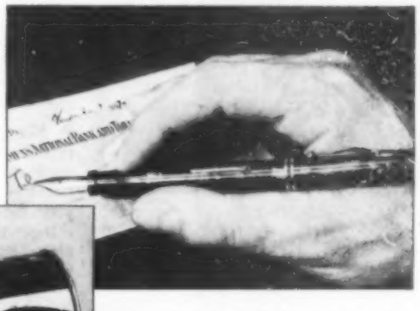

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I am glad to have my son take advantage of your business training.

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YOU needn't stand along the side lines, or sit in the gallery, if you have equipment like this. No siree! You will be in the thick of the swirling, scrambling bunch who fight to put that ball through the cords! And the best part of it, you can earn your basketball equipment free—and spending money besides!

300 More Big Prizes

A gleaming, smooth-running bicycle—lightning-fast roller skates—football equipment that would make an All-American jealous—hundreds of other prizes, too, are yours for the winning.

How? Easy! By selling copies of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* to a route of regular customers that you build up among your friends and neighbors. We'll show you how to do it, and coach you to succeed.

What to Do

If you work fast, you still have time to earn the basketball togs you need this season. Talk it over with Dad and Mother—they'll be glad, probably, to have you get this valuable business experience.

The coupon above is your first order. Shoot it to me today! *The Prize Man*

THE UNCHARTED LAKE

(Continued from Page 19)

canoe. The North had shown them what she could do and they had shown her how they could take it.

The next day was not quite so hard. We puffed along, sometimes tracking, but mostly fighting the current, more or less at ease. We enjoyed the landscape—parklike regions or stony beaches, with, behind them, reaches of magenta flowers. The chief told us it took ninety years here to grow a fair-sized spruce. Frank sang in a reedy tenor. Jack ate oranges. Twilight then; on our right, two deserted cabins and a cache; on the shore opposite, a surveying monument. With a sense that our hardest work was over, like the pioneers of old we camped in sight of the promised land. Nevertheless, I went to sleep that night on the soft moss with regret that a very happy experience was over.

When we set off next morning I think we all felt a little exultation, though we did not talk of it. Great Bear Lake on the map looks rather like a starfish pulled out of shape. It is formed of the union of five great arms, or bays, named after people prominent a hundred years or so ago in exploration and trade. The northwest arm is called Smith; the northeast, Dease; southwestern arm, Keith. Smith and Keith are separated by Scented Grass Hill, a broad peninsula 900 feet high, with steeply cut banks of white sand. McVicar, the smallest arm, is parallel to Keith, and separated from it by Grizzly Bear Mountain, 1500 feet high. Eastward lies McTavish Arm, separated from Dease Arm by the high and rocky promontory, Cape McDonnel. The greatest diameter of the lake—about 150 miles—runs from the bottom of Dease Bay, which receives the principal feeding streams, to the bottom of Keith Bay, from which the Bear Lake River issues. The lake has not many tributaries, its best-known feeder being Dease River, discharging into the northeastern extremity. Some streams of importance enter from the north and several more enter McTavish and McVicar Arms, draining a large region to the southward. The water from a chain of lakes north of Marten Lake also flows into Great Bear.

An Outpost of Civilization

But we were not thinking in geographical terms as we left the river and its shallows behind and headed into the waters of the lake. They were deep blue, but with an effect, too, of crystal. We could see salmon trout and whitefish darting, and frogs moving slowly, and other shapes of creatures and stones. Looking into the east, we could see nothing but gray space like the sea, but to the north, four or five miles away, where we were heading, were high shores at the foot of which lay the white tents of the fisheries. To the left were the remains of Fort Franklin. Also to the left was the inlet where we would part company. My companions would go back to Fort Norman to replace the gear that was lost when the small canoe upset, and I would try to make arrangements with the trader who handled the freight on Great Bear Lake to take me across to Hunter Bay, at the northeastern end of McTavish Arm, where the mining was going on and where lay the Dominion Explorers' eamp for which I was bound. We swept around the end of the inlet and came upon a scene abruptly different from anything we had known for nearly four days. We had been alone; we had met only one canoe; we had seen no houses, heard almost no sounds except those we made. And here was a settlement of a log house, a storehouse, a cache on tall poles, and several tents. Along the shores were piles of freight—mostly gasoline and oil drums. Moored alongside was a power boat of perhaps seven tons, a scow and a barge. And there were something like forty Indians, men, women and children, clustered about the storehouse or the tents, or standing on the bank.

A Princess of the North

The real center of the picture was the freighter, a dark-eyed man dressed in khaki. At his first words I knew that he was a public-school man, that he was of a county family and that he was Irish. This meant chivalry and an interest in adventure. Yes, I could go with his party. They would take out the two drums of gasoline that were in the tiny forecastle of the power boat, the Star, and I could live there. When we should start depended on the weather. We might, once off, cross the lake in thirty-four hours; if the wind was wrong we should have to pull into some harbor, where we might wait several days. Meanwhile, his wife would be glad to see me in their house.

His wife is an Indian woman, and I do not think Pocahontas could have been any lovelier. She is very pretty and as slim as a sixteen-year-old girl. She speaks, besides her own language, French and English. She has not only charm but character and brains. As we talked, I found her rather shy, but very responsive. She showed me her six children, handsome, beautifully mannered youngsters, ranging in age from one year to eleven. As she told me about life on Great Bear Lake, I realized that only an Indian wife could make a permanent home for a man at Great Bear Lake. The terms of life are too hard for a woman not of a race bred for generations to adaptability to this harsh region. We spent delightful hours together, visiting the remains of Fort Franklin—only a chimney, really—and the fisheries, where we saw, perhaps, a hundred Indians, mostly Hareskins, with a few Dog-ribs and Slavés.

Meanwhile my recent companions departed, leaving with me one of my happiest memories. I met the ones with whom I was going to voyage—the chief pilot of the Star, Toots, a young man who had been both trapper and prospector; Heb, another white trapper, who had lived for years on the lake and whose uncle had been a famous pioneer here, a sort of link between Franklin and present-day explorers. There was also a man from Michigan who had been a house painter before he went prospecting in the Northwest Territories. Finally, there was a Frenchman. His wife, the daughter of the Indian chief of the lake tribe, is famed throughout the country for her skill in hunting and trapping.

So far, no boat has been built on Great Bear Lake. A boat must come by way of Great Bear River, which allows nothing with a draft of more than three feet. The voyage of the Star up the river had cost the freighter fifty-two days of time and the work of eleven men. Freight from Waterways to Hunter Bay, our destination, costs $445

XUM

a ton. A hundred pounds of flour, on arrival, is worth about thirty-five dollars. Yet, since the lake is uncharted, none of this valuable stuff can be insured. The Star might survive a heavy wind, but the scow and barge would be lost. Further, there are only fifty days when the lake is open. Hence the freighter had a lot on his mind and had to watch the weather narrowly.

For two days we watched it with him. About eight o'clock on the second evening, when the sky was clear and the sun bright, he thought we might set out. The Indians crowded about us to say good-by. Toots and Heb and a Cree Indian and I boarded the Star. The freighter and the painter and the Frenchman and four Indians got on the scow and the barge. Out of the inlet we chugged, the people on the shore waving and calling, the sun gleaming on their gay colors and smiling faces.

We were setting out from the bottom of Keith Arm; our direction northeast. If we had followed the north shore of Keith Arm to Smith Arm, and then along to Dease Arm, we should have gone most of the way by low shores, with low hills beyond, until about thirty miles from Fort Confidence, on Dease Arm, when the banks become high and rocky, ending in bleak Cape McDonnel. But we were taking the shorter southern route. We passed Whisky Jack Point and Fox Point, and then began the transverse to Grizzly Bear Mountain. Next morning we were in Atago Harbor, Grizzly Bear Mountain looking us in; and the wind was wrong.

You must wait for the North. We stayed in that harbor two days. For me the time did not drag. I loved exploring, thrilling to the fact that no white woman had ever walked over this moss where I trod, and perhaps no person whatever. No moss was ever so deep and beautiful as this northern type, of a delicate shape and varying in color from the palest blond through all the shades of russet and henna. There were hours by the fire when the Indians who had set up fishing nets cooked huge salmon trout. One weighed at least forty pounds. After the meals, the Indians played a gambling game. It consists of a man singing and shaking his body and passing sticks from one hand to the other, while his companions guess where the sticks are. The stake may be a plug of tobacco. The white men talked and I listened.

An Unsung Hero

Sometime or other the lives those men lived must have had to them the unanalyzable appeal of adventure. But now they talked as if it was all just in the day's work. Once the freighter had gone outside on business. A doctor told him he had appendicitis and needed an immediate operation. But if he had waited for an operation he would not have been back before freeze-up time, and his family and the Indians dependent on him would have starved. All the Indians in the region come to him for free food. There are empire builders who attack the North with steam shovels and airplanes, and there is the other kind, like the freighter, unsung, but irreplaceable. They are the sort that the North remembers.

Heb, when he could be got to talk, told of his decades of trapping on Great Bear Lake. Once he found a sled which he knew belonged to Franklin or one of the Franklin searching parties. It was three and a half feet wide, had runners three inches wide, and was built to carry a boat with a keel. It had been abandoned on Dease River and had drifted down to Great Bear Lake and been cast up among the willows. Heb had put it on the roof of his cabin on Dease Arm, where it still is. Heb opines that some day a government official will discover it.

Toots told of his trapping on Dismal Lakes and how strange it seemed to him that an airplane now can travel in a couple of hours over the territory which cost him two months of walking. They all talked of the run of white foxes that were to be expected this winter, and they all spoke of the wolverine, which they regard much as the Puritans of old regarded the devil. The freighter had the Indians tell stories of the region, which he translated for me.

There is one island in Great Bear Lake, the steep cliffs of which come straight to the water. The Indians won't go there, because they believe it is composed of the bones of dead men. They say that certain islands are now in the lake which were not there two generations ago.

The Bear That Talked Like a Man

They told me of the bear on Grizzly Bear Mountain that can talk. Long ago a hunter with bow and arrows was traveling along the shore, and he saw the bear with two cubs, eating berries. He shot one of the cubs. The bear started after him, but he got safely into his canoe.

The bear called to him, "If you were here you would be dead."

To which he replied, "If you were in the water near me, you would be dead."

The bear then said, "I warn you; don't ever sleep alone."

For a long time the man heeded the warning, but one night he forgot. When he woke up, he found the bear standing over him. He said, "I see that you are going to kill me, but I wish that you would let me choose the way."

The bear agreed, and the Indian said, "Chew my head." The bear opened wide his mouth, but the Indian was a medicine man and he gave the bear lockjaw. Finally he released the bear and made her promise never to kill a man. The bear ran away and has never been seen since.

There was talk, too, of the old-time feuds between the Eskimos and the Indians, intensified by the massacre of the Eskimos by the Indians at Bloody Falls during Samuel Hearne's expedition in 1771. Even now the two races are not what you would call congenial.

Sometimes when I was listening to one person, bits of isolated talk would come drifting to me from other persons:

"Once, in Smith Arm, in fourteen days I caught 4583 fish."

"There are too many posts and traders for the amount of fur taken in the North."

"The fur trading in the last few years has been insane. A trader pays double prices here compared to what is paid outside, just on account of competition."

"I know an Indian that was given $4300 worth of debt this year. He'll never catch that much fur."

"The overhead of a river post must be from $10,000 to $20,000, but a free trader's overhead is just nothing; it's under his hat."

"People expect too much nowadays. Twenty years ago on this lake, people would use just one scow for food. Now they use four."

"All the same, the trapper has a hard life. He works all summer to prepare

THIS IS THE MERRY GIFT
for the man you married

This distinguished chair—The Carlyle (No. 1601)—in colorful Tapestry—is just one of many lovely styles and designs, colors and fabrics you can choose from. With stool to match. $135.50

Other models from $59.50 *to* $300.00.

May we (mere men) suggest the merry Christmas answer to "what to give that man?" . . .

When he comes down on Christmas morning—let him discover, there in the living-room, a beautiful Streit Slumber Chair, extending to him its friendly, open-armed invitation—"Sit down, man—down deep and comfortable, be gloriously at ease." Then, as he looks up at you with his boyish grin, he'll say—"Nicest, most thoughtful wife in the world—you!"

A clever one, too. For The Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair is a gracious gift for him *and for you*. No matter which of the lovely period models or designs you choose, this graceful chair brings a new charm to your modern living-room. *In all the world there is no other chair like it.*

Visit your Streit dealer today . . . see the special Christmas models he is displaying. Let him tell you how easily you can own the one you choose. And if you'd like a copy of our illustrated booklet, "Rest in Beauty," just write, The C. F. Streit Manufacturing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio. *Since* 1871, *makers of fine upholstered furniture.*

Slip-Covers . . . FREE!

With your Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair, you receive a card which entitles you to a set of attractive slip-covers, smartly tailored and in harmonious colors, *free*.

This man strives vainly for comfort, trying to make his body fit the chair.

Look for this name-plate on every chair.

Notice how the seat and back tilt as one to form a comfortable pocket for the work-weary body.

The Beautiful
Streit "Slumber" Chair

Who's Boss . .

. . you or your feet?

DON'T let your feet hold you back. Enjoy foot health by wearing the Arch Preserver Shoe. This is the original and only ARCH PRESERVER shoe, never successfully duplicated. Patented features eliminate bodily fatigue . . . give you comfort in action. Custom styles, $12.50 up. Red Label styles, $10.00 up.

Wright ARCH PRESERVER SHOE FOR MEN

"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., Inc.
Rockland, Mass.

Made in Canada by Scott & McHale, Ltd., Licensee, London, Ont.

Made for women, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Company, Portsmouth, Ohio

The Curtis Publishing Company
230 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me all about your money-making plan.

Name .....
(Please print name and address)

Street .....

City .....

State ..... *Age* .....

Paul Hauck
of Nebraska

A COUPON LIKE THIS

brought him $2.40 in a single hour!

FOR a long time Paul Hauck of Nebraska had been reading advertisements in *The Post* similar to this—and he knew that he could use some extra money just as well as the next fellow.

He sent a coupon like the one above, made good money from the start—and not long ago told us that he had earned exactly $2.40 in an even hour's spare-time work.

Here's Your Opportunity

You can begin as soon as the mails can deliver our reply to your coupon above.

And in our letter we will tell you how to start making money at once as our local subscription representative, forwarding new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

We will not assign you any definite territory, not ask you to work during any special hours of the day. You don't need experience or one penny of capital.

We are offering you this opportunity for immediate action. Why not take the next step and—

Mail the Coupon Today!

for the winter, and sometimes he makes just nothing."

"Men disappear up here and no one ever knows what becomes of them. I have found men who had been dead at least two years, and the police and no one else had known it."

Came the morning when the freighter said it was safe to set out again. We left our harbor and crossed McVicar Arm and rounded Point Leith. Then began the loveliest part of the trip, amid islands, craggy and beautiful. The water was so clear that we could see the stones on the bottom. Above us circled slender terns, white and gray against the blue of the sky. We expected to cross McTavish Arm and get to Hunter Bay before nightfall. But when we were fifteen miles away fog arose and a wind threatened.

Again we camped—this time on an island where the rocks in the center rose to 100 feet. And now some of the white men went off quietly to do some informal prospecting. When the men came back for luncheon the talk was no longer of trapping but of mining.

Nothing, they said, would save this country but mining. They all had claims on Hunter Bay. Toots was hesitating between trapping and mining for the winter. If he could stake promising-looking claims and then sell them to a company, retaining a 5 per cent interest, he would be on velvet. On the other hand, if there should be a phenomenal run of white foxes —— They talked of the dikes on Hunter Bay—ore-bearing ridges intruding through the natural rock of the country. The Sloan dike, they said, ran for thirty-five miles. All straight copper, they said; no metallurgical problems at all.

"Perhaps the longest break, the greatest fault, in the world is right there on Hunter Bay. There are loose blocks of ore weighing as much as fifty or sixty tons."

"I tell you I assayed some rock that was 60 per cent."

The Golden Dreams of Trappers

"It will be a long time before the mining pays. To transport it they will have to build 1000 miles of railroad, and railroads cost $50,000 a mile."

"Well, they built the Hudson Bay Railroad; that's more than 500 miles. The railroad companies will want to build, all right."

"Besides, maybe we'll find gold and silver, and then there'll be no transportation problem. Don't forget about that fellow Bruce whose backers sent him to the country between Great Bear Lake and Fort Rae. He died on the trail, and when his body was found there were rich specimens of gold on him and not a scratch to tell where he found them."

"When you think of the size of a claim—fifty-two acres—and that a man can stake six for himself and six for other people, and that there are 250,000 miles of territory, it all begins to look like a big proposition."

I knew these men of the North had their feet on solid earth, but it was interesting to see how the excitement of the mining rose in them. Trappers hope only for a good living. The freighter said to me, half in earnest, that all he wanted was a porcelain bathtub, a soft bed and three real meals a day. But when trappers and traders become prospectors, they begin to stretch their hands toward fortune. This mining that we were forging toward meant adventure. If it succeeded, it meant a tremendous mechanical achievement; it meant mastering the frozen earth in a new way; and it meant a good chance, perhaps, of making golden dreams come true.

All day long the fog lifted and sank again, giving the islands before us strange shapes or blotting them out altogether. Suddenly it rolled away as if it had been swept into nothingness by some colossal hand. Far ahead were huge islands with clear passages between. One of these was our channel. Wasting no time for food, we leaped into our boat and scow and barge and set off, the Star in the lead. I don't know that I have ever had a happier evening than that one I spent standing beside Toots as we crossed McTavish Arm, which is one of the most magnificent spots in the world. Its eastern shores of granite and greenstone, 600 or 700 feet high, in places almost perpendicular, are stained and weathered in the most striking shades of russet and purple and red. Deep fiords run far into the interior of the country and often narrow unexpected channels separate the islands from the mainland. It was wonderful to sail among the great hill islands with curved, rocky, ore-ribbed backs. We passed the submerged plane in which, a fortnight before, my friend, James Vance, one of the most noted pilots of the North, had crashed. Brave and debonair, sound of heart and sweet of spirit, it seemed as if the world had needed him longer. But wherever he is, he is wanted.

Up-to-Date Prospectors

We passed behind a tongue of land, and there in front of us lay Sloan Point, headquarters for the prospectors and for what may be one of the greatest ore-producing regions of the world. It looked modest enough. Fringing a low bank were four planes and a couple of canoes. On the bank lay a pile of oil and gasoline drums. Farther back was the log house that was Sloan's original cabin and now was the cook house of the Dominion Explorers. There was a small log storehouse, the log building of the wireless, several tents and several caches and platforms to hold the food, nets and other gear that had to be kept safe from wolves and other depredators.

One tent was logged up at the sides. Another had at the side a sort of fence rail on which impedimenta could be hung. Before one was a fireplace with a cranelike arrangement from which pots could be swung. Outside all the tents were various pots and pans, neatly arranged. These men were evidently good housekeepers.

And on the shore stood the inhabitants—all men, and mostly young men. There were the representatives of the Dominion Explorers' Company, the Consolidated Smelting and Mining Company and the Northern Aerial Mineral Exploration Company. Some of them had big names and some had yet to make themselves known—young, sturdy prospectors; the slim wireless boys; the pilots and their mechanics, who worked for the companies and for the government, which had sent in a plane for aerial surveying. They were tremendously keen on getting hold of the gasoline and oil we were carrying, and I heard later that they were amazed at seeing a woman. But their faces were imperturbable. We met them all, and then went to the Dominion Explorers' Company cook shack, which bore the inscription over the door, "If you can't stand your own cooking, try ours."

(Continued on Page 130)

Play fair with yourself

COLD, wet weather drains the system. Resistance to disease is lower in fall and winter. Doctors say, "Dress warmly enough to keep the body temperature normal."

Duofold—modern underwear for modern times—gives the warmth and the protection you *need*—with this important *difference.* Duofold gives warmth *with light weight* . . . with solid *comfort* . . . with complete freedom from itch and irritation.

Duofold alone is made of a thin two-layer fabric which gives it all these characteristics—and you need them all. There's fine wool for warmth but only in the thin *outer* layer, where it can't touch you. The thin inner layer, which alone can touch you, is all fine, soft cotton.

Send the coupon for a sample of this extraordinary fabric. See how light it is. Hold the cotton layer against the skin. Try to make it itch! *See* Duofold at any good store.

"*Must* I catch cold?"

is the name of a booklet on colds and their prevention, prepared by Dr. Frederic Damrau, an eminent and nationally known authority. The coupon will bring you a copy.

Duofold
Health **Underwear**

Duofold's unique fabric . . . two very thin, separate layers interlocked at regular intervals . . . wool with cotton (or silk or rayon) in the outer layer . . . inner layer of fine cotton . . . no wool touches the skin . . . *no itch!*

Made in all popular styles . . . athletic union suits and shirts and shorts, with many varieties of color patterns as well as white; in union suits or two-piece garments . . . long sleeve, short sleeve, no sleeve; ankle-length, ¾ length, knee-length.

Duofold Health Underwear Co., Dept. A4, Mohawk, N. Y.

Send Dr. Frederic Damrau's Booklet on Colds, and samples of Duofold Fabric for

☐ Men ☐ Boys ☐ Infants
☐ Children ☐ Women

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

XUM

TROPIC-AIRE

Registered U. S. Patent Office

The Original Fan-Equipped Hot Water Automobile Heater

"I'd much prefer to sell you this heater . ."

—because Tropic-Aire, the Original, is still first in the heater field with exclusive features not to be found elsewhere."

The Biplane Deflector is exclusive. The 2-Way Switch is exclusive. And certainly Tropic-Aire motor-excellence, fan-power, quietness, durability, beauty of finish and simplicity of installation are unsurpassed.

The Deflector—patented—instantly adjustable to throw the heat up, down, right or left, delights everyone with its positive action.

With the 2-Way Switch you are not alternately too hot and too cold as with most heaters. With Tropic-Aire, a turn of the switch gives you (1) *mild* heat, (2) strong heat, (3) complete shut-off.

Install Tropic-Aire. Have pure, fresh, fumeless air—heated in winter, warmed in less severe seasons—and in summer the fan acts as a ventilator. Fully illustrated descriptive literature sent upon request. Ask your dealer for a demonstration.

Throws all the heat up to warm the whole car

Throws all the heat *down* to warm the car floor

Throws all the heat *right* to front seat passenger

Throws all the heat *left* to the driver

TROPIC-AIRE, Inc.
48 Eleventh Ave., N. E.
Minneapolis, Minn.
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14 Breadalbane St., Toronto
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The New Rear Compartment Heater

Installed back of front seat or in front of rear seat—a perfect heating plant for Town Car, Limousine, Taxicabs, the larger Coaches or Sedans. Independent or operates in unison with front heater

Pat. Nos. 1581781, 1668491, RE17181, Others pending.

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Can **TWO** *live as cheaply as* **ONE**?

POSSIBLY..*if wives clipped more* **COUPONS** *and read the* **BOOKLETS** *advertising offers*

FROM the titles of the booklets you are offered in the current magazines, you might almost believe that two can live as cheaply as one.

Humble foods and fruits, once neglected, are found rich in vitamins and calories. Booklets tell about them.

Sauces and seasonings turn once-snubbed cuts of meat into delicious portions. Booklets tell you how to buy and how to prepare them.

You can work magic on old furniture with a paint brush. Booklets in colors show how the decorators secure their effects.

Even if you can't visit mountain or seashore, the sun is offered your baby in made-to-order forms. Booklets tell all about it.

So helpful and authoritative are some of the modern well-printed advertising pieces, that magazines collect and file them for editorial reference, and schools use them for special classroom study. As you read, clip some of the coupons. Send for the printed help that manufacturers offer about new and better ways of doing old things. You will often find that your buying dollars cover more ground.

It is the business of the S. D. Warren Company to make printing papers that will result in better printed pieces at reasonable cost to advertisers.

Our program starts with producing better papers in volume at low production costs. It includes a series of scientific tests of each run of Warren Papers. These tests, made at the mill, insure a standardization of printing, folding, and binding qualities that eliminates many of the uncertainties of the pressroom.

There are two other steps in this Warren Program: First—a plan of simplification that reduces the number of paper sizes formerly thought necessary, and concentrates on sizes that make the most economical use of printing machinery.

Second—actual help in the planning of printed pieces through a series of mailings which we send to users of printing.

Our own coupon, if filled in and mailed, will bring complete details of the Warren Program of Simplification and mailings on the preparation of direct advertising.

TO STRETCH YOUR DOLLARS

Titles of Booklets Offered in Advertisements in the Current Publications

"A Cooking Secret 200 Years Old"
"A Cleaner Home for Less Money"
"Seasoning Secrets"
"60 Ways to Serve Ham"
"Cheese and Ways to Serve it"
"Salad Ideas"
"12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes"
"New Magic in the Kitchen"

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, 89-P Broad St., Boston, Mass.

Check one: PRINTER ☐ USER OF PRINTING ☐

Send details of Warren Simplification Program showing how to save time and money in planning printing.

NAME_____

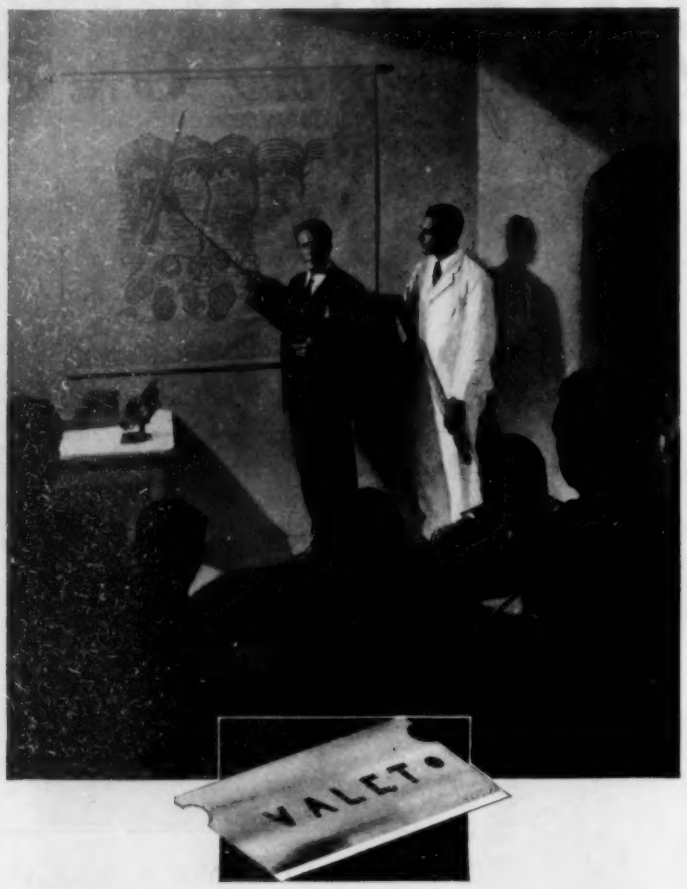
FIRM NAME_____

FIRM ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

XUM

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT



Let your face prove what physicians know—VALET is a better blade

WHEN you shave with the new Valet blade in the convenient Valet AutoStrop Razor you learn facts recognized by dermatologists everywhere. Famous skin specialists—from coast to coast—have tested the Valet and praise it unanimously.

The University of Cincinnati has a dermatological society composed of senior medical students who specialize in study of the skin. We invited these experts to shave repeatedly with the Valet and report their findings.

Unanimously—they signed the following report:

"The Valet leaves the face free from the irritation often induced by inferior blades. It does not produce those minute lacerations which open the skin to infection."

Dermatologists prescribe the Valet to relieve and prevent skin troubles caused by harsh shaving. The super-keen edge is easier on the face—glides through toughest beard lightly, without irritating the skin. Shave after shave, you need not remove the blade from the razor for stropping or cleaning. Keep your face young—your skin clear. Get your new Valet blades today—and the razor if you haven't one.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

The NEW VALET AutoStrop BLADE

(Continued from Page 126)

We fell into the hospitable hands of Mr. J. C. Rogers, the superintendent, and Mr. Charles Clark, manager of the stores, and Mr. Johnny LaBine, the cook, whose food seemed nothing short of manna. These were the heads, and around them, like bright waters about sturdy rocks, eddied the young men. Some of them seemed to me like college boys on a summer vacation; others were on their own financially and sure that luck couldn't help being favorable. I think I liked that better than anything—watching those boys starting off for work in the mornings; in the evenings singing about their tents, or canoeing; or just colloguing together.

There followed interesting hours when I visited the discovery and was given beautiful samples of chalcocite and bornite. I saw the supplies that the Dominion Explorers' Company had brought in during the spring, seven planes full. I realized, too, the slowness of the trenching they are doing. Eight men dug a trench thirty feet long, five feet wide and fourteen feet deep. They could make only six inches a day headway because they had to thaw the earth. It was dangerous work, as bowlders kept falling in on them. But difficulties just stimulate these pioneers. They make use of the swift airplane, but at the same time they yield to the slowness of the North and to that cold heart of the North, so hard to unlock.

And then, one morning, William Spence, late captain in the army, renowned for skillful overseas flying, and now chief pilot of the Dominion Explorers' Company, helped me into his plane and we saw Great Bear Lake by air. We had the one weapon that can conquer the Far North; the only means by which her riches can be torn away from Great Bear Lake. And yet, as I looked down on the wide blue water and saw how much more of it there was than I had realized as I passed over it, saw how much larger the islands were than I had guessed, I felt more than ever the triumphant force of the lake. No mechanism of man will ever stop the dirge of the lake's throbbing, her swinging, resistless winds when she calls up a storm in summer. Nothing will change her huge masonry of snow and ice in the winter, the fashion she has of making a white desolation, barren as any desert. She may be in part conquered, but about her there will always remain a sense of power and glory.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Eight Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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